Gospel Melodies

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GOSPEL MELODIES

A Collection of

Choice Gospel Songs and Hymns

For the

Sunday School
Young People's Society
Prayer Meeting and
Evangelistic Services

✥

Compiled and Arranged by

E. M. SPRENG
F. C. BERGER

✥

C. HAUSER, Publisher
Cleveland, Ohio

Preface

A great statesman once said: "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws." The ministry of Christian hymnology is one of the most effective means of indoctrination in the fundamentals of our faith. The Creator meant that music should be an outstanding feature of divine worship. He meant that the earth should be filled with His praises, in holy songs of Redemption.

In the preparation of this book, two things were kept foremost: First, to provide songs which awaken and stimulate the spirit of true devotion; and second, to offer songs which point the way of faith, personal salvation and service for the King of kings. *GOSPEL MELODIES* is intended to meet the needs of the Sunday School, the Young People's Society, the prayer meeting and special evangelistic campaigns of the church. The large collection of the best songs, given to the church at large by the foremost authors of the age, places it in the front rank of recent publications. To the best of our day, have been added some of the majestic hymns which have come up through the ages losing none of their beauty and strength.

We send forth this book with an earnest prayer that it may serve in a large way to promote the religious life and evangelistic spirit of the church and hasten the coming of the kingdom.

E. M. SPRENG
F. C. BERGER

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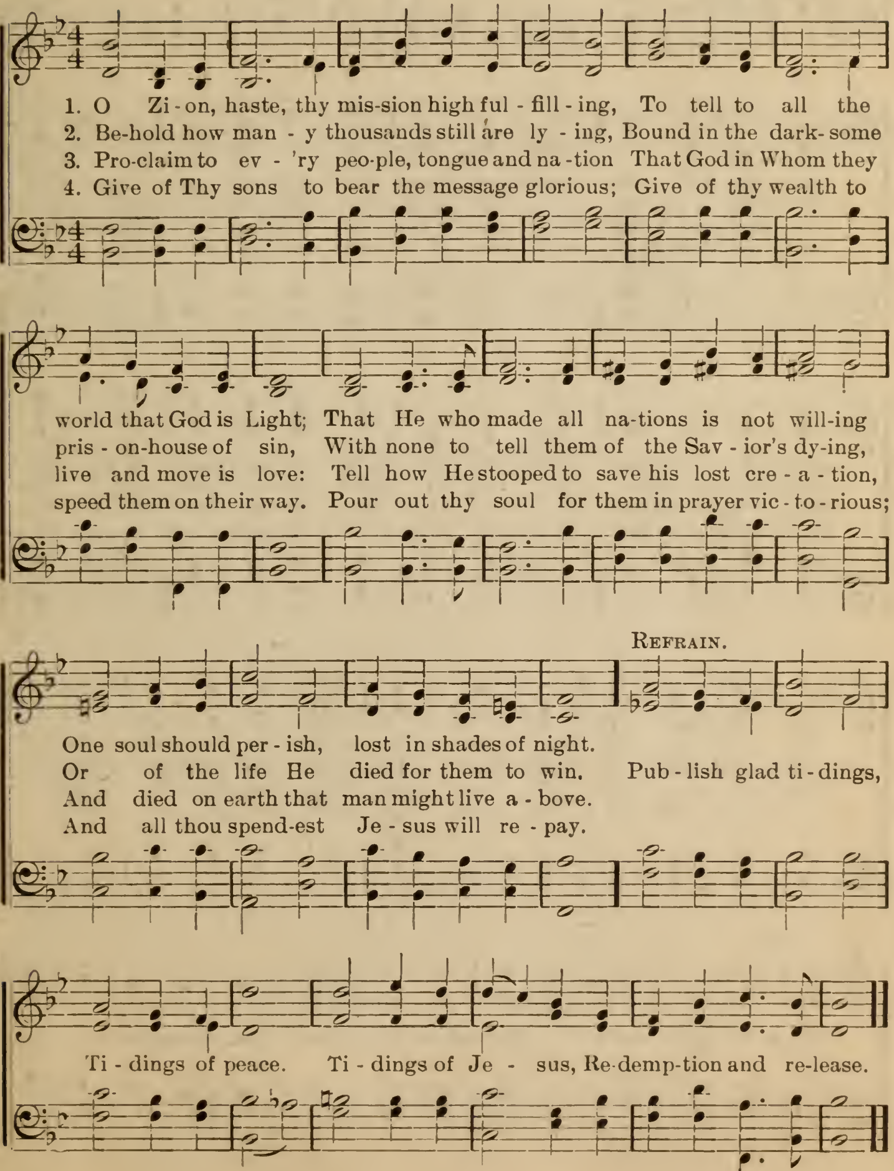
Gospel Melodies

MISSIONS

No. 1

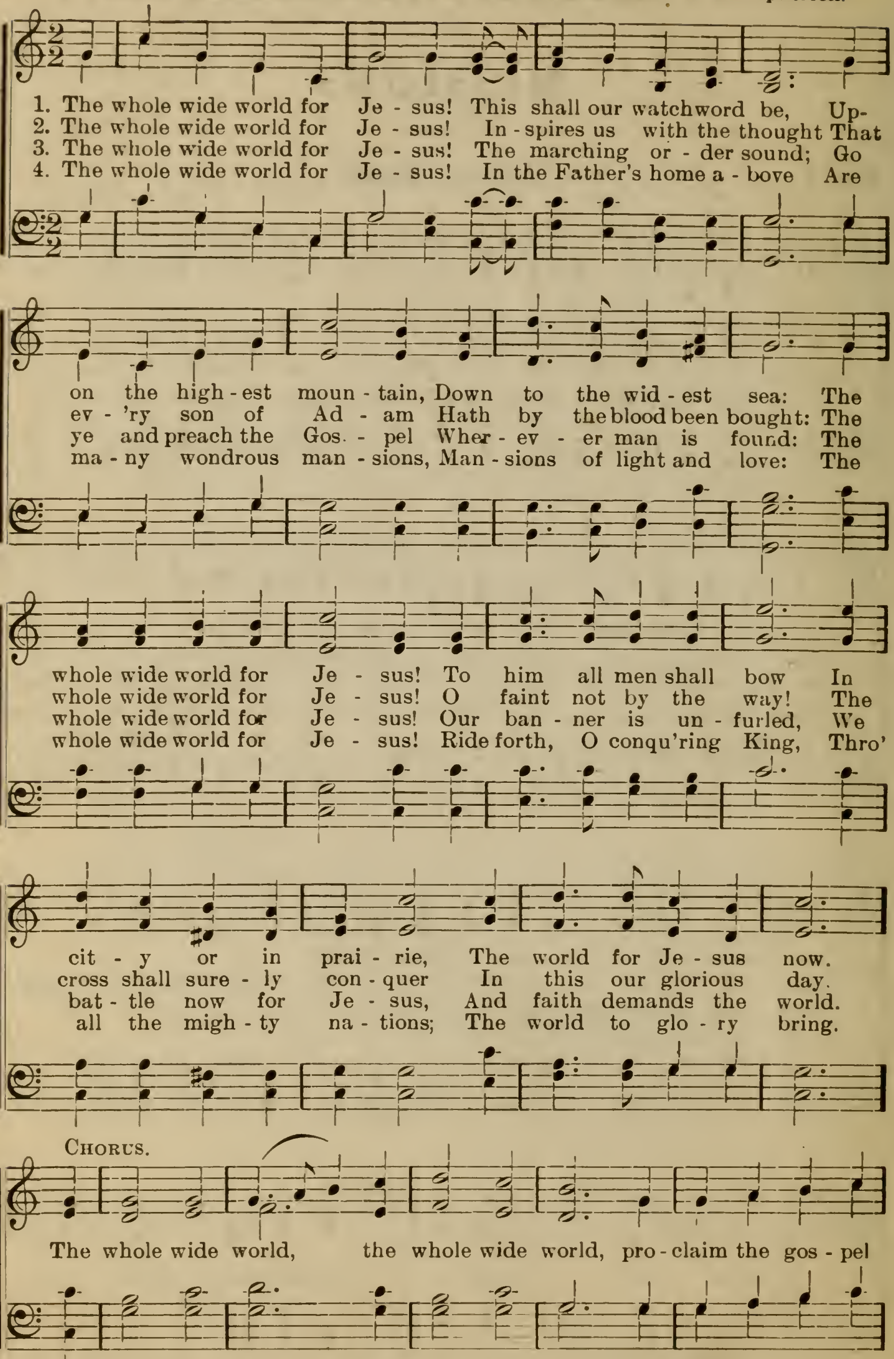
O Zion, Haste

James Walch.


1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man-y thousands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of Thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save his lost cre-a-tion,
speed them on their way. Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;
One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.
REFRAIN.
Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
Ti-dings of peace. Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease.

No. 2 The Whole Wide World

J. Demster Hammond. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! This shall our watchword be, Up-
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! In - spires us with the thought That
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! The marching or - der sound; Go
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus! In the Father's home a - bove Are
on the high - est moun - tain, Down to the wid - est sea: The
ev - 'ry son of Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought: The
ye and preach the Gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found: The
ma - ny wondrous man - sions, Man - sions of light and love: The
whole wide world for Je - sus! To him all men shall bow In
whole wide world for Je - sus! O faint not by the way! The
whole wide world for Je - sus! Our ban - ner is un - furled, We
whole wide world for Je - sus! Ride forth, O conqu'ring King, Thro'
cit - y or in prai - rie, The world for Je - sus now.
cross shall sure - ly con - quer In this our glorious day.
bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.
all the migh - ty na - tions; The world to glo - ry bring.
CHORUS.
The whole wide world, the whole wide world, pro - claim the gos - pel

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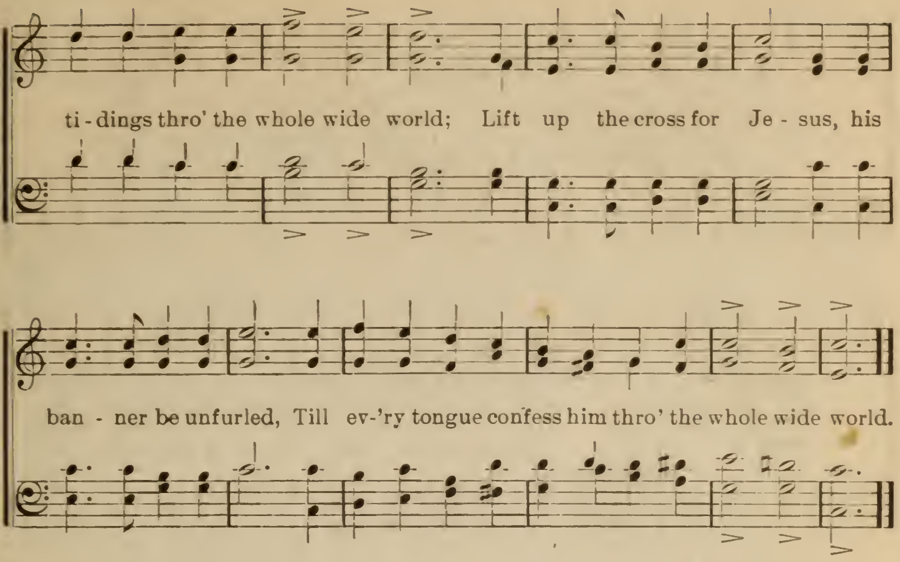
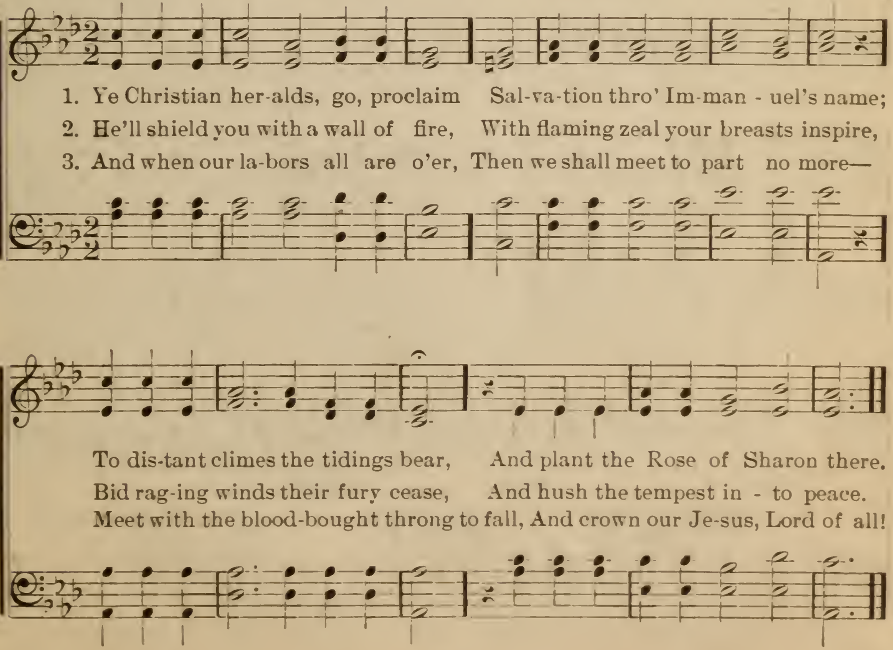
The Whole Wide World —Concluded


ti-dings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je-sus, his
ban-ner be unfurled, Till ev-'ry tongue confess him thro' the whole wide world.

No. 3

Missionary Chant

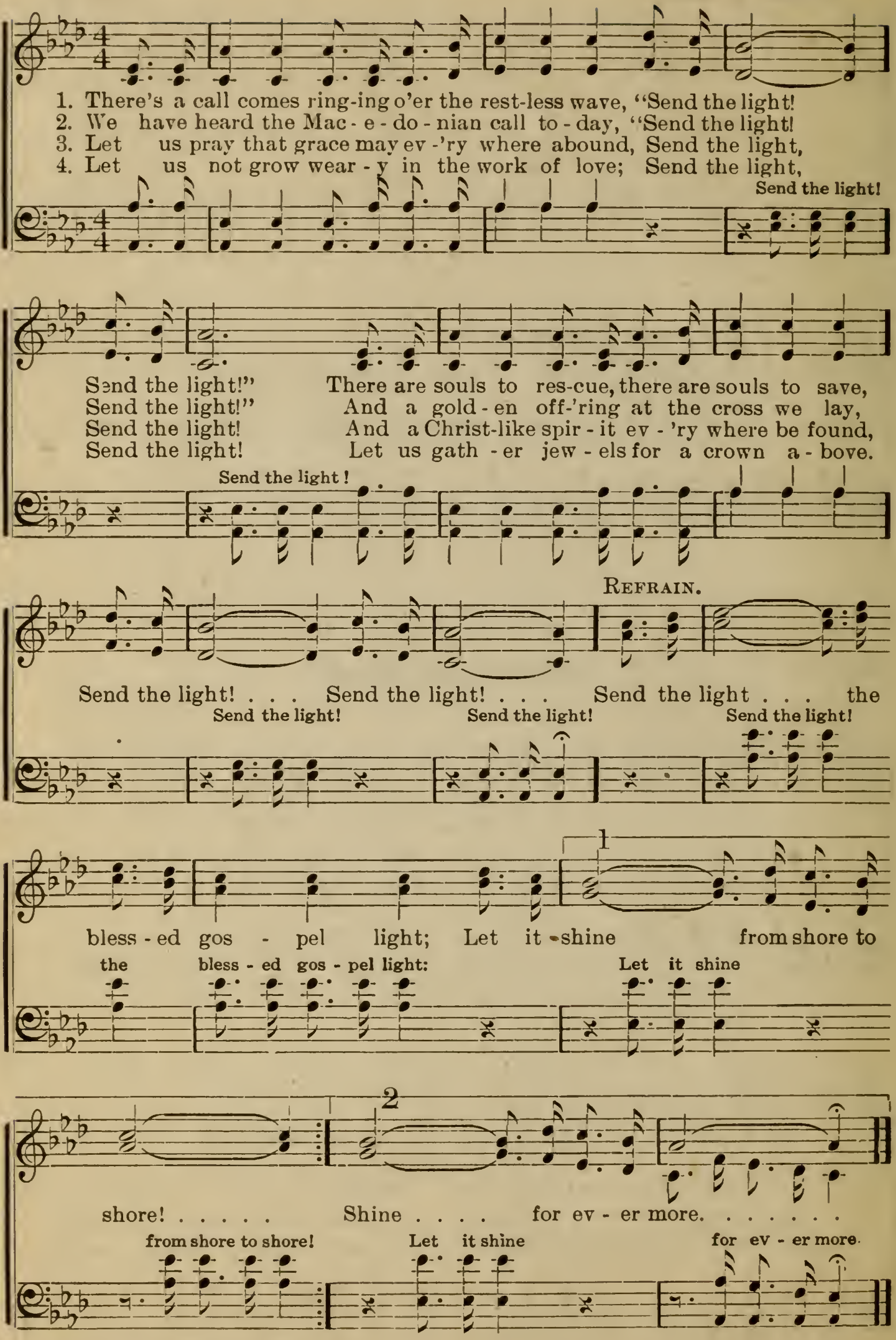
Mrs. Voke. Chas. Zeuner.


1. Ye Christian her-alds, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
3. And when our la-bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more—
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag-ing winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest in-to peace.
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je-sus, Lord of all!

No. 4 Send the Light

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to - day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev -'ry where abound, Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love; Send the light,
Send the light!
Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en off-'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove.
Send the light!
REFRAIN.
Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light . . . the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!
bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light: Let it shine
1
shore! . . . . . Shine . . . . for ev - er more. . . . . . .
from shore to shore! Let it shine for ev - er more.
2

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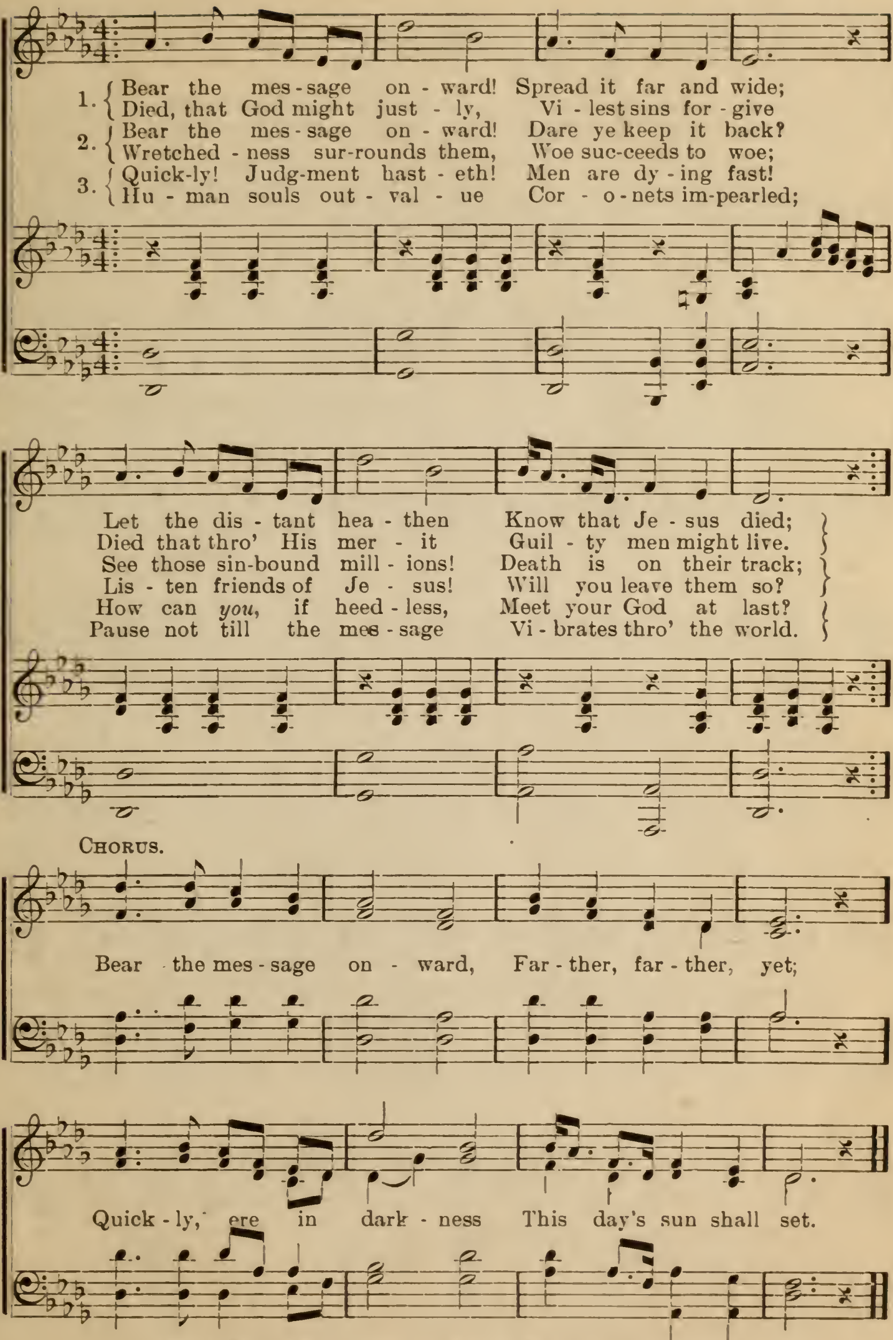
No. 5

The Message

Rev. J. Clark.


1. { Bear the mes-sage on-ward! Spread it far and wide;
Died, that God might just-ly, Vi-lest sins for-give
2. { Bear the mes-sage on-ward! Dare ye keep it back?
Wretched-ness sur-rounds them, Woe suc-ceeds to woe;
3. { Quick-ly! Judg-ment hast-eth! Men are dy-ing fast!
Hu-man souls out-val-ue Cor-o-nets im-pearled;
Let the dis-tant hea-then Know that Je-sus died; }
Died that thro' His mer-it Guil-ty men might live. }
See those sin-bound mill-ions! Death is on their track; }
Lis-ten friends of Je-sus! Will you leave them so? }
How can *you*, if heed-less, Meet your God at last? }
Pause not till the mes-sage Vi-brates thro' the world. }
Chorus.
Bear the mes-sage on-ward, Far-ther, far-ther, yet;
Quick-ly, ere in dark-ness This day's sun shall set.

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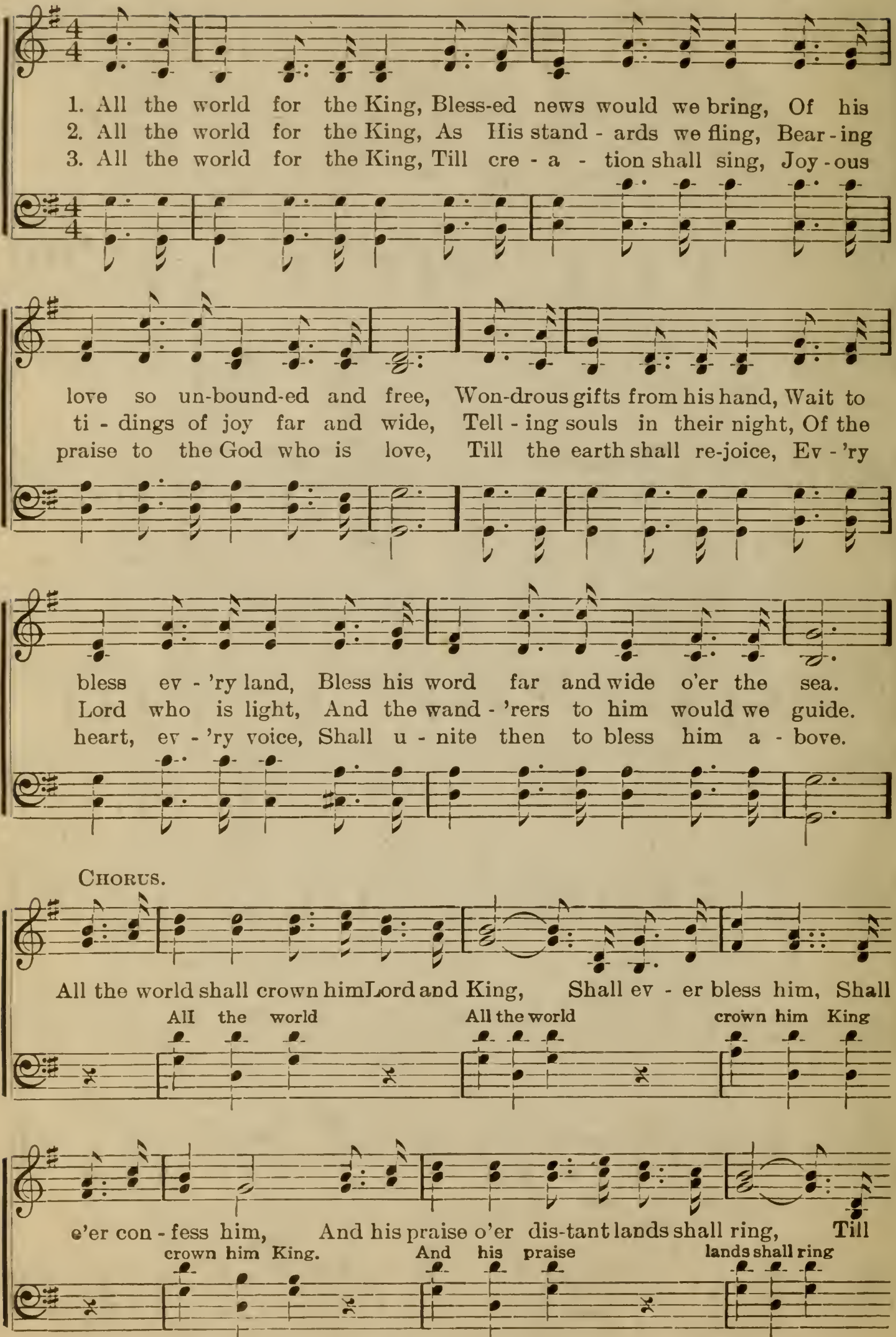
No. 6

All the World for the King

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. All the world for the King, Bless-ed news would we bring, Of his love so un-bound-ed and free, Won-drous gifts from his hand, Wait to bless ev - 'ry land, Bless his word far and wide o'er the sea.
2. All the world for the King, As His stand - ards we fling, Bear-ing ti - dings of joy far and wide, Tell - ing souls in their night, Of the Lord who is light, And the wand - 'rers to him would we guide.
3. All the world for the King, Till cre - a - tion shall sing, Joy-ous praise to the God who is love, Till the earth shall re-joice, Ev - 'ry heart, ev - 'ry voice, Shall u - nite then to bless him a - bove.
Chorus.
All the world shall crown him Lord and King, Shall ev - er bless him, Shall e'er con - fess him, And his praise o'er dis-tant lands shall ring, Till
All the world
All the world
crown him King
crown him King.
And his praise
lands shall ring

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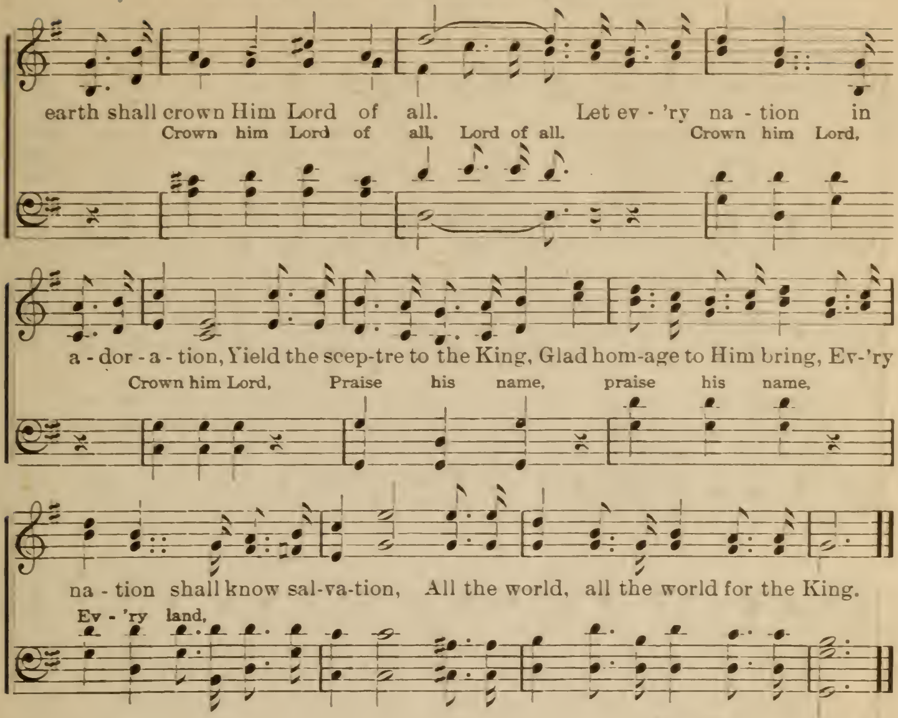
All the World for the King —Concluded


earth shall crown Him Lord of all. Let ev - 'ry na - tion in
Crown him Lord of all, Lord of all. Crown him Lord,
a - dor - a - tion, Yield the scep-tre to the King, Glad hom-age to Him bring, Ev-'ry
Crown him Lord, Praise his name, praise his name,
na - tion shall know sal-va-tion, All the world, all the world for the King.
Ev - 'ry land,

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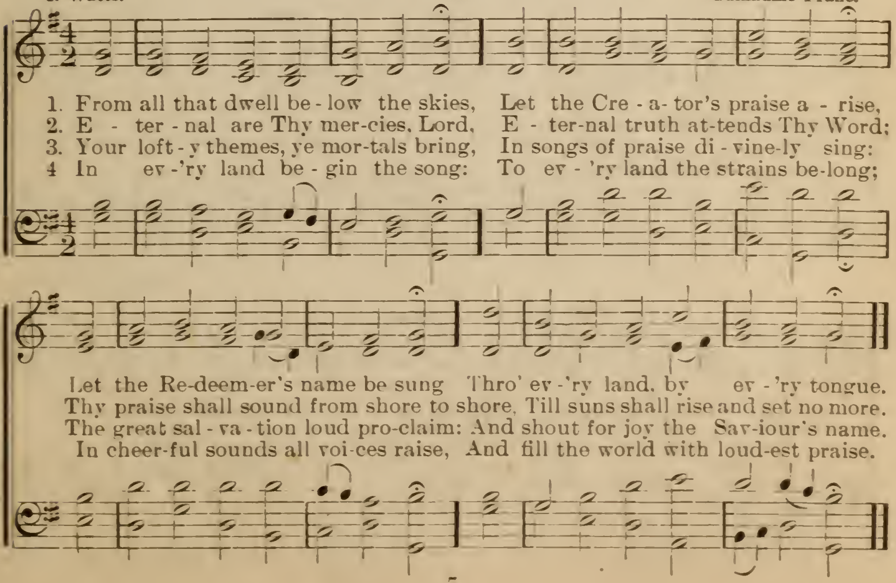
No. 7

Worship

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

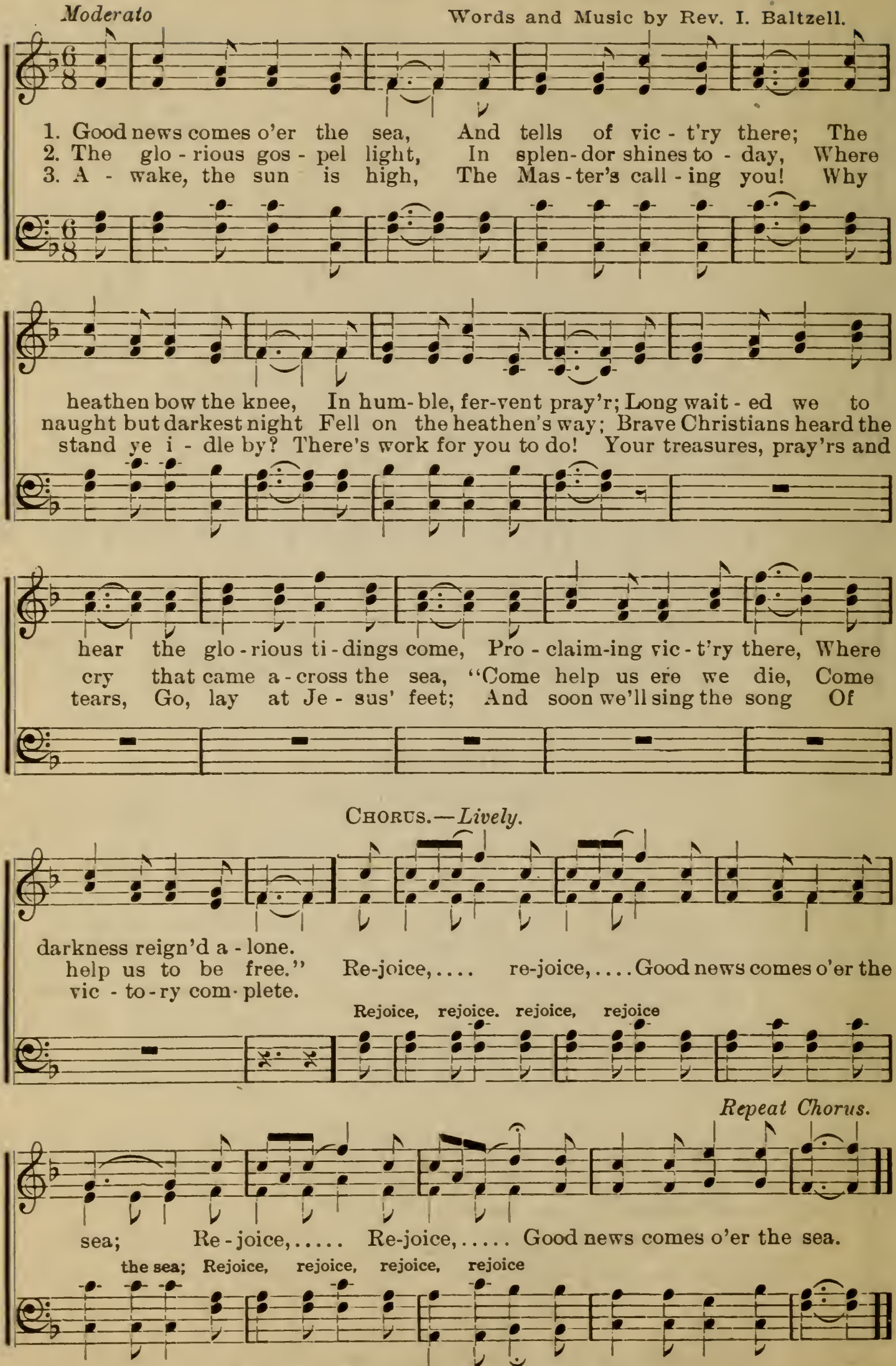
I. Watts.

Guillaume Franc.


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a- tor's praise a - rise,
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord, E - ter-nal truth at-tends Thy Word;
3. Your loft - y themes, ye mor-tals bring, In songs of praise di - vine-ly sing:
4 In ev -'ry land be - gin the song: To ev - 'ry land the strains be-long;
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Thro' ev -'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
The great sal - va - tion loud pro-claim: And shout for joy the Sav-iour's name.
In cheer-ful sounds all voi-ces raise, And fill the world with loud-est praise.

Good News Comes O'er the Sea

Words and Music by Rev. I. Baltzell.


Moderato
1. Good news comes o'er the sea, And tells of vic - t'ry there; The
2. The glo - rious gos - pel light, In splen- dor shines to - day, Where
3. A - wake, the sun is high, The Mas - ter's call - ing you! Why
heathen bow the knee, In hum- ble, fer-vent pray'r; Long wait - ed we to
naught but darkest night Fell on the heathen's way; Brave Christians heard the
stand ye i - dle by? There's work for you to do! Your treasures, pray'rs and
hear the glo - rious ti - dings come, Pro - claim-ing vic - t'ry there, Where
cry that came a - cross the sea, "Come help us ere we die, Come
tears, Go, lay at Je - sus' feet; And soon we'll sing the song Of
darkness reign'd a - lone.
help us to be free." Re-joice,.... re-joice,.... Good news comes o'er the
vic - to - ry com- plete.
CHORUS.—Lively.
Rejoice, rejoice. rejoice, rejoice
sea; Re - joice,..... Re-joice,..... Good news comes o'er the sea.
the sea; Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice
Repeat Chorus.

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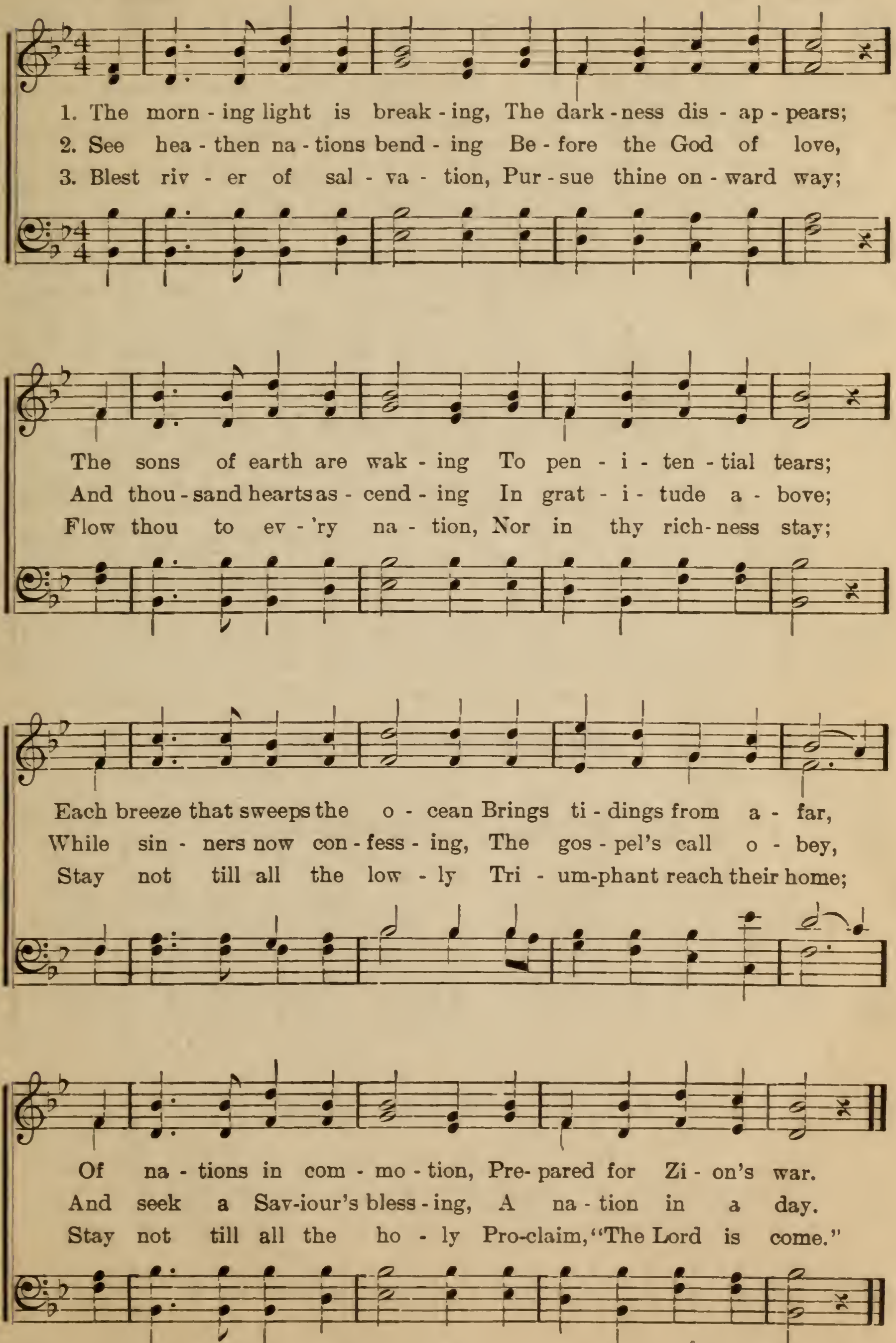
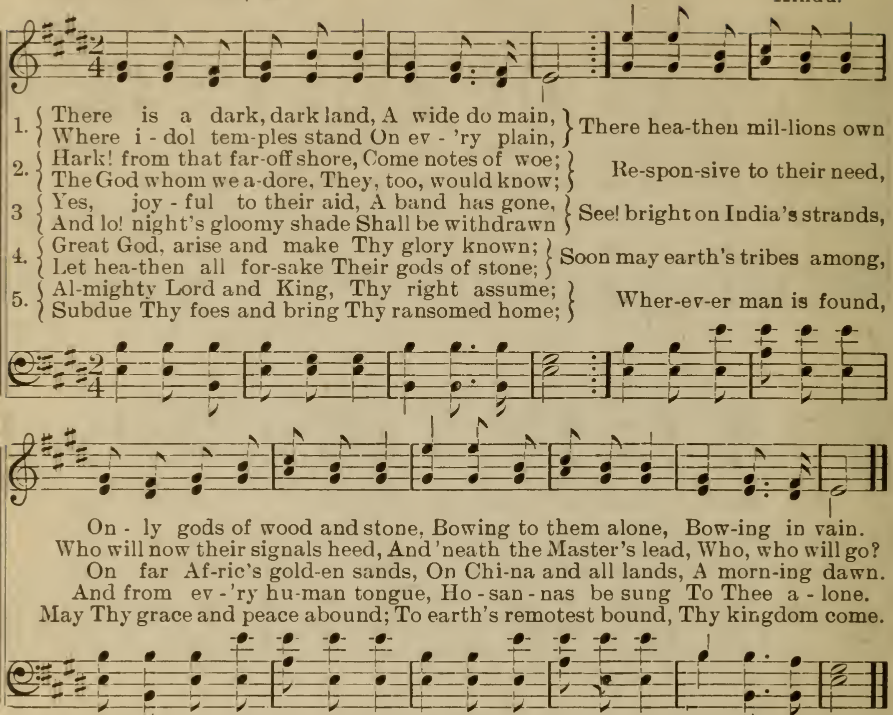
No. 9 The Morning Light is Breaking

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel's call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home;
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek a Sav-iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come."

No. 10 There Is A Dark, Dark Land

Rev. Oliver Crane, M. D.
Hindu.



1. { There is a dark, dark land, A wide do main, / Where i - dol tem-ples stand On ev - 'ry plain, } There hea-then mil-lions own
2. { Hark! from that far-off shore, Come notes of woe; / The God whom we a-dore, They, too, would know; } Re-spon-sive to their need,
3. { Yes, joy - ful to their aid, A band has gone, / And lo! night's gloomy shade Shall be withdrawn } See! bright on India's strands,
4. { Great God, arise and make Thy glory known; / Let hea-then all for-sake Their gods of stone; } Soon may earth's tribes among,
5. { Al-mighty Lord and King, Thy right assume; / Subdue Thy foes and bring Thy ransomed home; } Wher-ev-er man is found,

On - ly gods of wood and stone, Bowing to them alone, Bow-ing in vain.
Who will now their signals heed, And 'neath the Master's lead, Who, who will go?
On far Af-ric's gold-en sands, On Chi-na and all lands, A morn-ing dawn.
And from ev - 'ry hu-man tongue, Ho - san - nas be sung To Thee a - lone.
May Thy grace and peace abound; To earth's remotest bound, Thy kingdom come.

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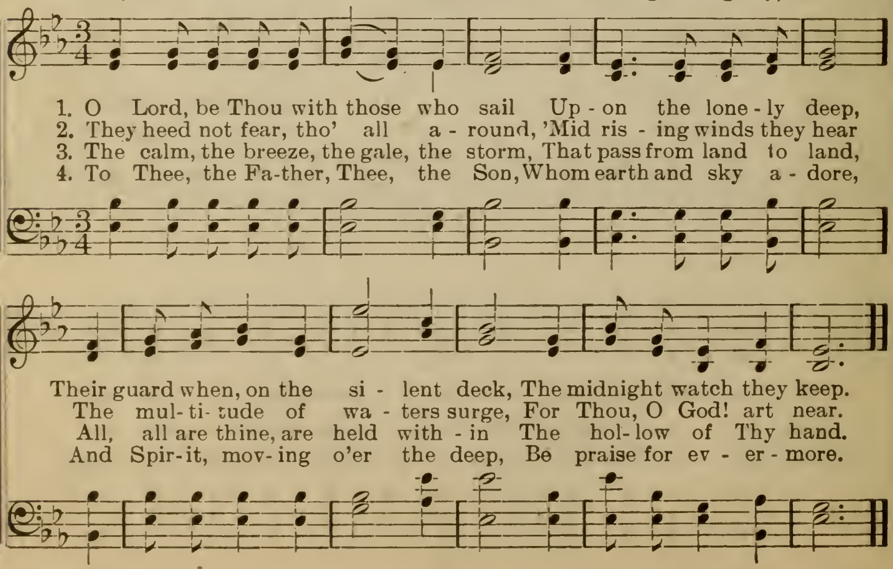
No. 11 Elizabethtown C. M.

Nelson, Alt.
George Kingsley, 1838.

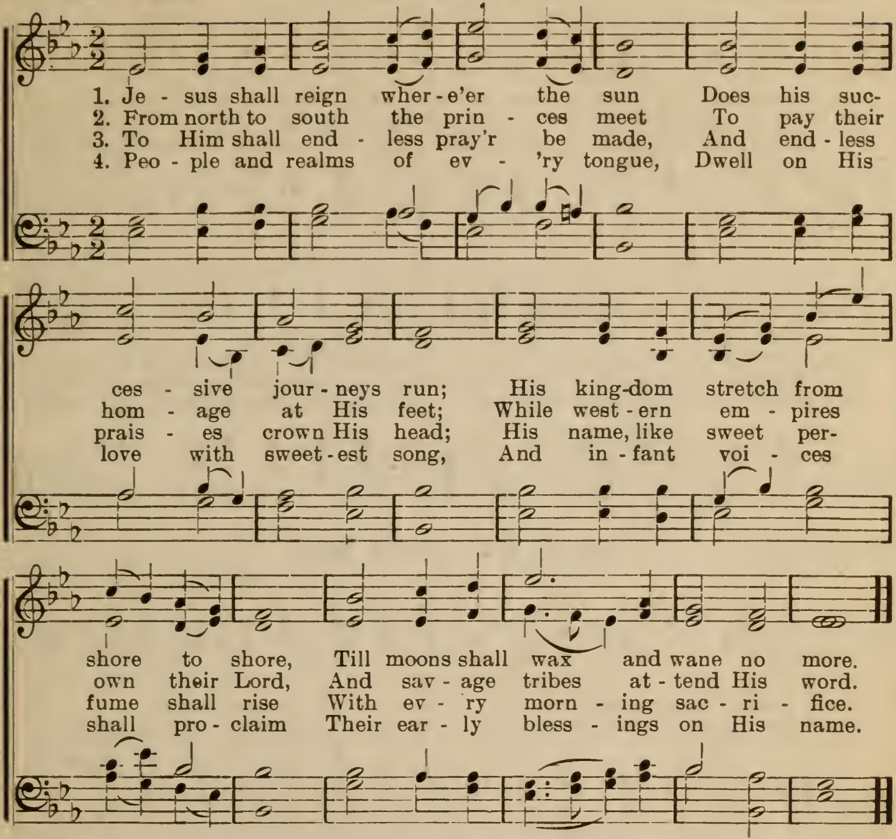


1. O Lord, be Thou with those who sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,
2. They heed not fear, tho' all a - round, 'Mid ris - ing winds they hear
3. The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm, That pass from land to land,
4. To Thee, the Fa-ther, Thee, the Son, Whom earth and sky a - dore,

Their guard when, on the si - lent deck, The midnight watch they keep.
The mul - ti - tude of wa - ters surge, For Thou, O God! art near.
All, all are thine, are held with - in The hol - low of Thy hand.
And Spir - it, mov - ing o'er the deep, Be praise for ev - er - more.

No. 12 Jesus Shall Reign

Isaac Watts. (Duke Street, L. M.) John Hatton.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their
3. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on His
ces - sive jour - neys run; His king-dom stretch from
hom - age at His feet; While west - ern em - pires
prais - es crown His head; His name, like sweet per-
love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voi - ces
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

No. 13 Bond-Servants of Christ Jesus

Tune.—Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.—(Page 268.) Seminary Hymn—1900.

1 Servants of the Christ, our Saviour,
He's your Guide and Counsellor;
Ye have heard the call to labor
In the harvest of the Lord.

Cho.—
Go ye forth and preach the Gospel!
Go with Holy Spirit pow'r!
Offer full and free salvation
To the world by Christ redeemed!

2 Oh, the sweet old Gospel Message,
Age to age is ever new;
Prophets long foretold the story
Of the coming "Prince of Peace."

3 Dark in sin and worldly sorrow,
Many souls unsaved, despair;
Point them to the Cross on Calv'ry,
There is Light and Life and Love.

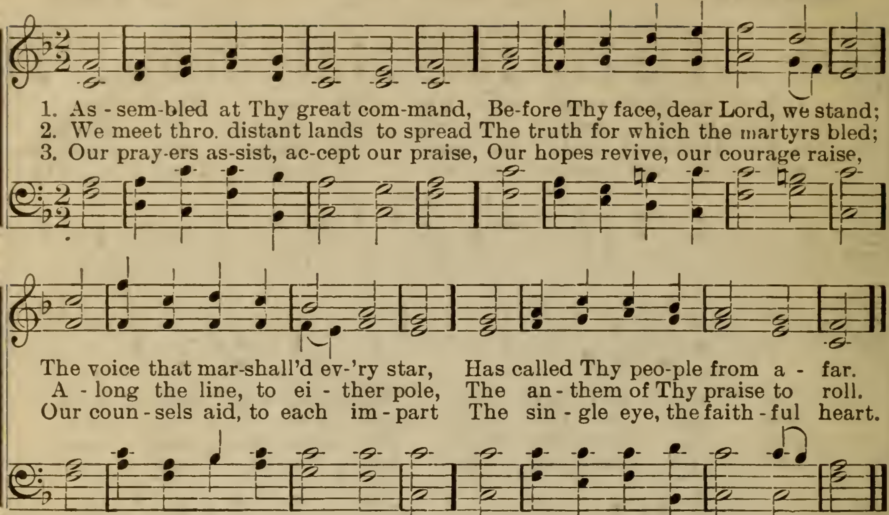
4 When the weary, way-worn pilgrim
With his load of life is faint,
Bid him pray to his Immanuel,
He will hope and strength renew.

5 Then when all earth's work is ended,
With the saints in Christ we'll rise,
Join the heav'nly crowning chorus—
"King of kings and Lord of lords!"

No. 14 Urbridge L. M.

Collyer.

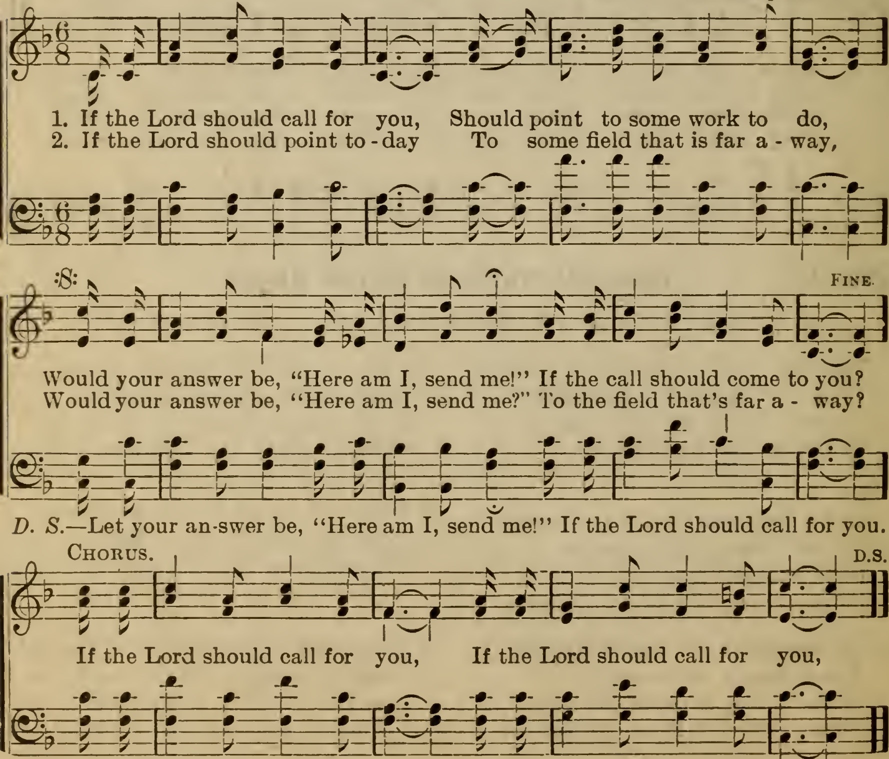
Lowell Mason.


1. As-sem-bled at Thy great com-mand, Be-fore Thy face, dear Lord, we stand;
2. We meet thro. distant lands to spread The truth for which the martyrs bled;
3. Our pray-ers as-sist, ac-cept our praise, Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
The voice that mar-shall'd ev-'ry star, Has called Thy peo-ple from a-far.
A-long the line, to ei-ther pole, The an-them of Thy praise to roll.
Our coun-sels aid, to each im-part The sin-gle eye, the faith-ful heart.

No. 15 Send Me! Send Me!

A. W. S.

Arthur Willis Spooner.


1. If the Lord should call for you, Should point to some work to do,
2. If the Lord should point to-day To some field that is far a-way,
Would your answer be, "Here am I, send me!" If the call should come to you?
Would your answer be, "Here am I, send me?" To the field that's far a-way?
Fine.
D. S.—Let your an-swer be, "Here am I, send me!" If the Lord should call for you.
Chorus.
If the Lord should call for you, If the Lord should call for you,
D.S.

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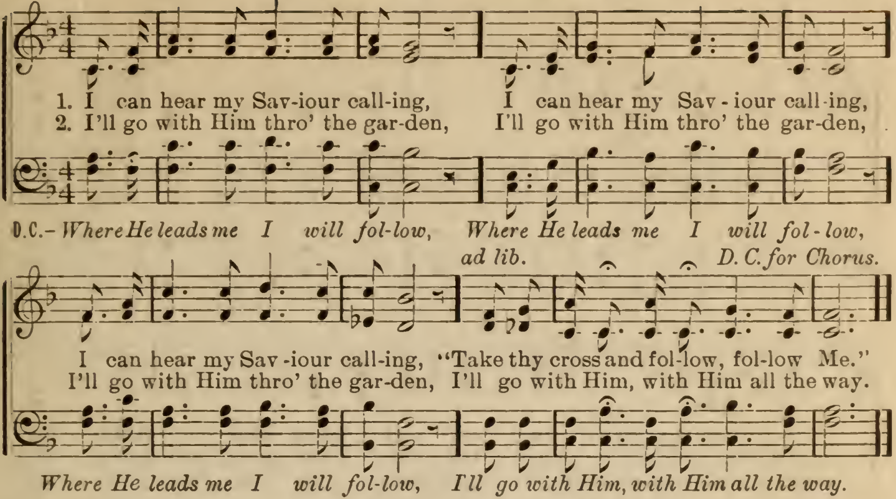
No. 16

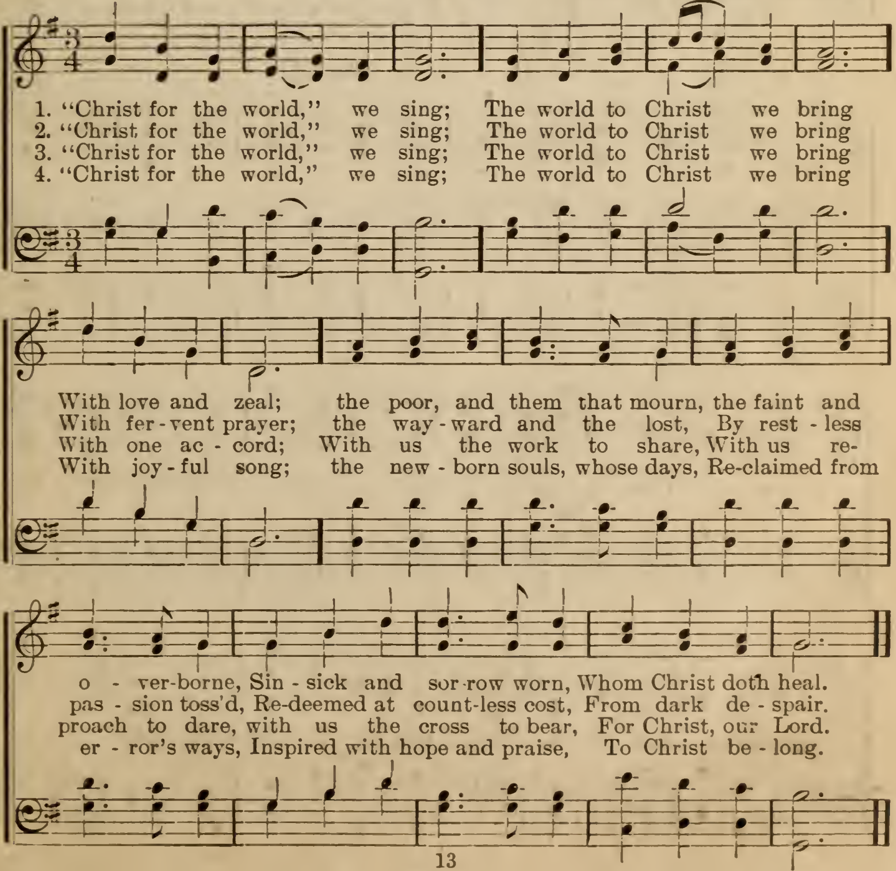
Answer to the Call


1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
D.C.– Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
D. C. for Chorus.
I can hear my Sav -iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 17

Christ for the World

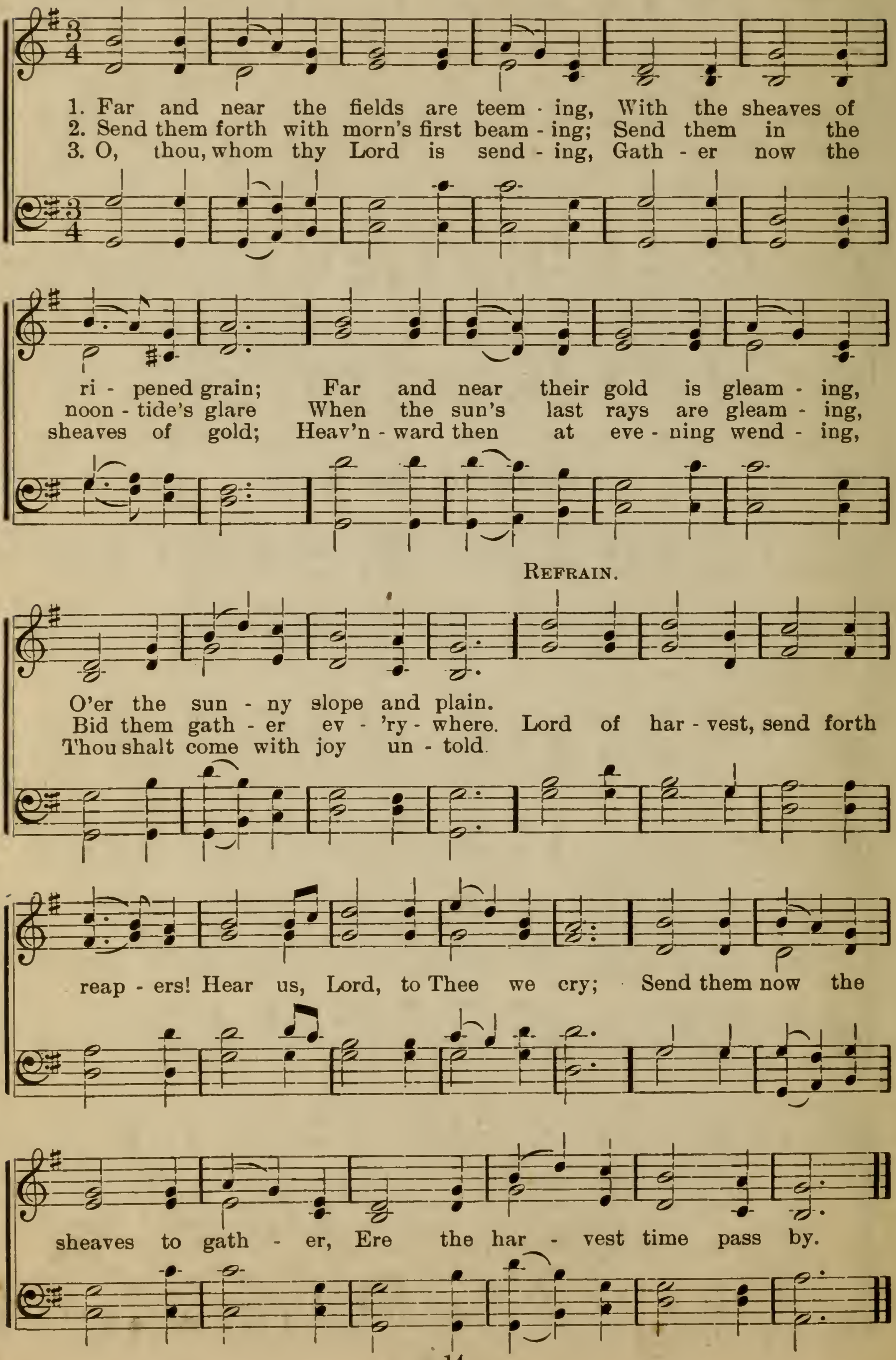
Felice Giardini


1. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring
2. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring
3. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring
4. "Christ for the world," we sing; The world to Christ we bring
With love and zeal; the poor, and them that mourn, the faint and
With fer-vent prayer; the way-ward and the lost, By rest - less
With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re-
With joy-ful song; the new - born souls, whose days, Re-claimed from
o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor-row worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
pas - sion toss'd, Re-deemed at count-less cost, From dark de - spair.
proach to dare, with us the cross to bear, For Christ, our Lord.
er - ror's ways, Inspired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

No. 18 Far and Near the Fields are Teeming

(THE CALL FOR REAPERS)

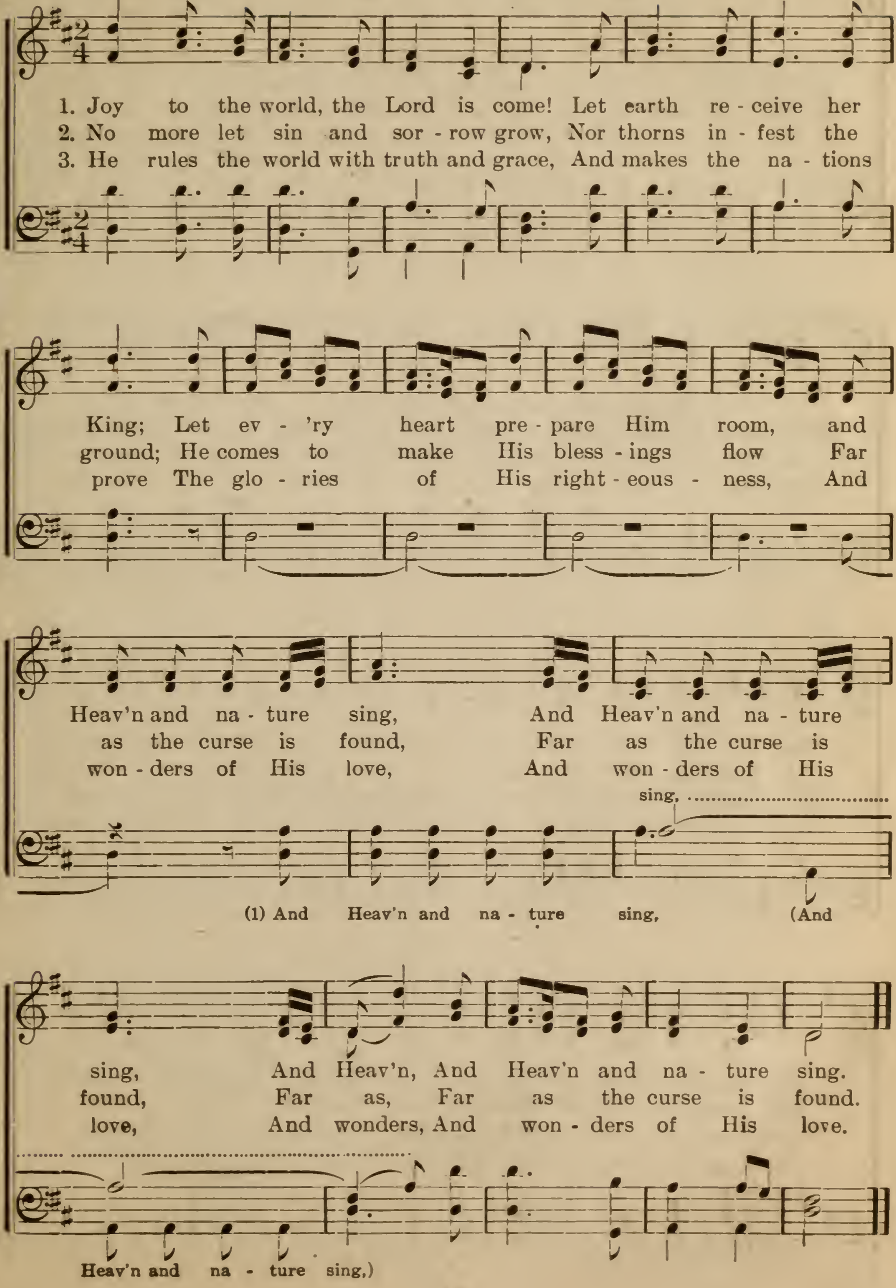
J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.


1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the sheaves of
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing; Send them in the
3. O, thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the
ri - pened grain; Far and near their gold is gleam - ing,
noon - tide's glare When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing,
sheaves of gold; Heav'n - ward then at eve - ning wend - ing,
Refrain.
O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry - where. Lord of har - vest, send forth
Thou shalt come with joy un - told.
reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them now the
sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

II. CHRIST

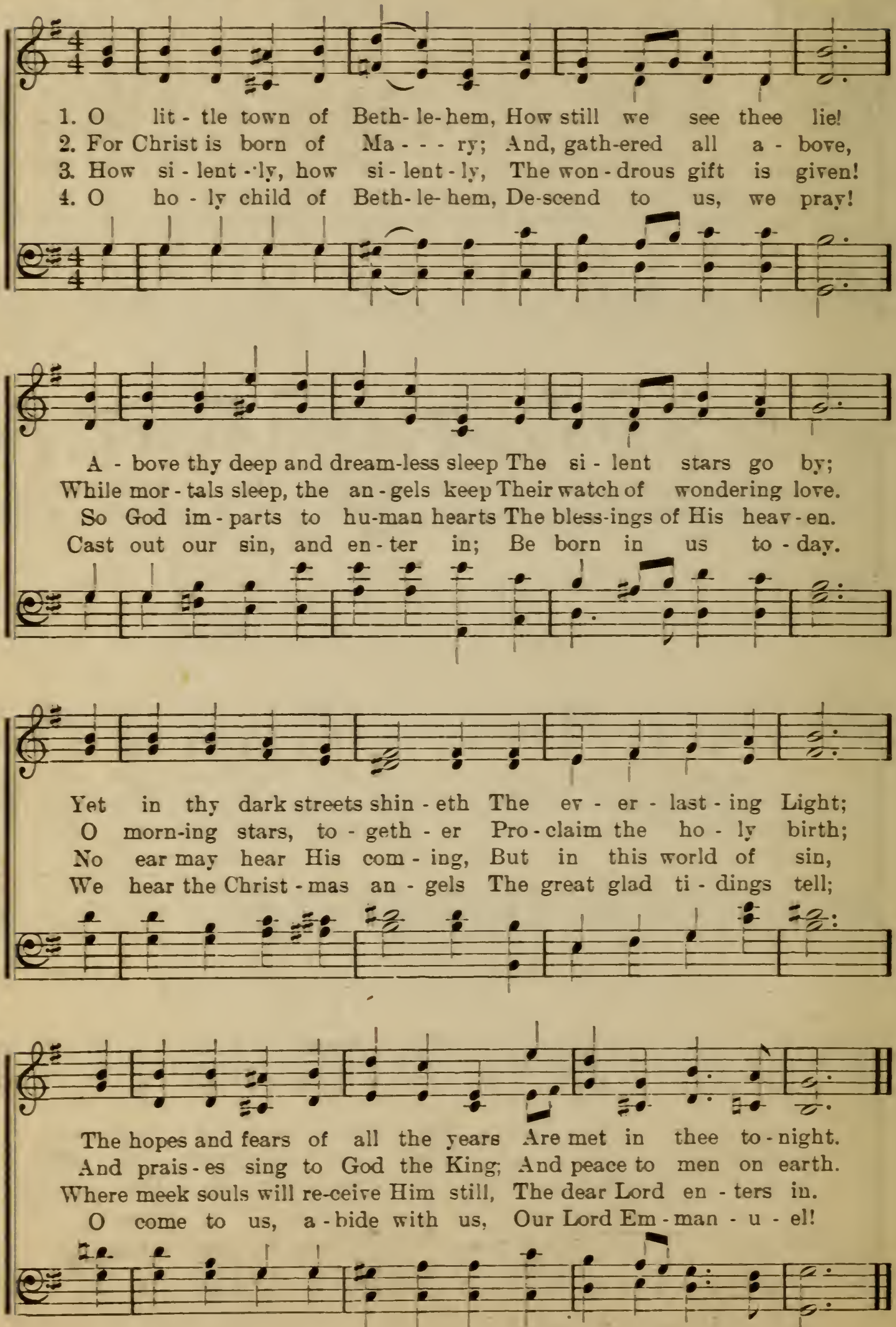
No. 19 Joy to the World

Isaac Watts. G. F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her
2. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions
King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, and
ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far
prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And
Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
sing, ...
(1) And Heav'n and na - ture sing, (And
sing, And Heav'n, And Heav'n and na - ture sing.
found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
love, And wonders, And won - ders of His love.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,)

No. 20 O Little Town of Bethlehem

Bishop Phillips Brooks. Lewis H. Redner.

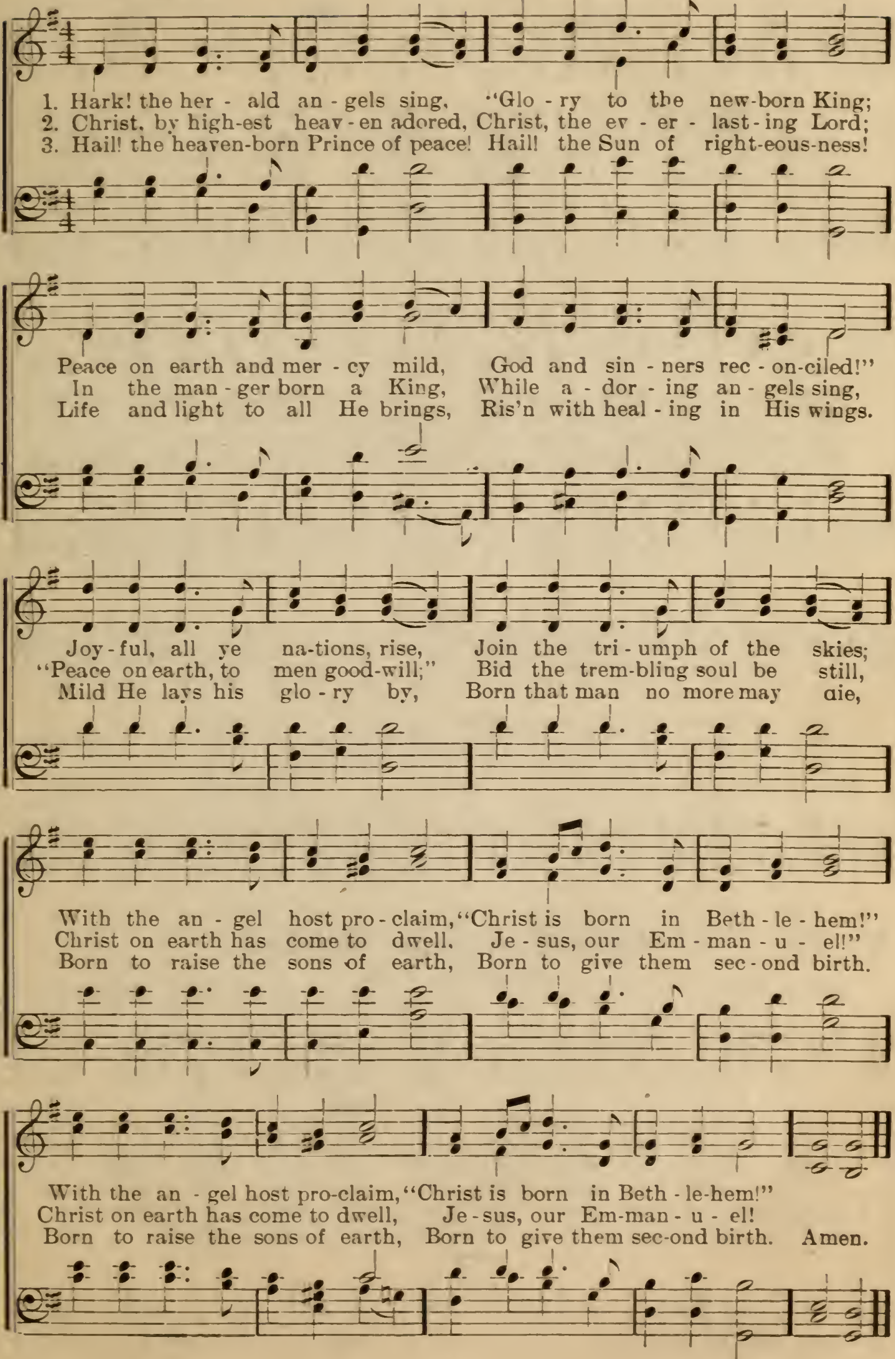

1. O lit - tle town of Beth- le- hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - - - ry; And, gath-ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent -·ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
4. O ho - ly child of Beth- le- hem, De-scend to us, we pray!
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wondering love.
So God im - parts to hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His heav - en.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King; And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will re-ceive Him still, The dear Lord en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

No. 21

Herald Angels

7s. D.

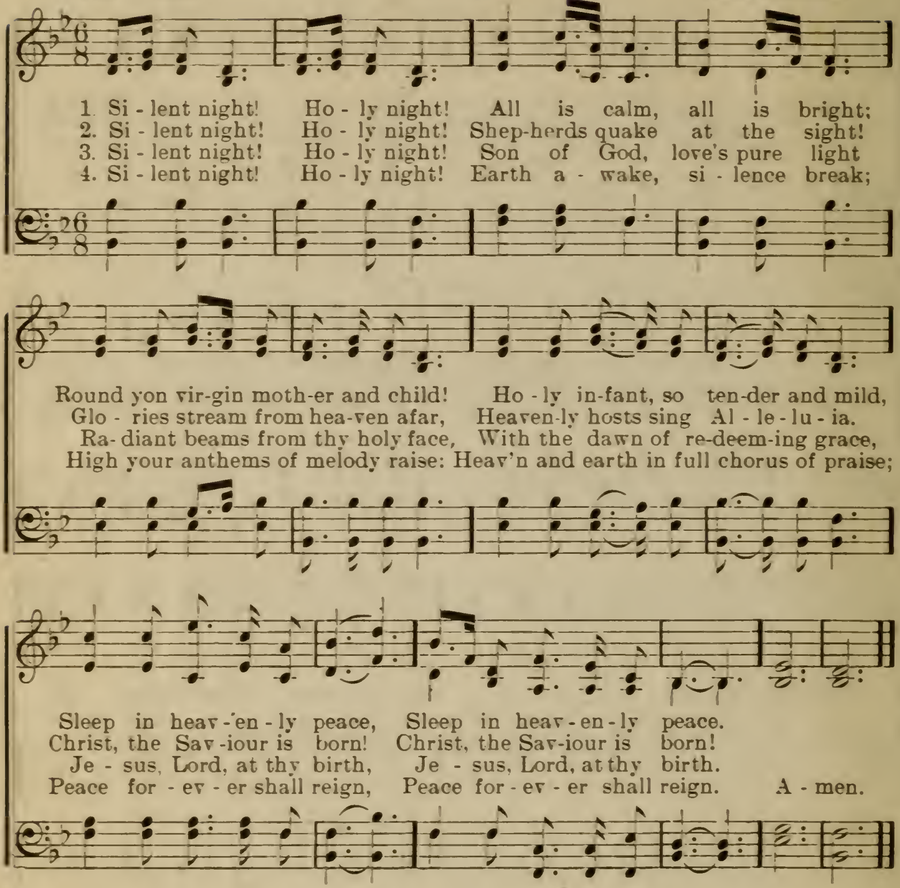
Charles Wesley. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est heav - en adored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace! Hail! the Sun of right-eous-ness!
Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled!"
In the man - ger born a King, While a - dor - ing an - gels sing,
Life and light to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.
Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;" Bid the trem-bling soul be still,
Mild He lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,
With the an - gel host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Christ on earth has come to dwell, Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el!"
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
With the an - gel host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le-hem!"
Christ on earth has come to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth. Amen.

No. 22 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Silent Night.

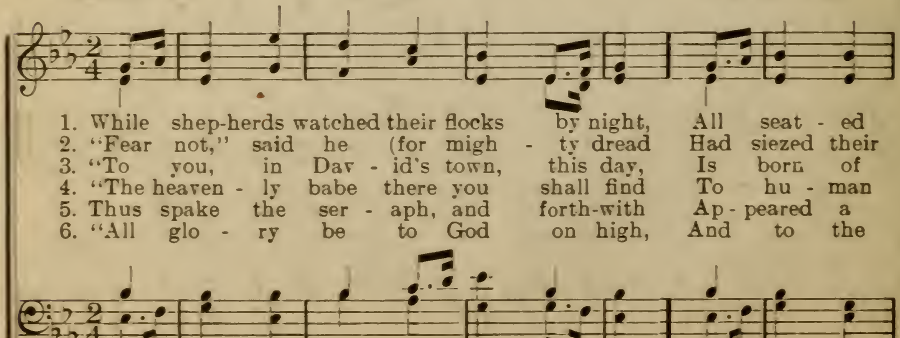
Joseph Mohr. Franz Gruber.


1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright;
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight!
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light
4. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Earth a - wake, si - lence break;
Round yon vir-gin moth-er and child! Ho - ly in-fant, so ten-der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from hea-ven afar, Heaven-ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia.
Ra- diant beams from thy holy face, With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace,
High your anthems of melody raise: Heav'n and earth in full chorus of praise;
Sleep in heav-'en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav -iour is born! Christ, the Sav-iour is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.
Peace for - ev - er shall reign, Peace for - ev - er shall reign. A - men.

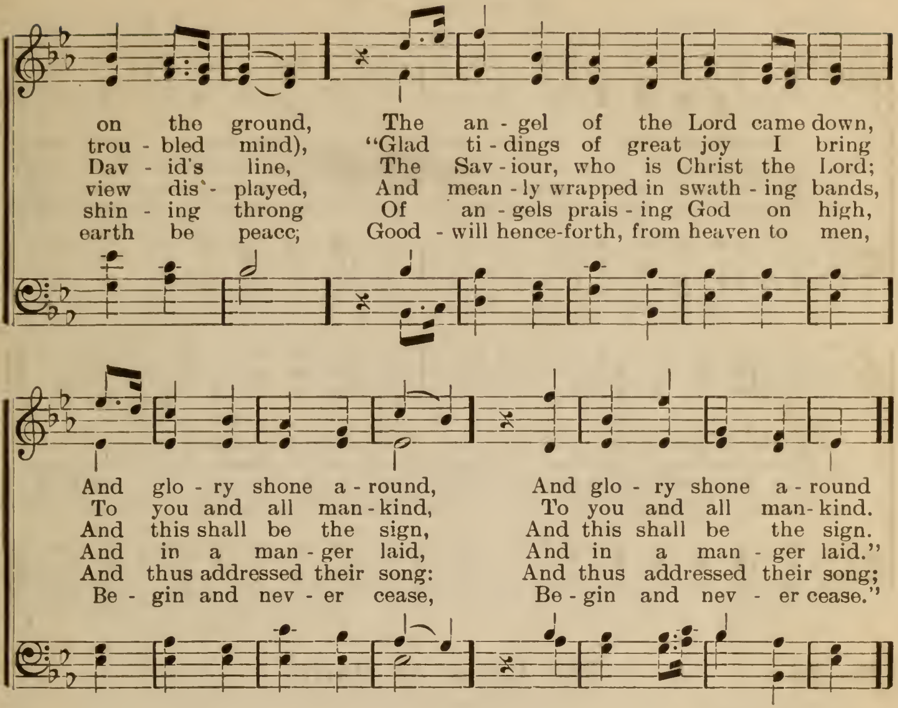
No. 23 While Shepherds Watched

Christmas. C. M.

Nahum Tate. G. F. Handel.


1. While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed
2. "Fear not," said he (for migh - ty dread Had seized their
3. "To you, in Dav - id's town, this day, Is born of
4. "The heaven - ly babe there you shall find To hu - man
5. Thus spake the ser - aph, and forth-with Ap - peared a
6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the

While Shepherds Watched—Concluded

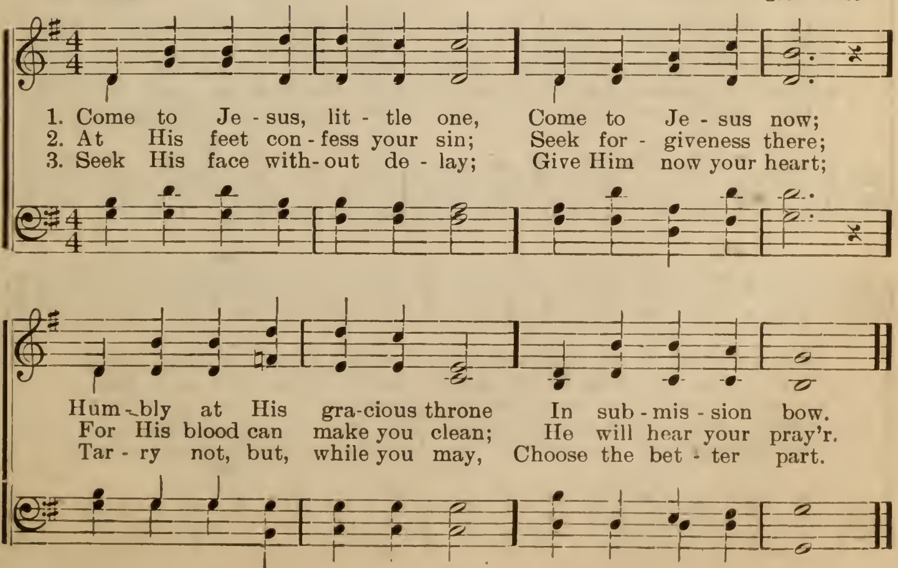

on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,
trou - bled mind), "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring
Dav - id's line, The Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord;
view dis- played, And mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing bands,
shin - ing throng Of an - gels prais - ing God on high,
earth be peacc; Good - will hence-forth, from heaven to men,
And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round
To you and all man - kind, To you and all man- kind.
And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.
And in a man - ger laid, And in a man - ger laid."
And thus addressed their song: And thus addressed their song;
Be - gin and nev - er cease, Be - gin and nev - er cease."

No. 24

Come to Jesus, Little One

Dr. Turney

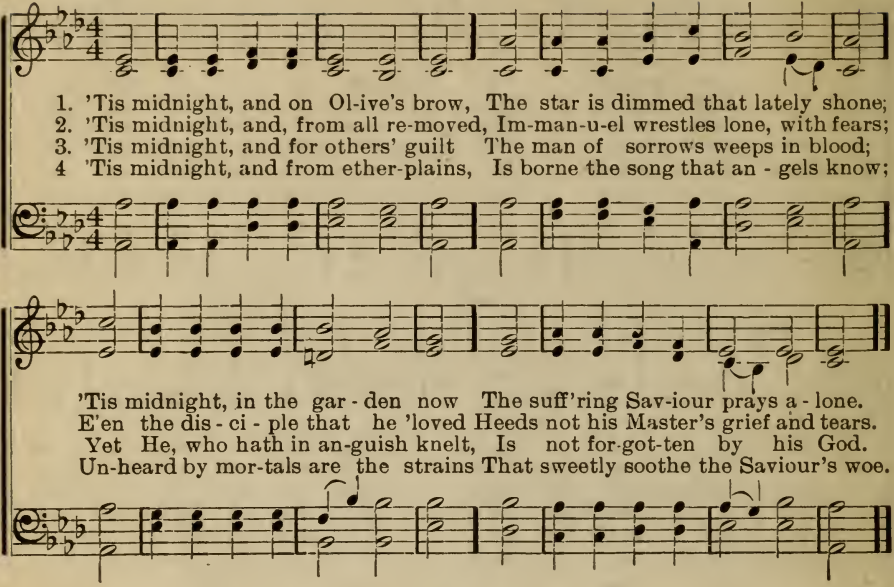
Antrim—Cong. Psalmist


1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now;
2. At His feet con - fess your sin; Seek for - giveness there;
3. Seek His face with- out de - lay; Give Him now your heart;
Hum-bly at His gra-cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow.
For His blood can make you clean; He will hear your pray'r.
Tar - ry not, but, while you may, Choose the bet - ter part.

No. 25 'Tis Midnight

Olive's Brow. L. M.

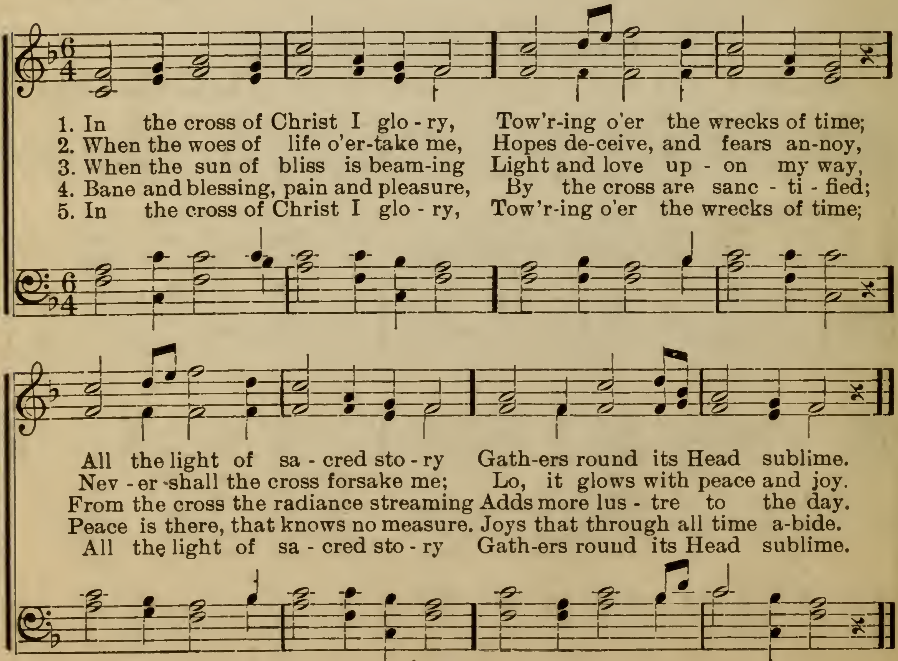
Wm. B. Tappan. W. B. Bradbury.


1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol-ive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight, and, from all re-moved, Im-man-u-el wrestles lone, with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains, Is borne the song that an - gels know;
'Tis midnight, in the gar - den now The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
E'en the dis - ci - ple that he 'loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-got-ten by his God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 26 The Cross of Christ

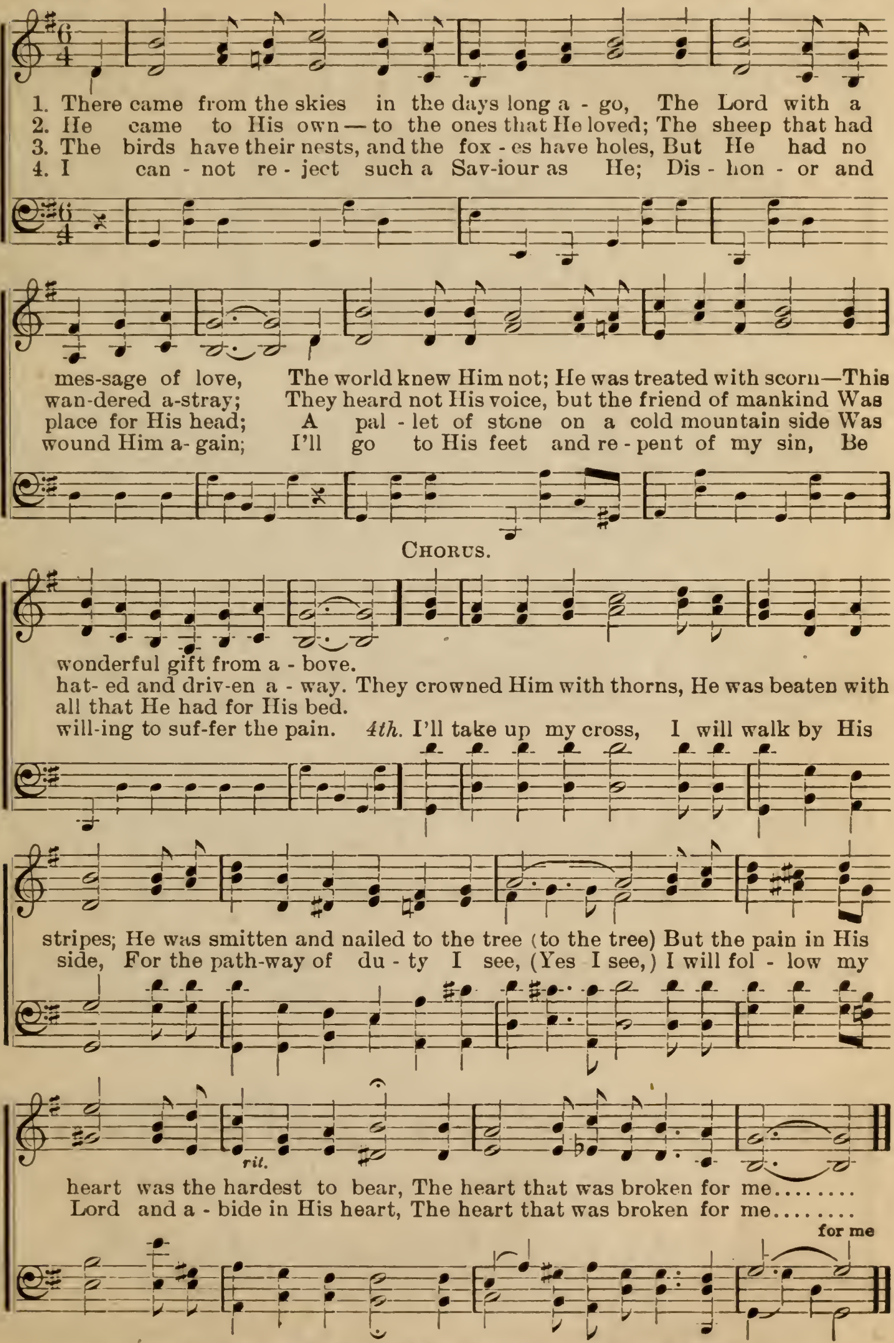
Bartimeus. 8, 7.

J. Bowring.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its Head sublime.
Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure. Joys that through all time a-bide.
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its Head sublime.

No. 27 The Heart That Was Broken for Me

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.


1. There came from the skies in the days long a - go, The Lord with a
2. He came to His own — to the ones that He loved; The sheep that had
3. The birds have their nests, and the fox - es have holes, But He had no
4. I can - not re - ject such a Sav-iour as He; Dis - hon - or and
mes-sage of love, The world knew Him not; He was treated with scorn—This
wan-dered a-stray; They heard not His voice, but the friend of mankind Was
place for His head; A pal - let of stone on a cold mountain side Was
wound Him a- gain; I'll go to His feet and re - pent of my sin, Be
CHORUS.
wonderful gift from a - bove.
hat- ed and driv-en a - way. They crowned Him with thorns, He was beaten with
all that He had for His bed.
will-ing to suf-fer the pain. 4th. I'll take up my cross, I will walk by His
stripes; He was smitten and nailed to the tree (to the tree) But the pain in His
side, For the path-way of du - ty I see, (Yes I see,) I will fol - low my
rit.
heart was the hardest to bear, The heart that was broken for me........
Lord and a - bide in His heart, The heart that was broken for me........
for me

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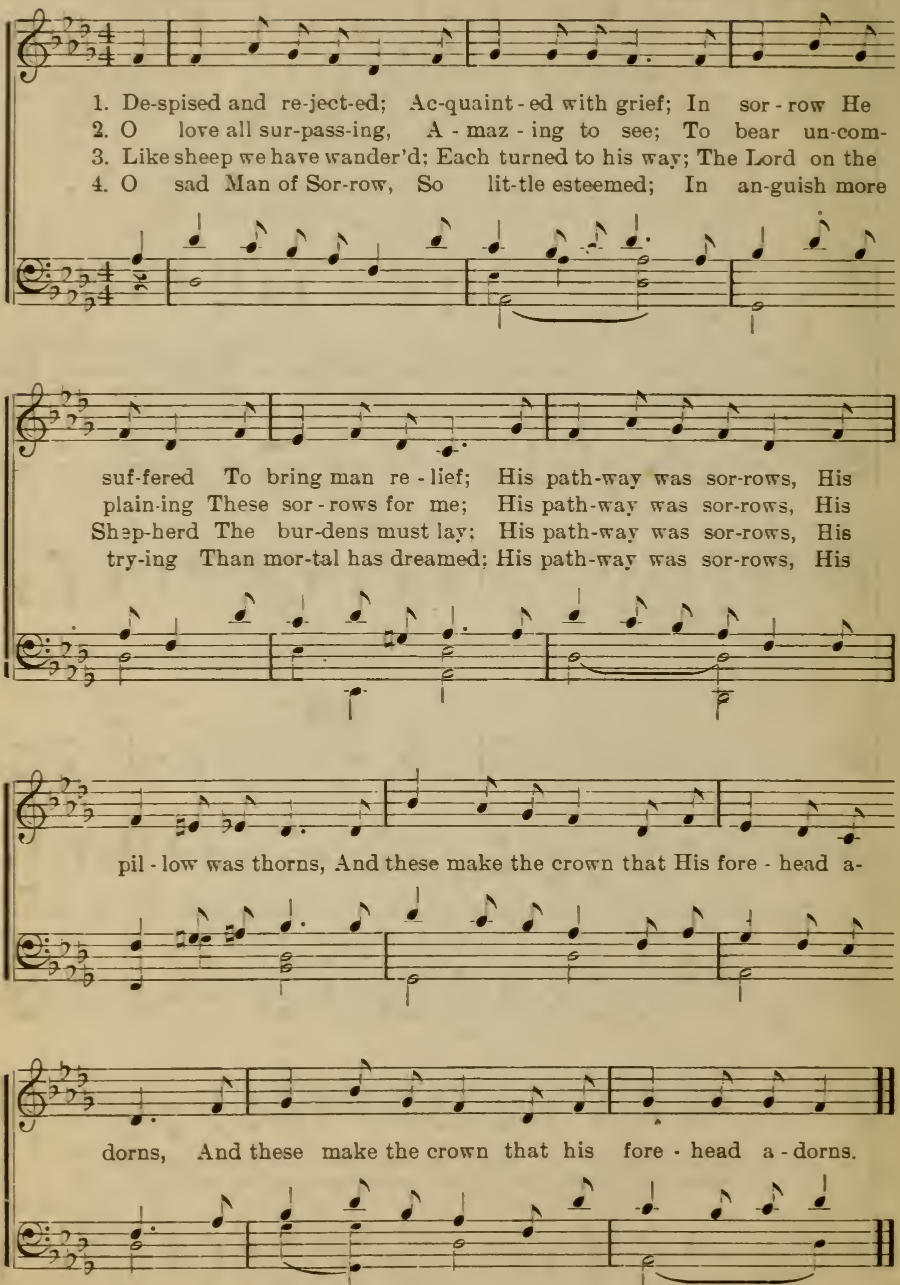
No. 28 The Crown of Thorns

Isaiah 53.

John R. Clements. Marie D. Forrest.


1. De-spised and re-ject-ed; Ac-quaint-ed with grief; In sor-row He
2. O love all sur-pass-ing, A-maz-ing to see; To bear un-com-
3. Like sheep we have wander'd; Each turned to his way; The Lord on the
4. O sad Man of Sor-row, So lit-tle esteemed; In an-guish more
suf-fered To bring man re-lief; His path-way was sor-rows, His
plain-ing These sor-rows for me; His path-way was sor-rows, His
Shep-herd The bur-dens must lay; His path-way was sor-rows, His
try-ing Than mor-tal has dreamed; His path-way was sor-rows, His
pil-low was thorns, And these make the crown that His fore-head a-
dorns, And these make the crown that his fore-head a-dorns.

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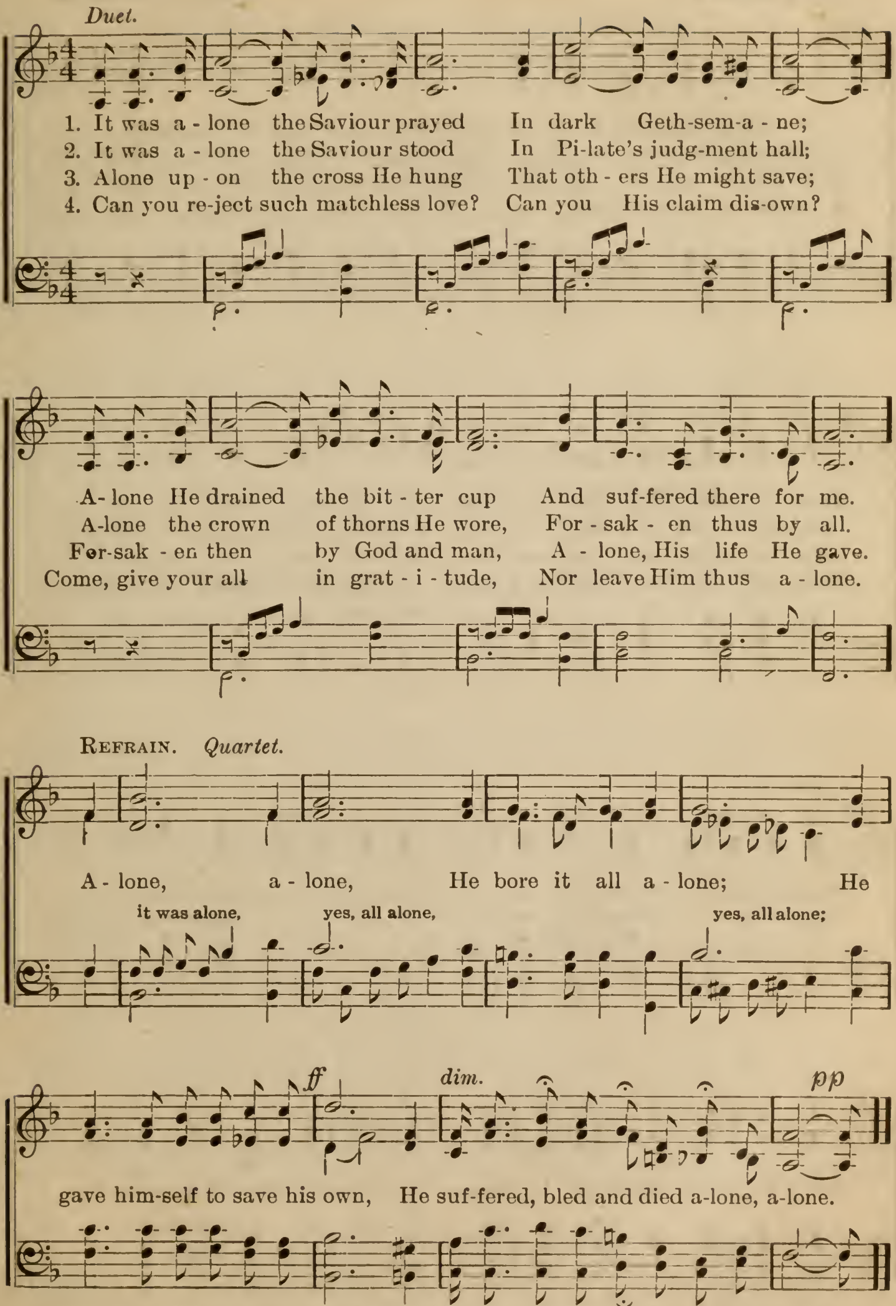
No. 29 Alone

B. H. P. Ben H. Price.


Duet.
1. It was a-lone the Saviour prayed In dark Geth-sem-a-ne;
2. It was a-lone the Saviour stood In Pi-late's judg-ment hall;
3. Alone up-on the cross He hung That oth-ers He might save;
4. Can you re-ject such matchless love? Can you His claim dis-own?
A-lone He drained the bit-ter cup And suf-fered there for me.
A-lone the crown of thorns He wore, For-sak-en thus by all.
For-sak-en then by God and man, A-lone, His life He gave.
Come, give your all in grat-i-tude, Nor leave Him thus a-lone.
Refrain. Quartet.
A-lone, a-lone, He bore it all a-lone; He
it was alone, yes, all alone, yes, all alone;
gave him-self to save his own, He suf-fered, bled and died a-lone, a-lone.
ff
dim.
pp

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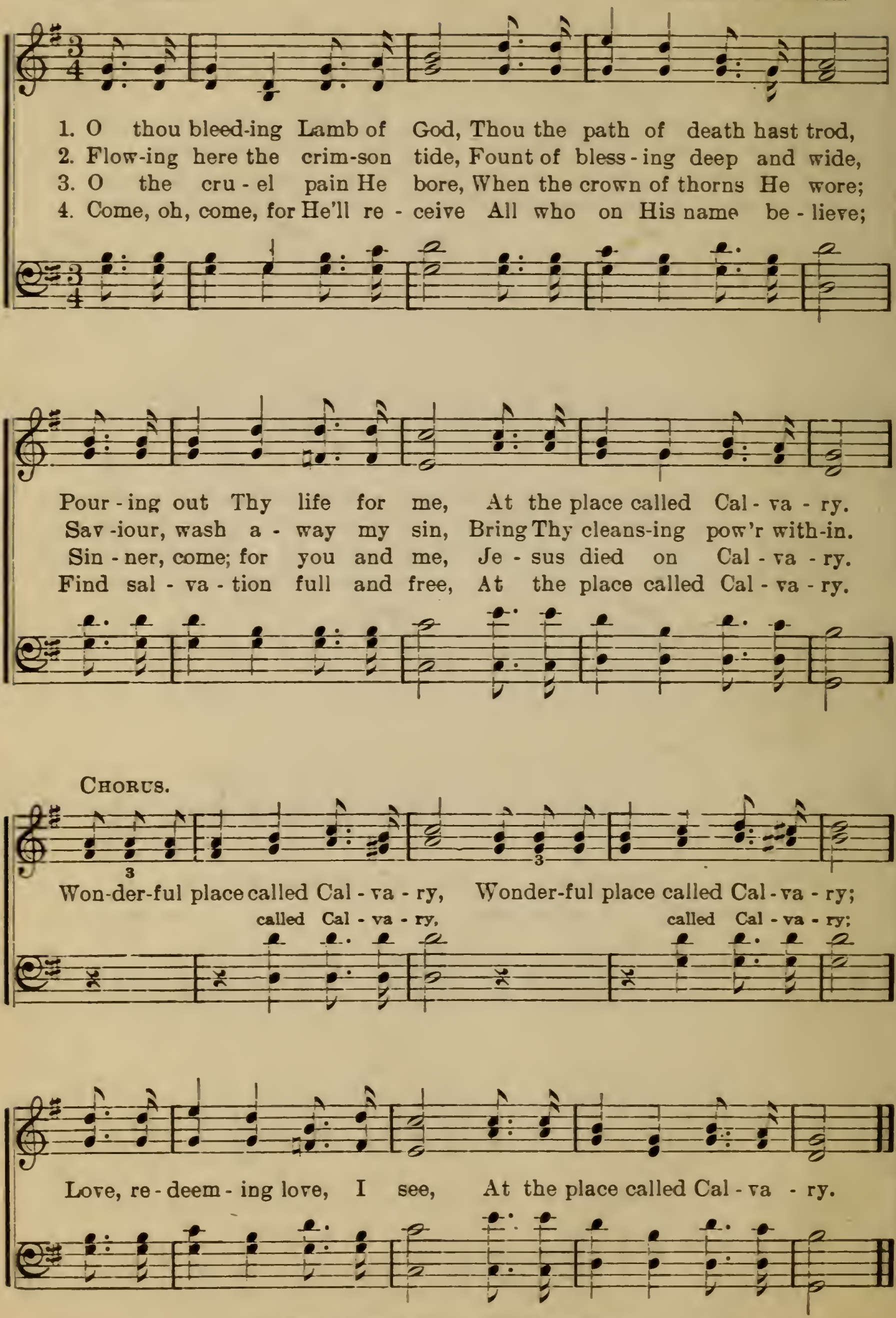
No. 30

The Place Called Calvary

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.


1. O thou bleed-ing Lamb of God, Thou the path of death hast trod,
2. Flow-ing here the crim-son tide, Fount of bless-ing deep and wide,
3. O the cru-el pain He bore, When the crown of thorns He wore;
4. Come, oh, come, for He'll re-ceive All who on His name be-lieve;
Pour-ing out Thy life for me, At the place called Cal-va-ry.
Sav-iour, wash a-way my sin, Bring Thy cleans-ing pow'r with-in.
Sin-ner, come; for you and me, Je-sus died on Cal-va-ry.
Find sal-va-tion full and free, At the place called Cal-va-ry.
Chorus.
Won-der-ful place called Cal-va-ry, Wonder-ful place called Cal-va-ry;
called Cal-va-ry, called Cal-va-ry;
Love, re-deem-ing love, I see, At the place called Cal-va-ry.

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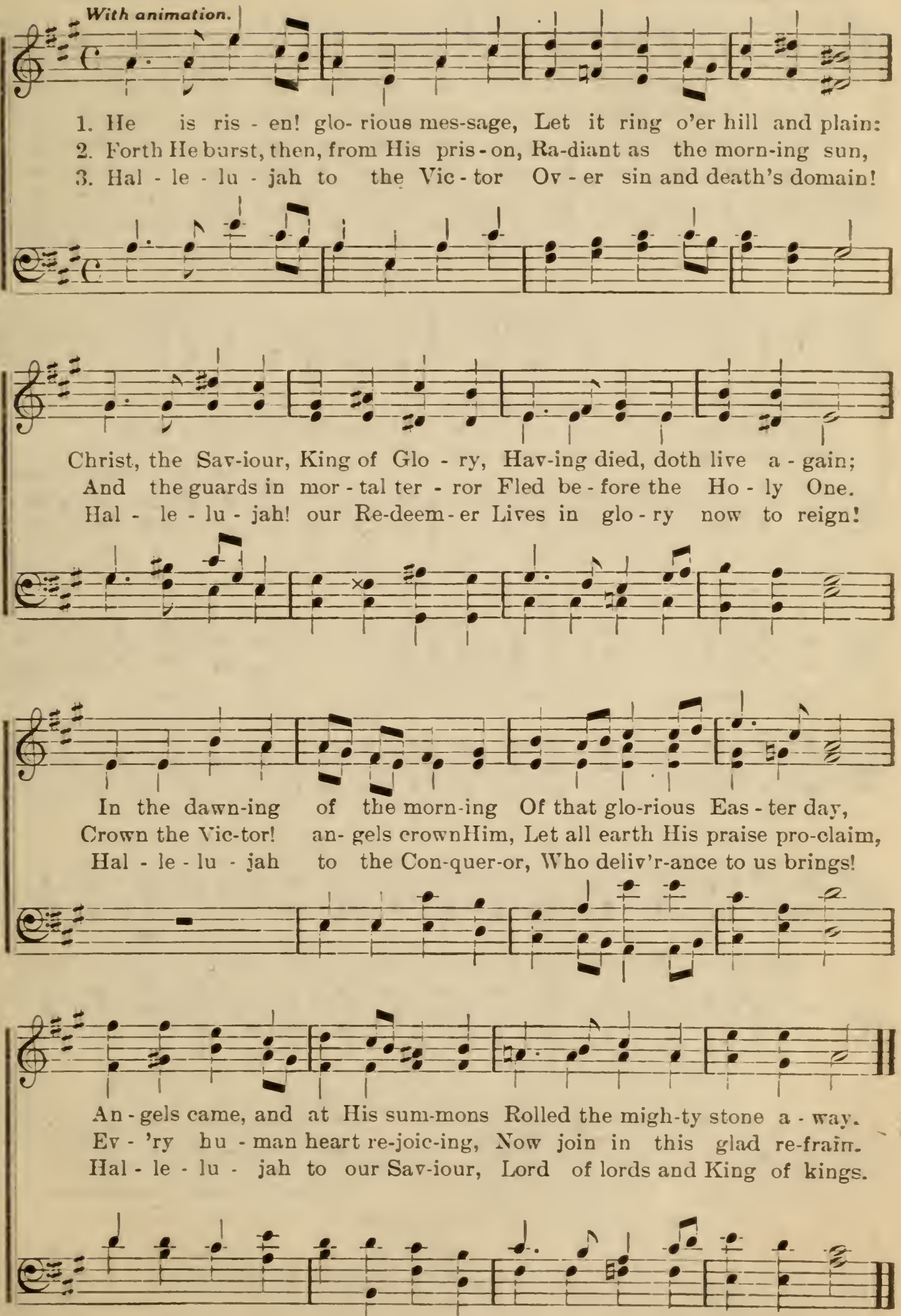
No. 31

He Is Risen

Leah C. Reuber. H. L. Baumgartner.


With animation.
1. He is ris - en! glo- rious mes-sage, Let it ring o'er hill and plain:
2. Forth He burst, then, from His pris - on, Ra-diant as the morn-ing sun,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Vic - tor Ov - er sin and death's domain!
Christ, the Sav-iour, King of Glo - ry, Hav-ing died, doth live a - gain;
And the guards in mor - tal ter - ror Fled be - fore the Ho - ly One.
Hal - le - lu - jah! our Re-deem - er Lives in glo - ry now to reign!
In the dawn-ing of the morn-ing Of that glo-rious Eas - ter day,
Crown the Vic-tor! an- gels crownHim, Let all earth His praise pro-claim,
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Con-quer-or, Who deliv'r-ance to us brings!
An - gels came, and at His sum-mons Rolled the migh-ty stone a - way.
Ev - 'ry hu - man heart re-joic-ing, Now join in this glad re-frain.
Hal - le - lu - jah to our Sav-iour, Lord of lords and King of kings.

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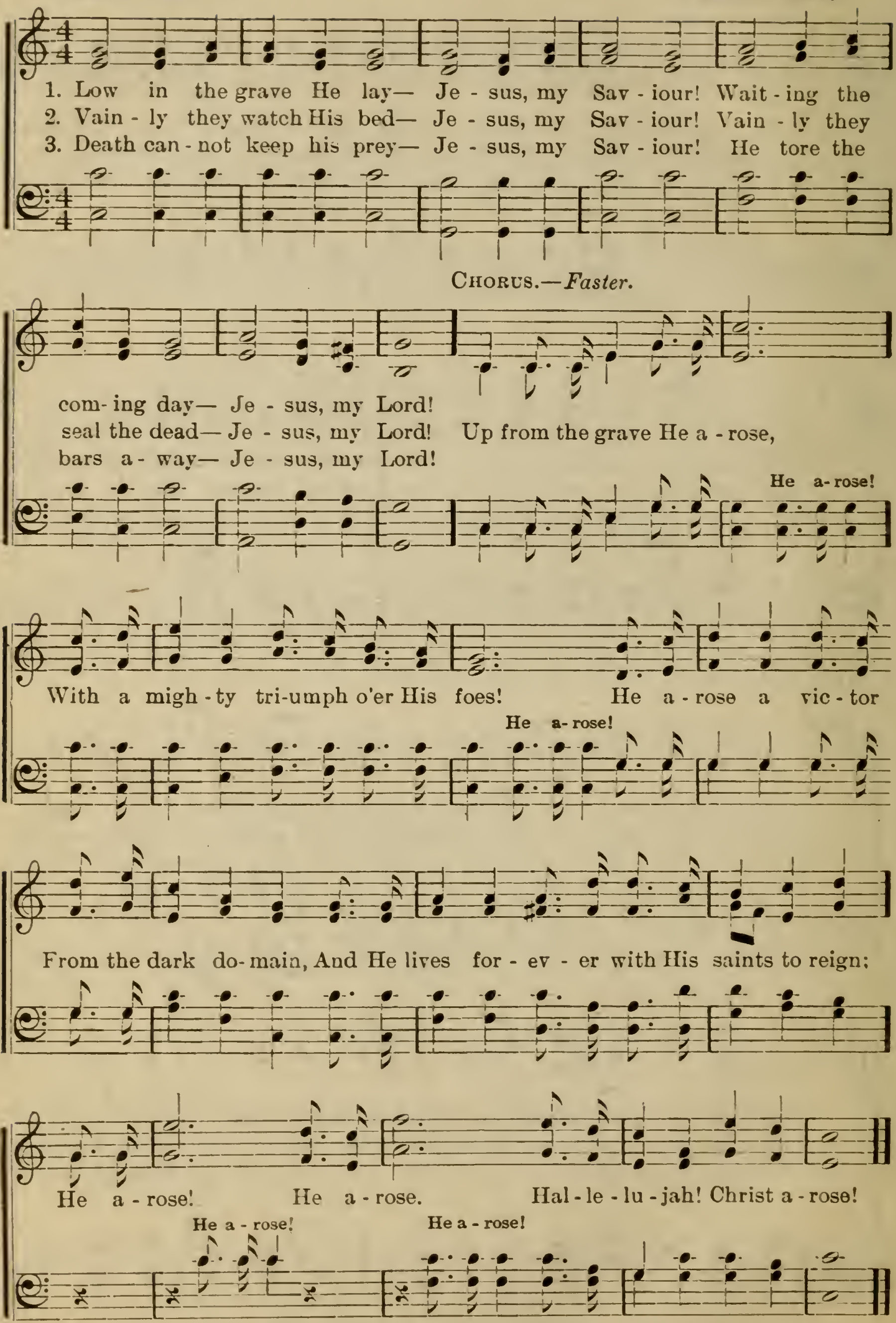
No. 32

Christ Arose!

R. L.

Robert Lowry.


1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the com- ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord!
3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord!
Chorus.—Faster.
Up from the grave He a - rose,
He a- rose!
With a migh - ty tri-umph o'er His foes!
He a- rose!
He a - rose a vic - tor From the dark do- main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign;
He a - rose! He a - rose. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose!
He a - rose!

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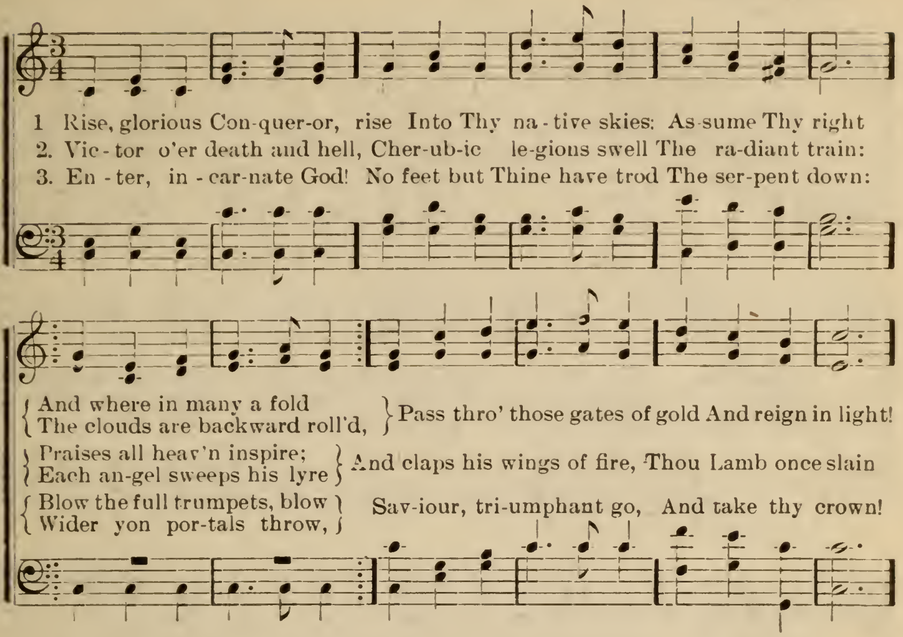
No. 33

Rise, Glorious Conqueror

Dort. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason.



1 Rise, glorious Con-quer-or, rise Into Thy na-tive skies: As-sume Thy right
2. Vic-tor o'er death and hell, Cher-ub-ic le-gions swell The ra-diant train:
3. En-ter, in-car-nate God! No feet but Thine have trod The ser-pent down:

{ And where in many a fold
{ The clouds are backward roll'd, } Pass thro' those gates of gold And reign in light!
} Praises all heav'n inspire;
} Each an-gel sweeps his lyre } And claps his wings of fire, Thou Lamb once slain
{ Blow the full trumpets, blow }
{ Wider yon por-tals throw, } Sav-iour, tri-umphant go, And take thy crown!

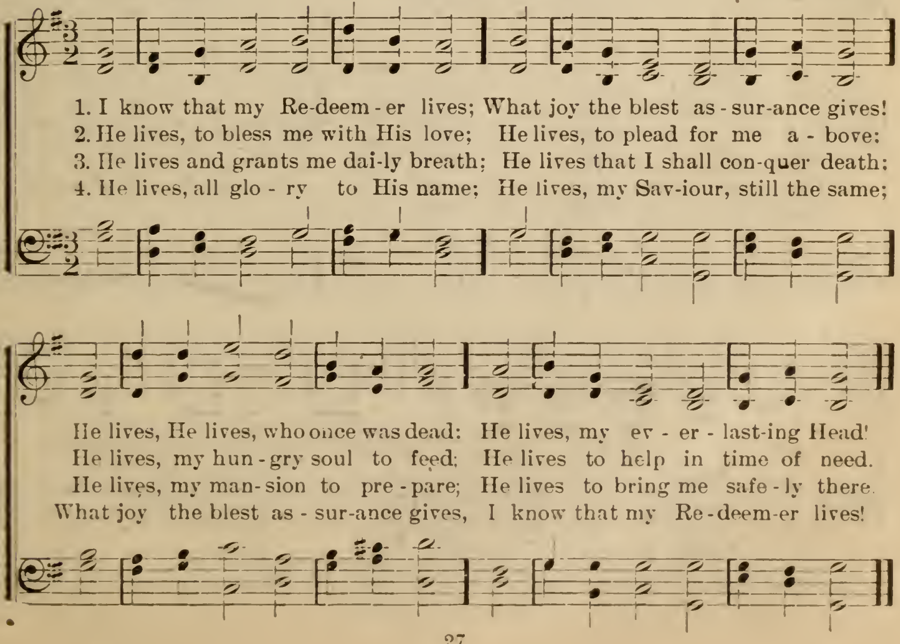
No. 34

He Lives

Rockingham. L. M.

Samuel Medley.

L. Mason.

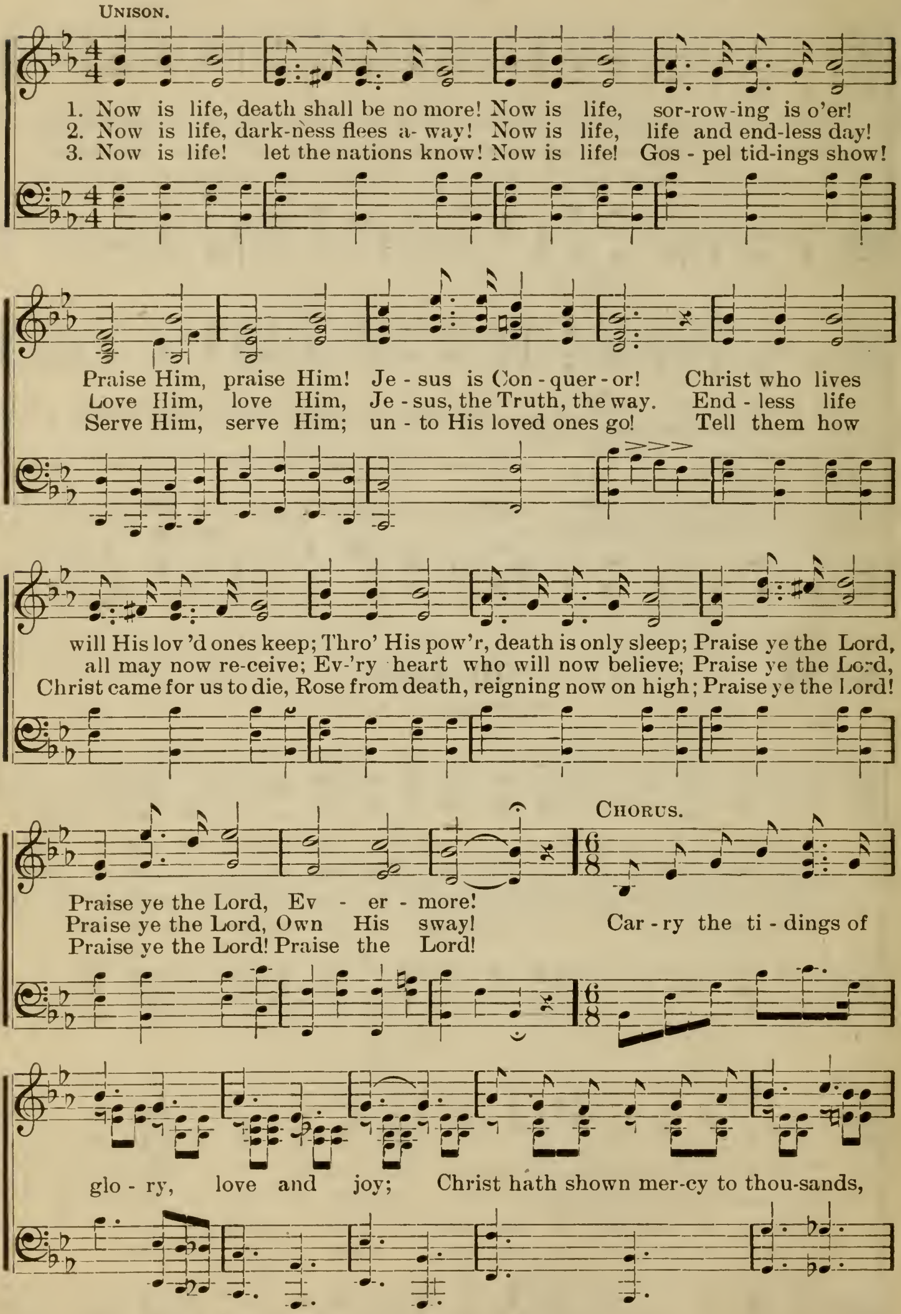


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a-bove;
3. He lives and grants me dai-ly breath; He lives that I shall con-quer death:
4. He lives, all glo-ry to His name; He lives, my Sav-iour, still the same;

He lives, He lives, who once was dead: He lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head!
He lives, my hun-gry soul to feed; He lives to help in time of need.
He lives, my man-sion to pre-pare; He lives to bring me safe-ly there.
What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives, I know that my Re-deem-er lives!

No. 35 Jesus Is Victor

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.


Unison.
1. Now is life, death shall be no more! Now is life, sor-row-ing is o'er!
2. Now is life, dark-ness flees a- way! Now is life, life and end-less day!
3. Now is life! let the nations know! Now is life! Gos - pel tid-ings show!
Praise Him, praise Him! Je - sus is Con - quer - or! Christ who lives
Love Him, love Him, Je - sus, the Truth, the way. End - less life
Serve Him, serve Him; un - to His loved ones go! Tell them how
will His lov 'd ones keep; Thro' His pow'r, death is only sleep; Praise ye the Lord,
all may now re-ceive; Ev-'ry heart who will now believe; Praise ye the Lord,
Christ came for us to die, Rose from death, reigning now on high; Praise ye the Lord!
Praise ye the Lord, Ev - er - more!
Praise ye the Lord, Own His sway!
Praise ye the Lord! Praise the Lord!
Chorus.
Car - ry the ti - dings of
glo - ry, love and joy; Christ hath shown mer-cy to thou-sands,

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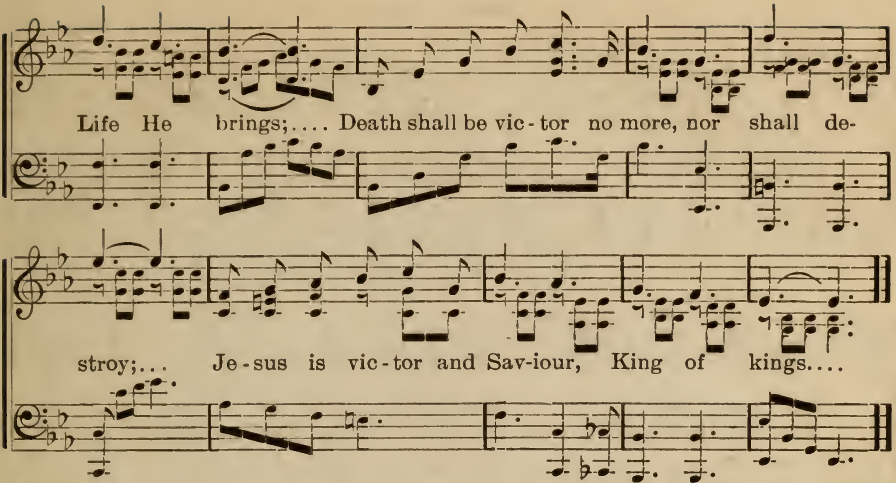
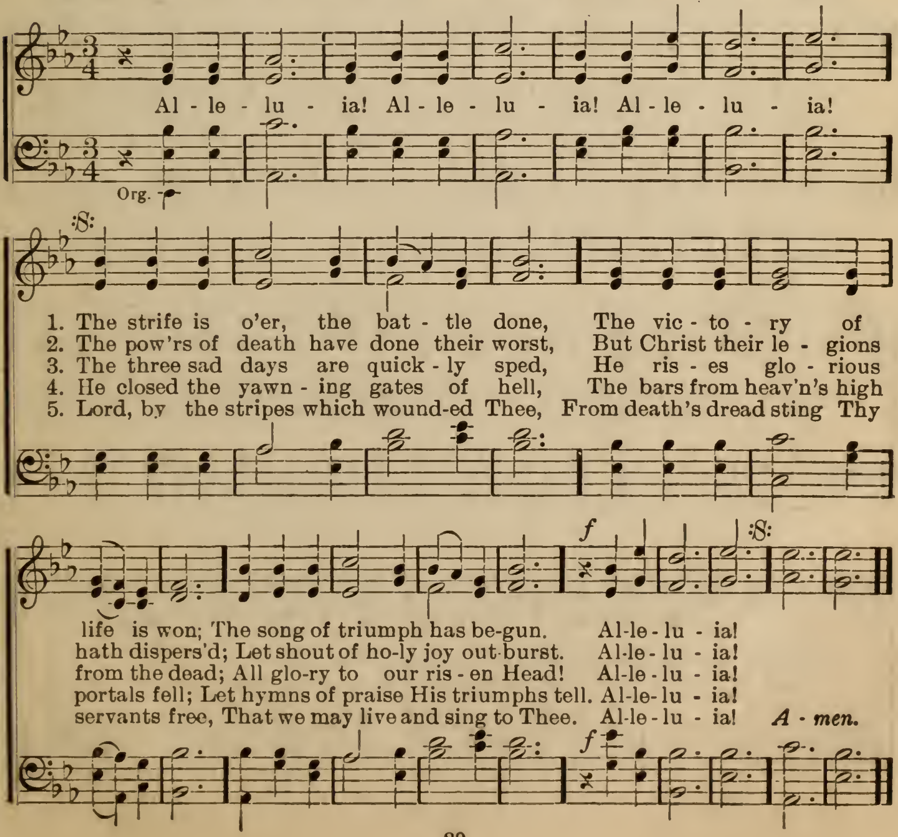
Jesus Is Victor—Concluded


Life He brings;.... Death shall be vic-tor no more, nor shall de-
stroy;... Je-sus is vic-tor and Sav-iour, King of kings....

No. 36 The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

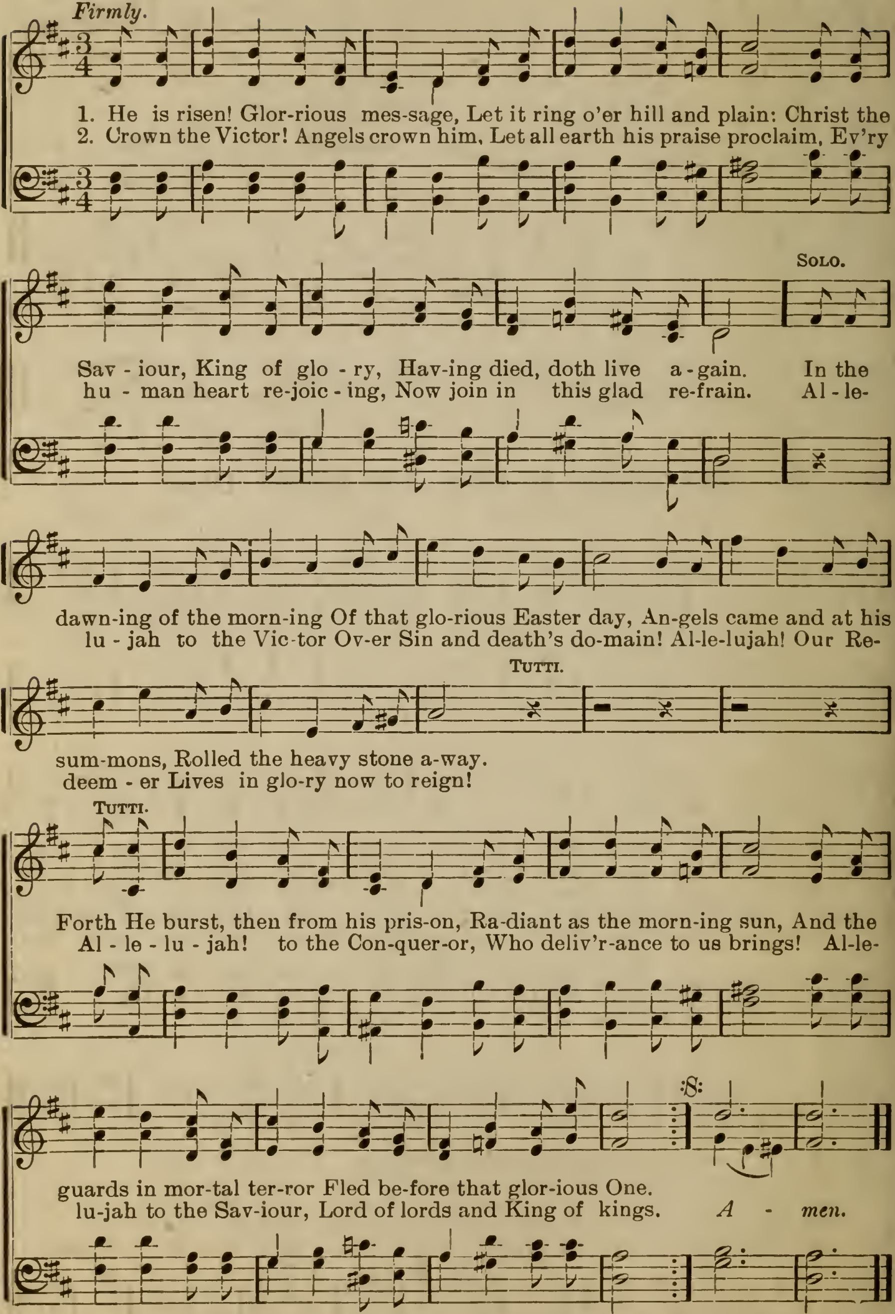
Anon. (Latin.) Tr. F. Pott, 1861. Arr. fr. Palestrina (1515?—1594).


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Org.
1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions
3. The three sad days are quick - ly sped, He ris - es glo - rious
4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell, The bars from heav'n's high
5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy
f
life is won; The song of triumph has be-gun. Al-le-lu - ia!
hath dispers'd; Let shout of ho-ly joy out-burst. Al-le-lu - ia!
from the dead; All glo-ry to our ris-en Head! Al-le-lu - ia!
portals fell; Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell. Al-le-lu - ia!
servants free, That we may live and sing to Thee. Al-le-lu - ia! A - men.
f

No. 37 He Is Risen

Easter Carol.

Leah C. Reuber. Henry J. Repp.


Firmly.
1. He is risen! Glor-rious mes-sage, Let it ring o'er hill and plain: Christ the
2. Crown the Victor! Angels crown him, Let all earth his praise proclaim, Ev'ry
Solo.
Sav - iour, King of glo - ry, Hav-ing died, doth live a - gain. In the
hu - man heart re-joic - ing, Now join in this glad re-frain. Al - le-
dawn-ing of the morn-ing Of that glo-rious Easter day, An-gels came and at his
lu - jah to the Vic-tor Ov-er Sin and death's do-main! Al-le-lujah! Our Re-
Tutti.
sum-mons, Rolled the heavy stone a-way.
deem - er Lives in glo-ry now to reign!
Tutti.
Forth He burst, then from his pris-on, Ra-diant as the morn-ing sun, And the
Al - le - lu - jah! to the Con-quer-or, Who deliv'r-ance to us brings! Al-le-
guards in mor-tal ter-ror Fled be-fore that glor-ious One.
lu-jah to the Sav-iour, Lord of lords and King of kings. A - men.

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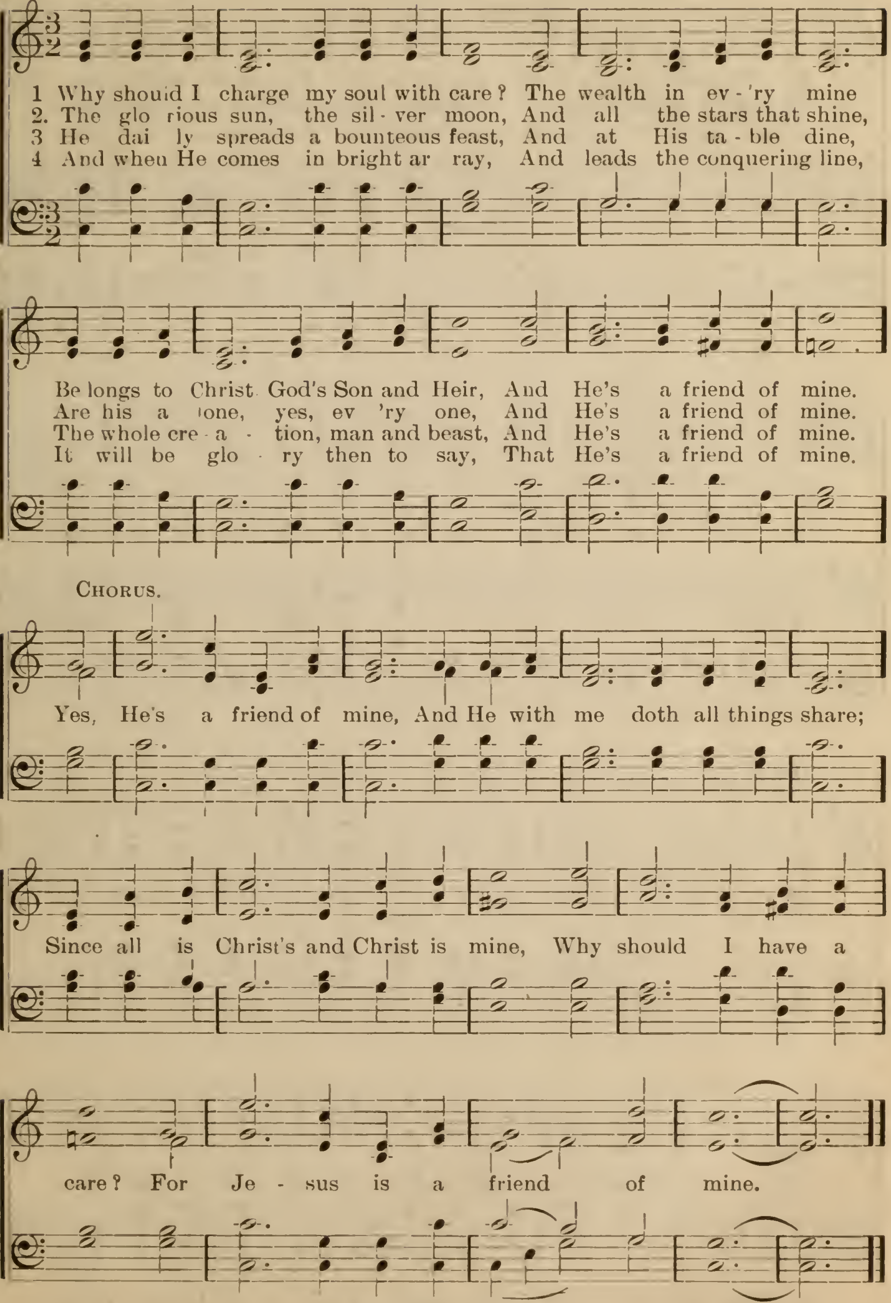
No. 38

Jesus Is a Friend of Mine

J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.


1 Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth in ev - 'ry mine
2. The glo rious sun, the sil - ver moon, And all the stars that shine,
3 He dai ly spreads a bounteous feast, And at His ta - ble dine,
4 And when He comes in bright ar ray, And leads the conquering line,
Be longs to Christ God's Son and Heir, And He's a friend of mine.
Are his a lone, yes, ev 'ry one, And He's a friend of mine.
The whole cre - a - tion, man and beast, And He's a friend of mine.
It will be glo - ry then to say, That He's a friend of mine.
CHORUS.
Yes, He's a friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;
Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine, Why should I have a
care? For Je - sus is a friend of mine.

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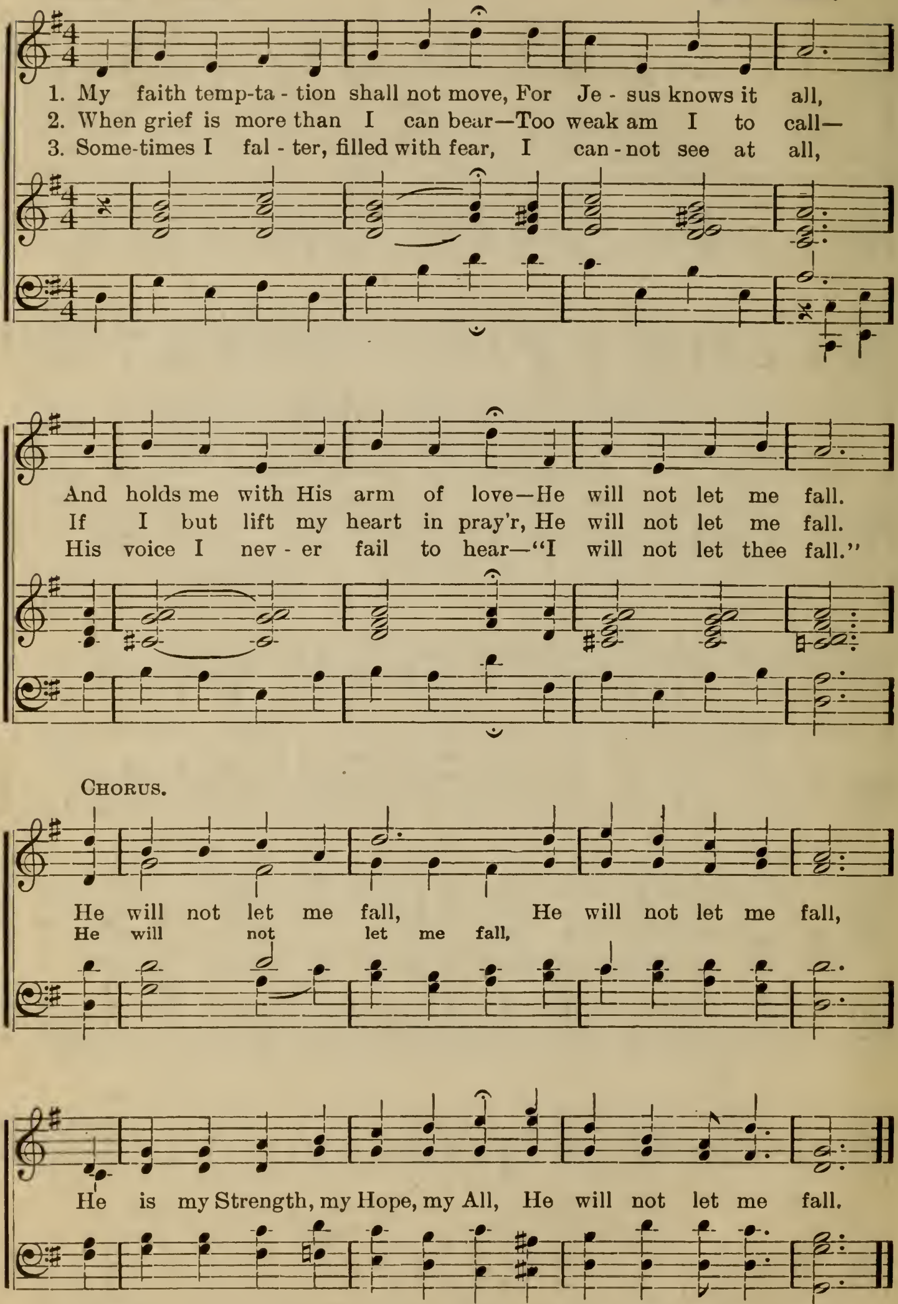
No. 39 He Will Not Let Me Fall

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. My faith temp-ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal - ter, filled with fear, I can - not see at all,
And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."
CHORUS.
He will not let me fall, He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall,
He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall.

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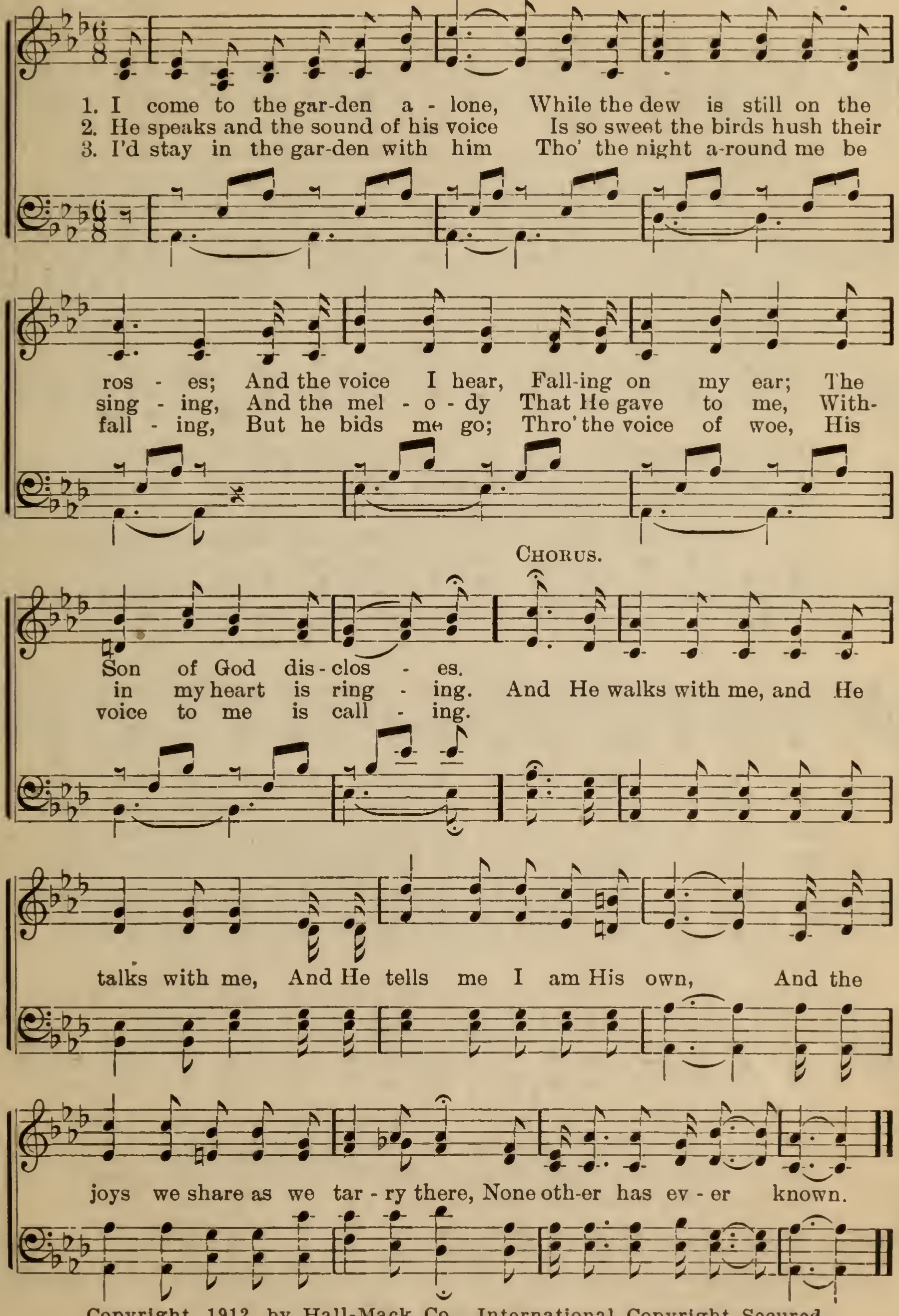
No. 40

In the Garden

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks and the sound of his voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with him Tho' the night a-round me be
ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But he bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His
Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing.
voice to me is call - ing.
Chorus.
And He walks with me, and He
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the
joys we share as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

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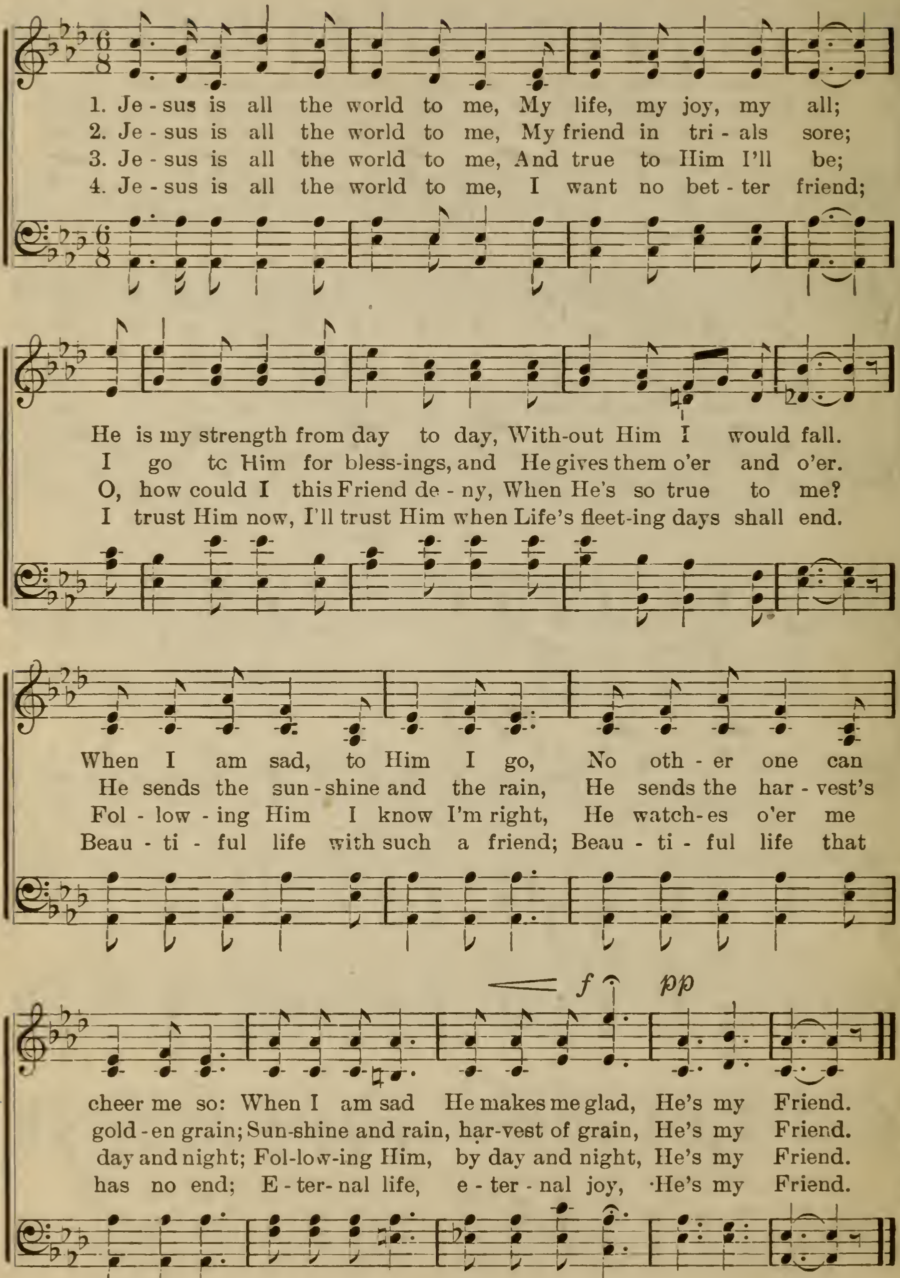
No. 41 Jesus Is All the World to Me

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch- es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that
cheer me so: When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har-vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol-low-ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter- nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.
f
pp

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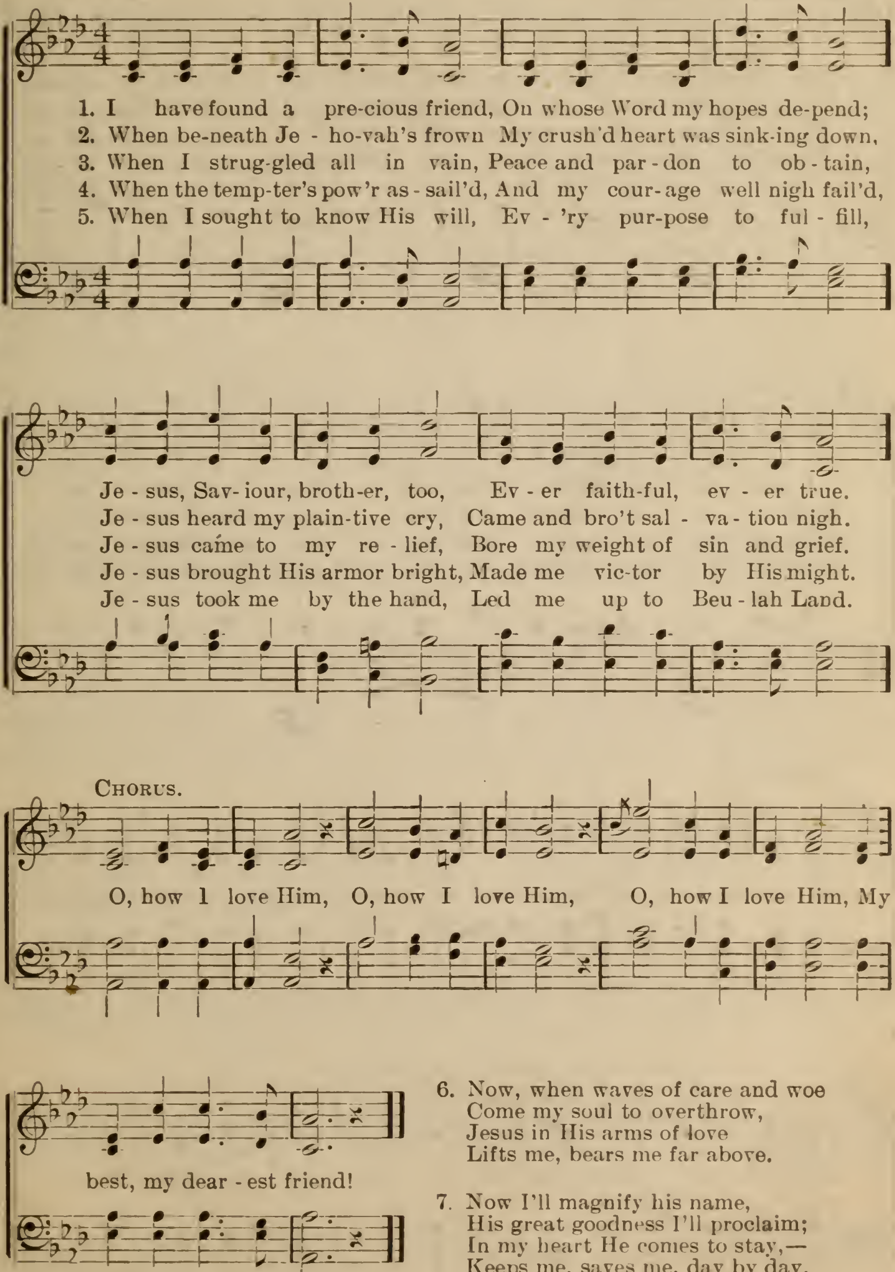
No. 42 O, How I Love Him

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I have found a precious friend, On whose Word my hopes depend;
2. When beneath Jehovah's frown My crush'd heart was sinking down,
3. When I struggled all in vain, Peace and pardon to obtain,
4. When the tempter's pow'r assail'd, And my courage well nigh fail'd,
5. When I sought to know His will, Ev'ry purpose to fulfill,
Jesus, Saviour, brother, too, Ever faithful, ever true.
Jesus heard my plaintive cry, Came and bro't salvation nigh.
Jesus came to my relief, Bore my weight of sin and grief.
Jesus brought His armor bright, Made me victor by His might.
Jesus took me by the hand, Led me up to Beulah Land.
CHORUS.
O, how I love Him, O, how I love Him, O, how I love Him, My
best, my dearest friend!

6. Now, when waves of care and woe
Come my soul to overthrow,
Jesus in His arms of love
Lifts me, bears me far above.

7. Now I'll magnify his name,
His great goodness I'll proclaim;
In my heart He comes to stay,—
Keeps me, saves me, day by day.

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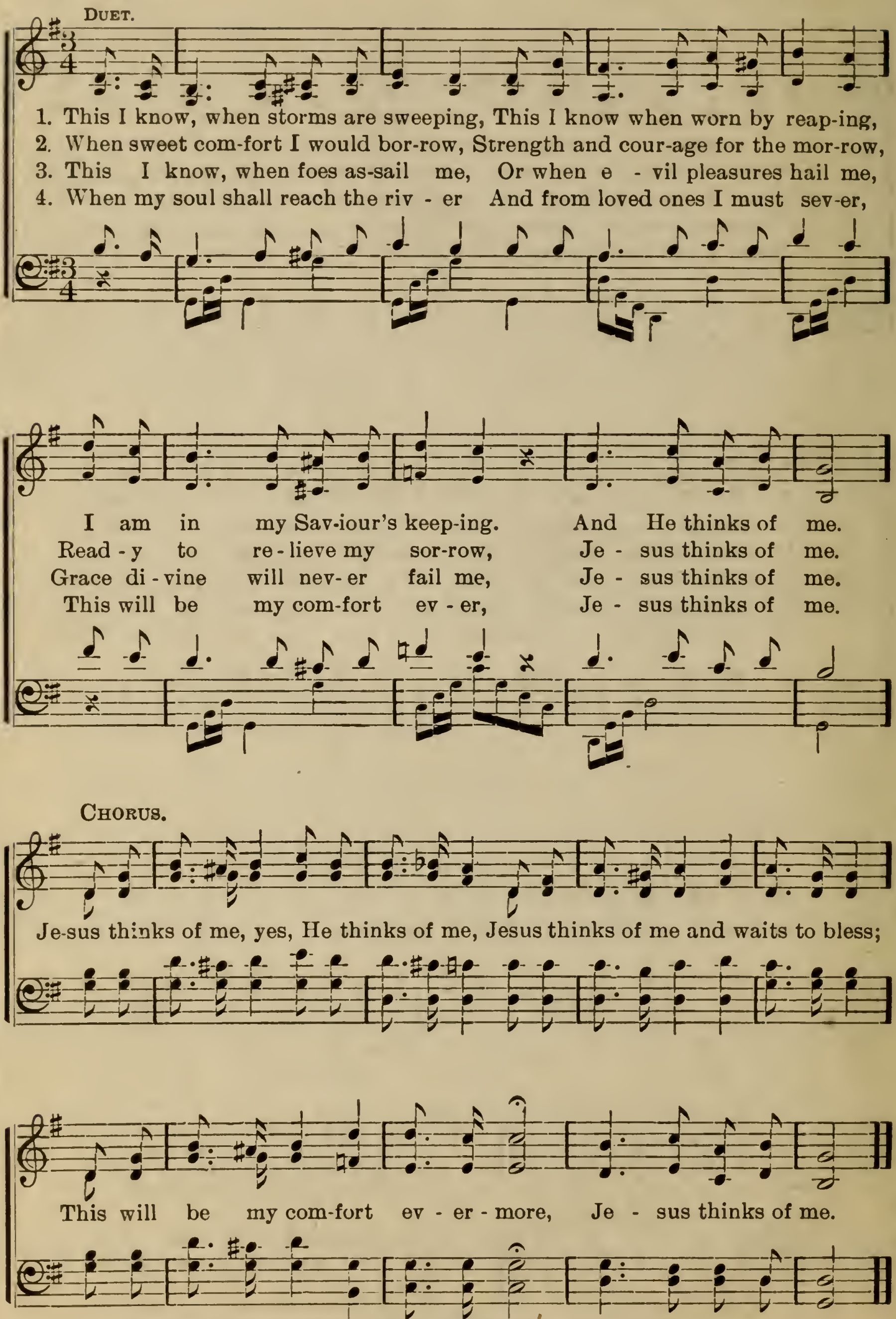
No. 43

Jesus Thinks of Me

James Rowe.

B. D. Ackley.


Duet.
1. This I know, when storms are sweeping, This I know when worn by reap-ing, I am in my Sav-iour's keep-ing. And He thinks of me.
2. When sweet com-fort I would bor-row, Strength and cour-age for the mor-row, Read-y to re-lieve my sor-row, Je-sus thinks of me.
3. This I know, when foes as-sail me, Or when e-vil pleasures hail me, Grace di-vine will nev-er fail me, Je-sus thinks of me.
4. When my soul shall reach the riv-er And from loved ones I must sev-er, This will be my com-fort ev-er, Je-sus thinks of me.
Chorus.
Je-sus thinks of me, yes, He thinks of me, Jesus thinks of me and waits to bless;
This will be my com-fort ev-er-more, Je-sus thinks of me.

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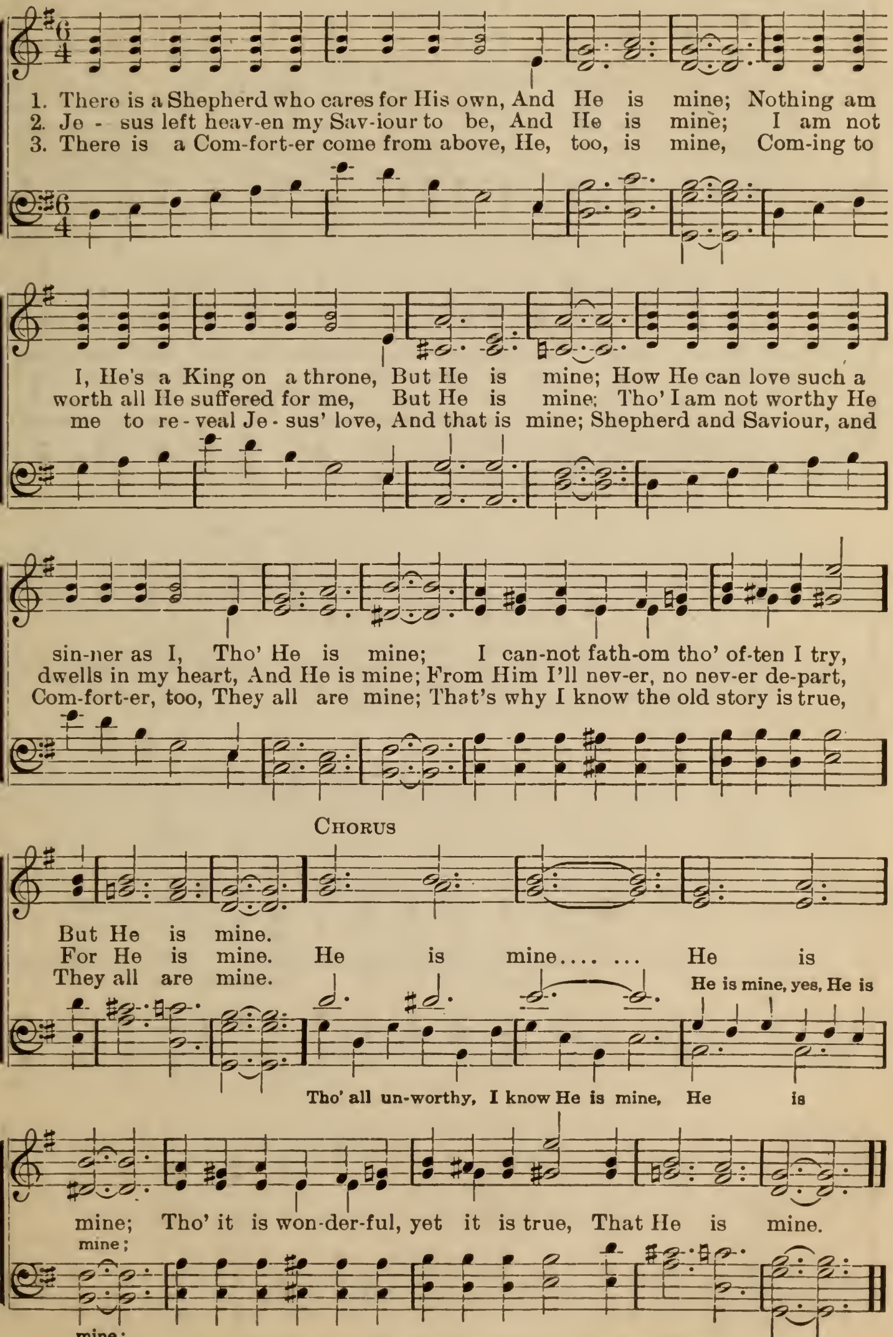
No. 44

He Is Mine

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. There is a Shepherd who cares for His own, And He is mine; Nothing am
2. Je - sus left heav-en my Sav-iour to be, And He is mine; I am not
3. There is a Com-fort-er come from above, He, too, is mine, Com-ing to
I, He's a King on a throne, But He is mine; How He can love such a
worth all He suffered for me, But He is mine; Tho' I am not worthy He
me to re-veal Je-sus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Saviour, and
sin-ner as I, Tho' He is mine; I can-not fath-om tho' of-ten I try,
dwells in my heart, And He is mine; From Him I'll nev-er, no nev-er de-part,
Com-fort-er, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old story is true,
CHORUS
But He is mine.
For He is mine. He is mine.... ... He is
They all are mine.
He is mine, yes, He is
Tho' all un-worthy, I know He is mine, He is
mine; Tho' it is won-der-ful, yet it is true, That He is mine.
mine;
mine;

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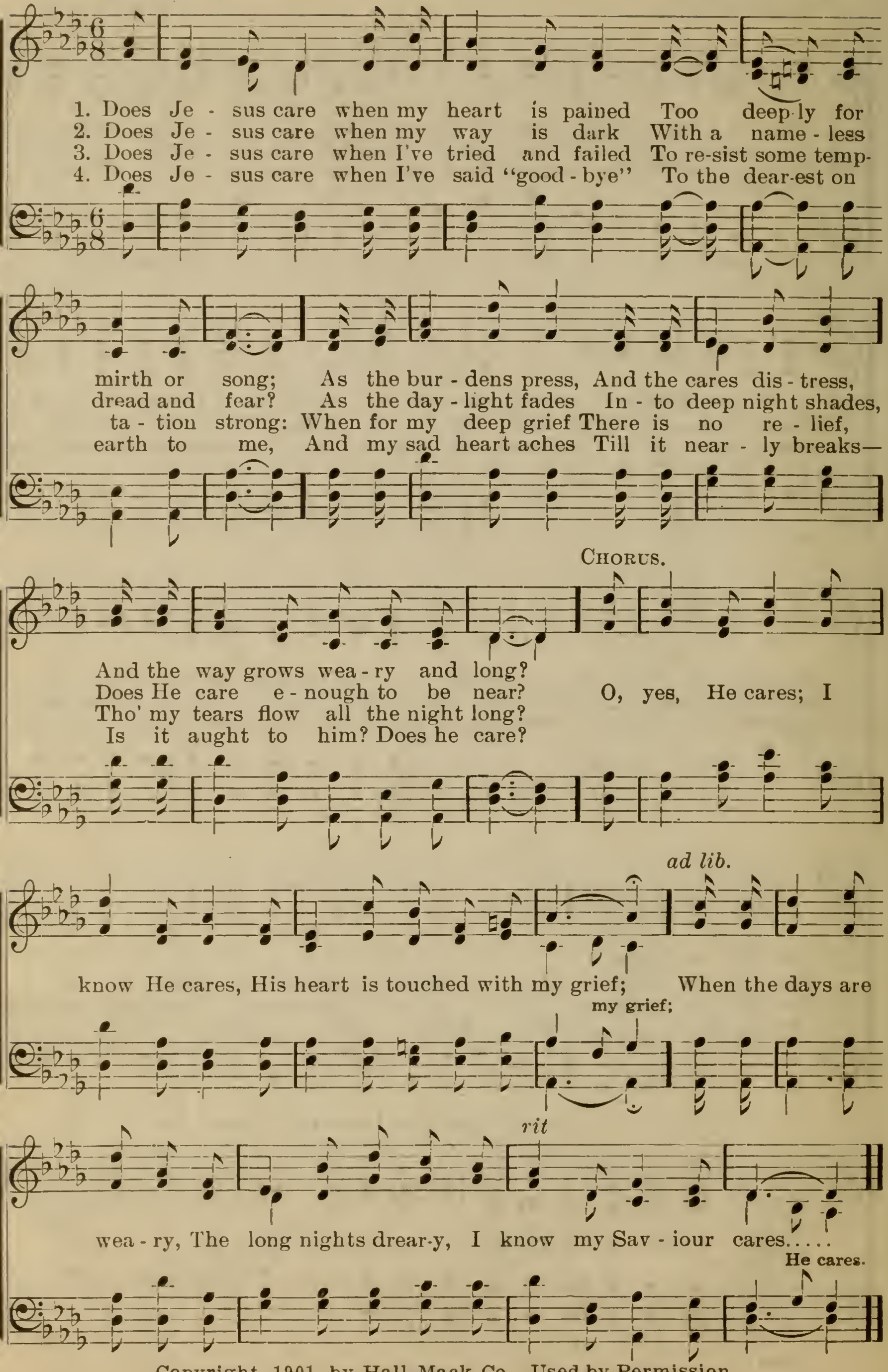
No. 45

Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temp-
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - bye" To the dear-est on
mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
ta - tion strong: When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—
And the way grows wea - ry and long?
Does He care e - nough to be near?
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
Is it aught to him? Does he care?
CHORUS.
O, yes, He cares; I
know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; When the days are
ad lib.
my grief;
wea - ry, The long nights drear-y, I know my Sav - iour cares.....
rit
He cares.

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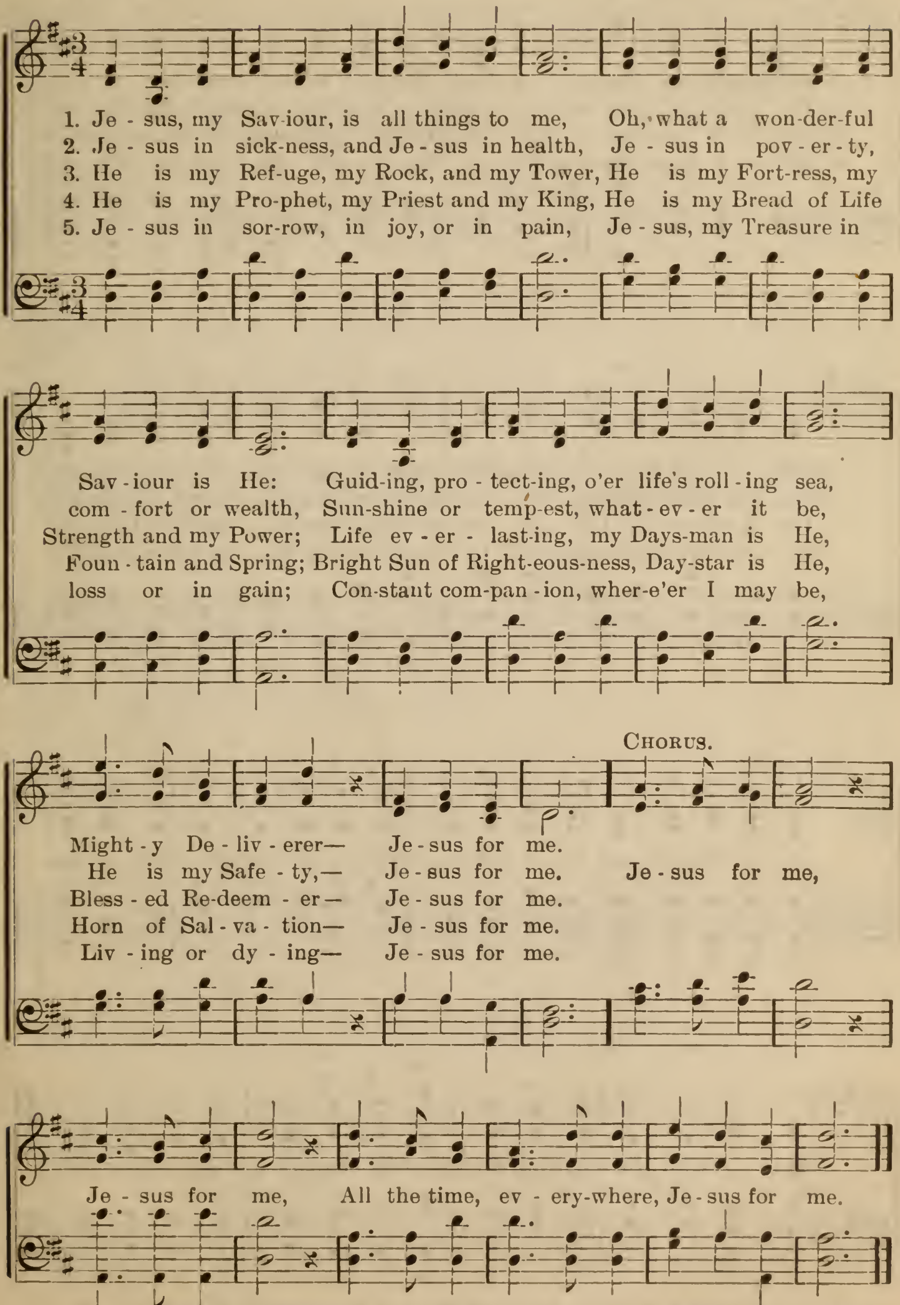
No. 46 Jesus, My Saviour, Is All Things to Me

Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won-der-ful
2. Je - sus in sick-ness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fort-ress, my
4. He is my Pro-phet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life
5. Je - sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus, my Treasure in
Sav - iour is He: Guid-ing, pro - tect-ing, o'er life's roll - ing sea,
com - fort or wealth, Sun-shine or temp-est, what - ev - er it be,
Strength and my Power; Life ev - er - last-ing, my Days-man is He,
Foun - tain and Spring; Bright Sun of Right-eous-ness, Day-star is He,
loss or in gain; Con-stant com-pan - ion, wher-e'er I may be,
Might - y De - liv - erer— Je - sus for me.
He is my Safe - ty,— Je - sus for me.
Bless - ed Re-deem - er— Je - sus for me.
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me.
CHORUS.
Je - sus for me,
Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - ery-where, Je - sus for me.

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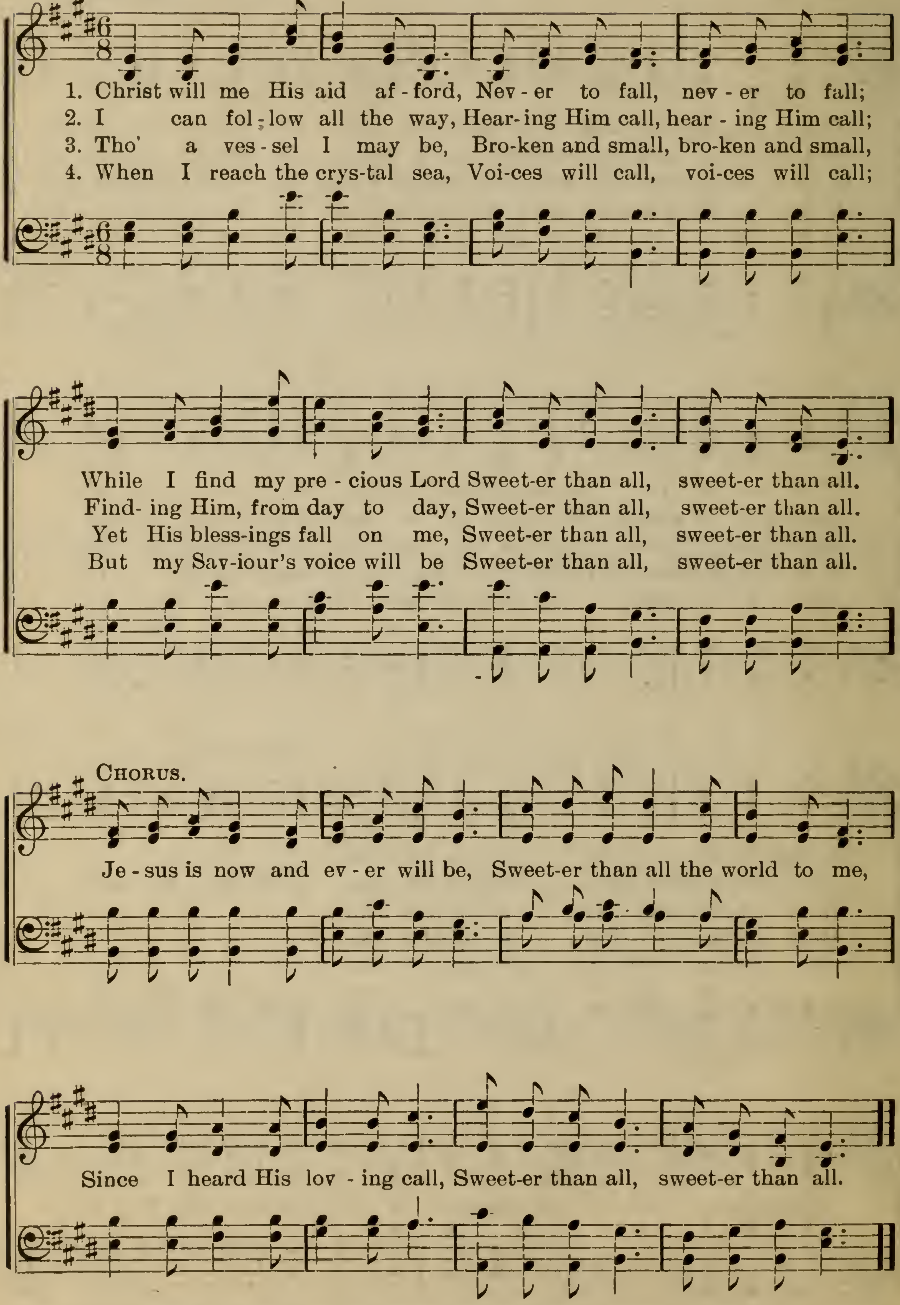
No. 47 Sweeter Than All

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

J. Howard Entwisle.


1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I can fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voi-ces will call, voi-ces will call;
While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-iour's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is now and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,
Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

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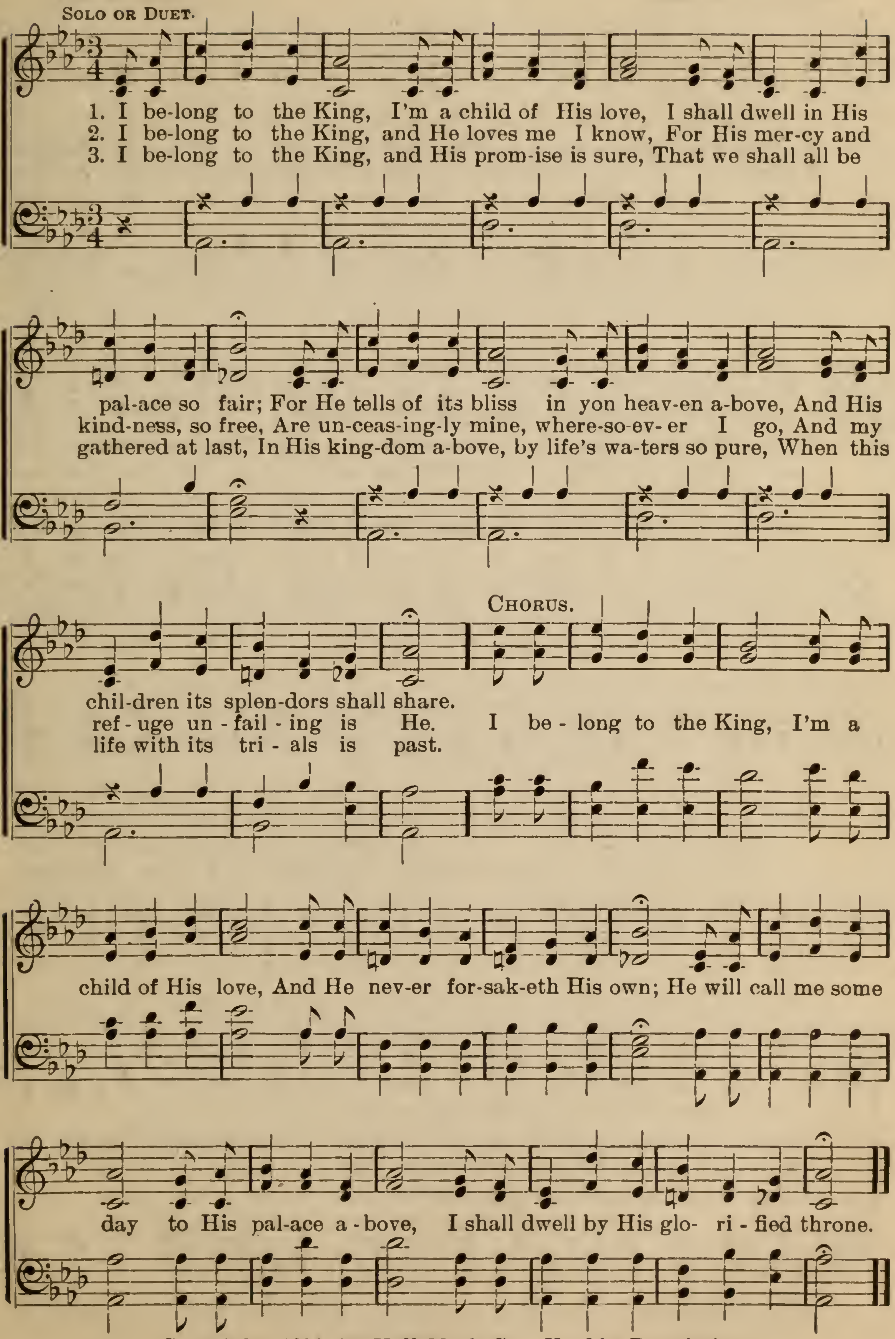
No. 48 I Belong to the King

Ida L. Reed. Maurice A. Clifton.


Solo or Duet.
1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His pal-ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And His chil-dren its splen-dors shall share.
2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mer-cy and kind-ness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, where-so-ev-er I go, And my ref-uge un-fail-ing is He.
3. I be-long to the King, and His prom-ise is sure, That we shall all be gathered at last, In His king-dom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this life with its tri-als is past.
Chorus.
I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, And He nev-er for-sak-eth His own; He will call me some day to His pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by His glo-ri-fied throne.

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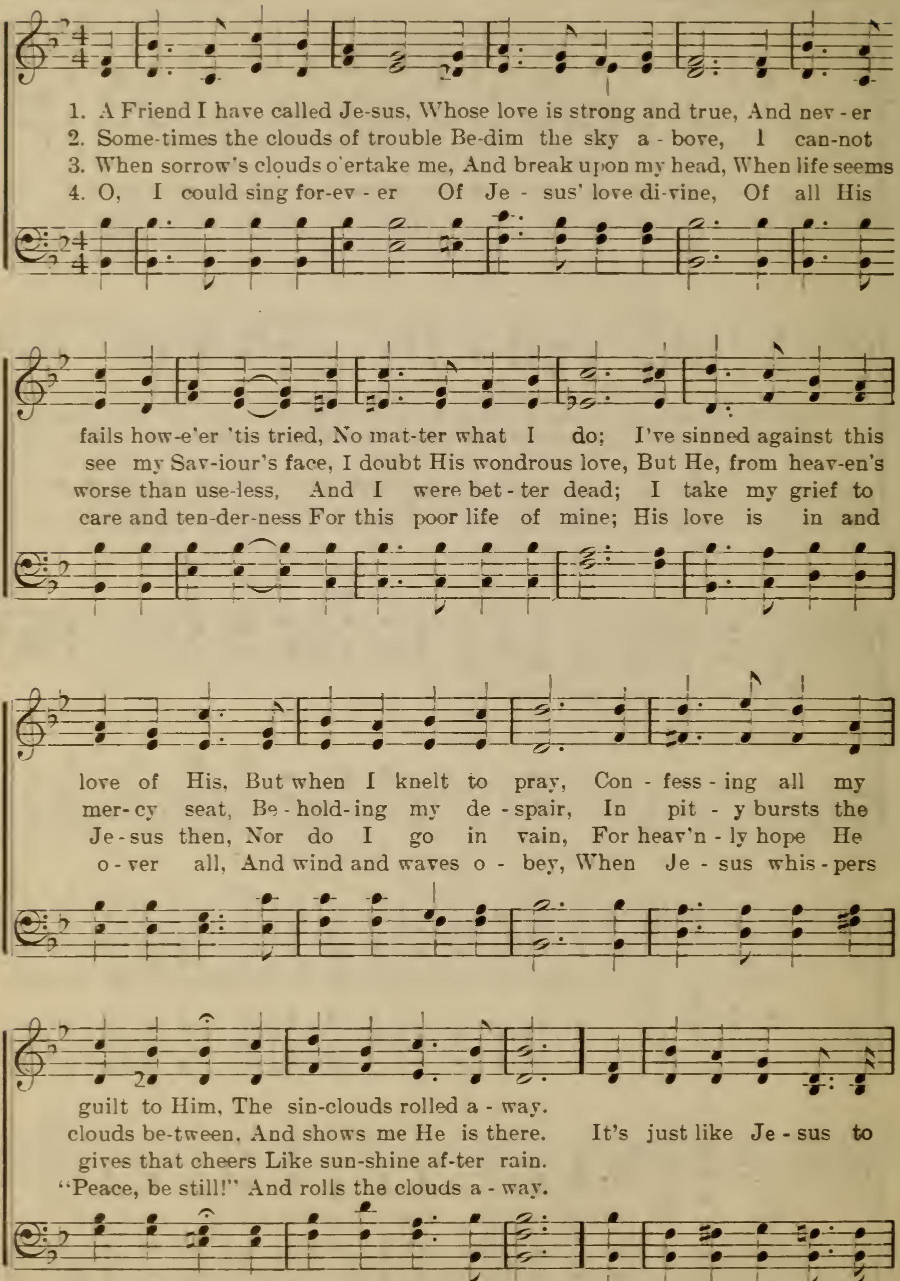
No. 49 It's Just Like His Great Love

Edna R. Worrell. Clarence B. Strouse.


4/4
1. A Friend I have called Je-sus, Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Some-times the clouds of trouble Be-dim the sky a - bove, I can-not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break upon my head, When life seems
4. O, I could sing for-ev - er Of Je - sus' love di-vine, Of all His
fails how-e'er 'tis tried, No mat-ter what I do; I've sinned against this
see my Sav-iour's face, I doubt His wondrous love, But He, from heav-en's
worse than use-less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten-der-ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and
love of His, But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my
mer-cy seat, Be-hold-ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je-sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis-pers
guilt to Him, The sin-clouds rolled a - way.
clouds be-tween. And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers Like sun-shine af-ter rain.
"Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way.

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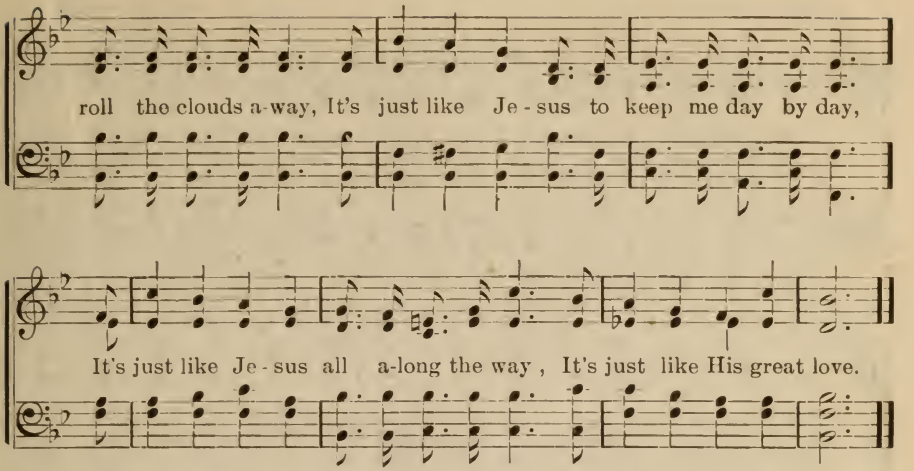
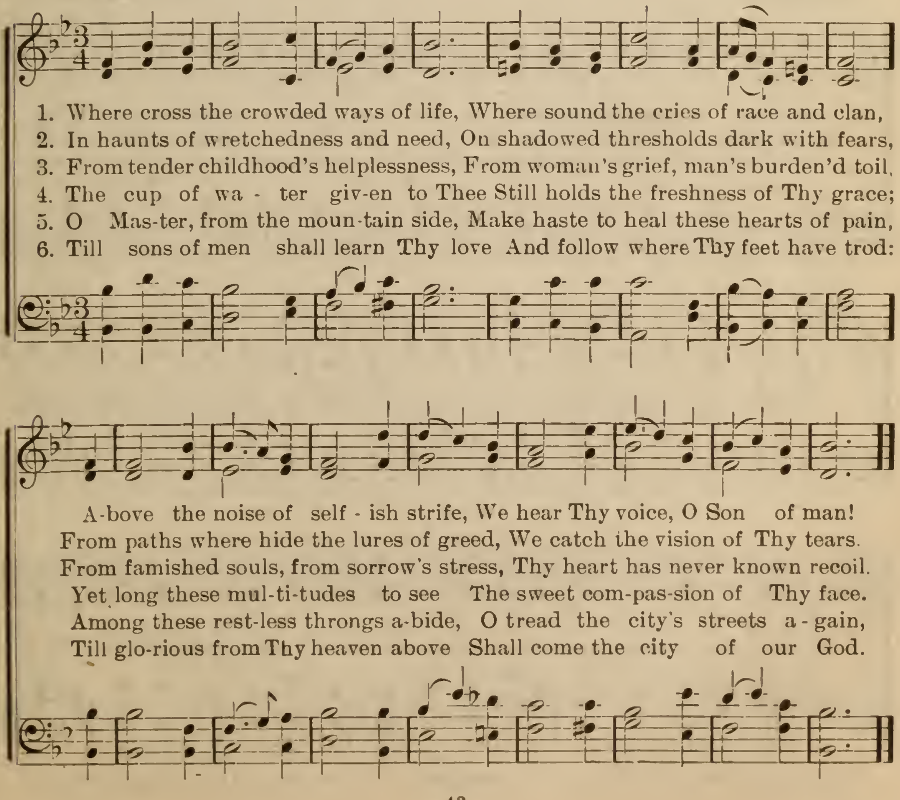
It's Just Like His Great Love—Concluded


roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

No. 50 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

F. Mason North. Beethoven.

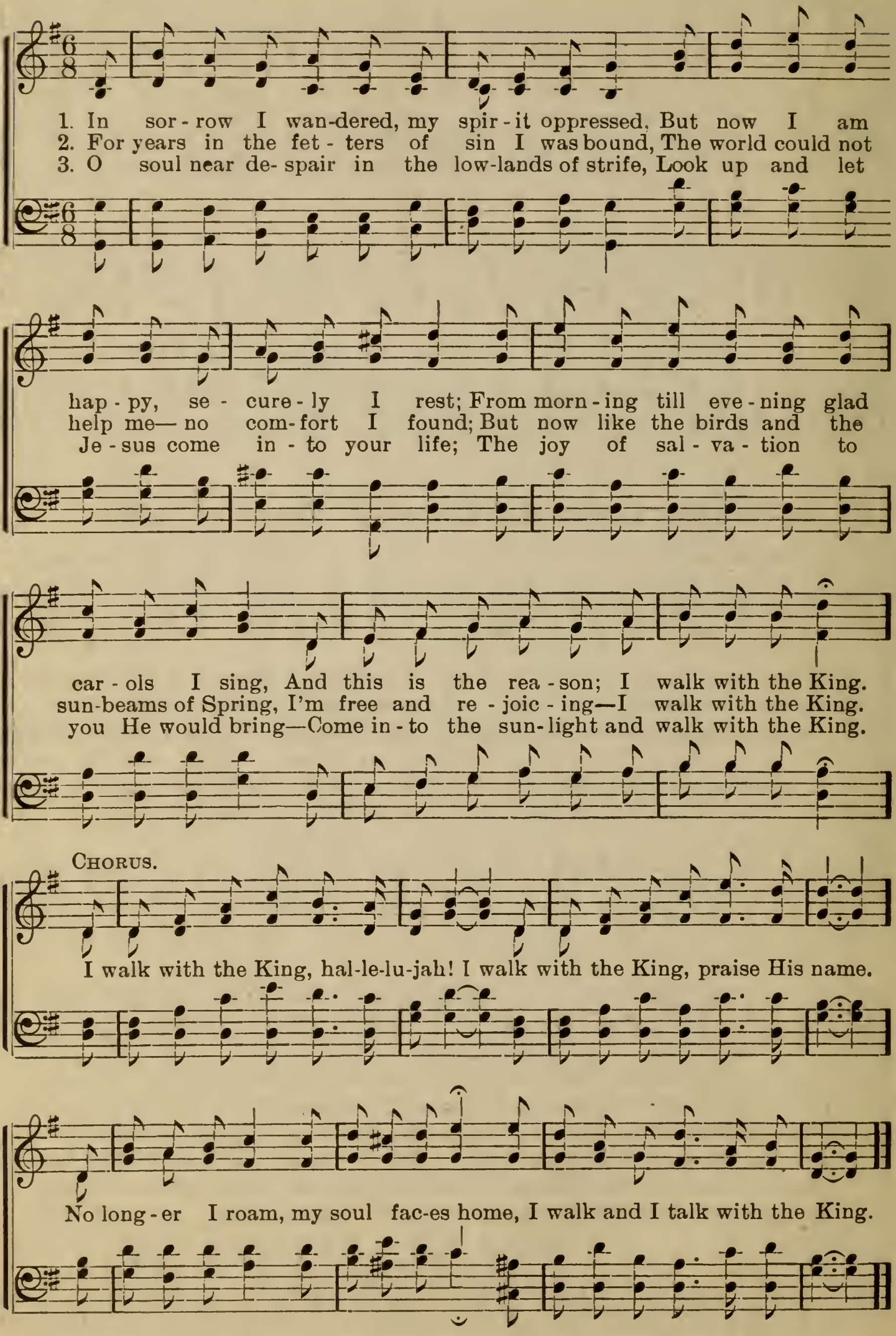

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. From tender childhood's helplessness, From woman's grief, man's burden'd toil,
4. The cup of wa - ter giv-en to Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
5. O Mas-ter, from the moun-tain side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
6. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And follow where Thy feet have trod:
A-bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vision of Thy tears.
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress, Thy heart has never known recoil.
Yet long these mul-ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.
Among these rest-less throngs a-bide, O tread the city's streets a - gain,
Till glo-rious from Thy heaven above Shall come the city of our God.

No. 51

I Walk with the King

James Rowe.

B. D. Ackley.


1. In sorrow I wandered, my spirit oppressed, But now I am
2. For years in the fetters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near despair in the lowlands of strife, Look up and let
happy, securely I rest; From morning till evening glad
help me— no comfort I found; But now like the birds and the
Jesus come into your life; The joy of salvation to
carols I sing, And this is the reason; I walk with the King.
sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and rejoicing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come into the sunlight and walk with the King.
Chorus.
I walk with the King, hallelujah! I walk with the King, praise His name.
No longer I roam, my soul faces home, I walk and I talk with the King.

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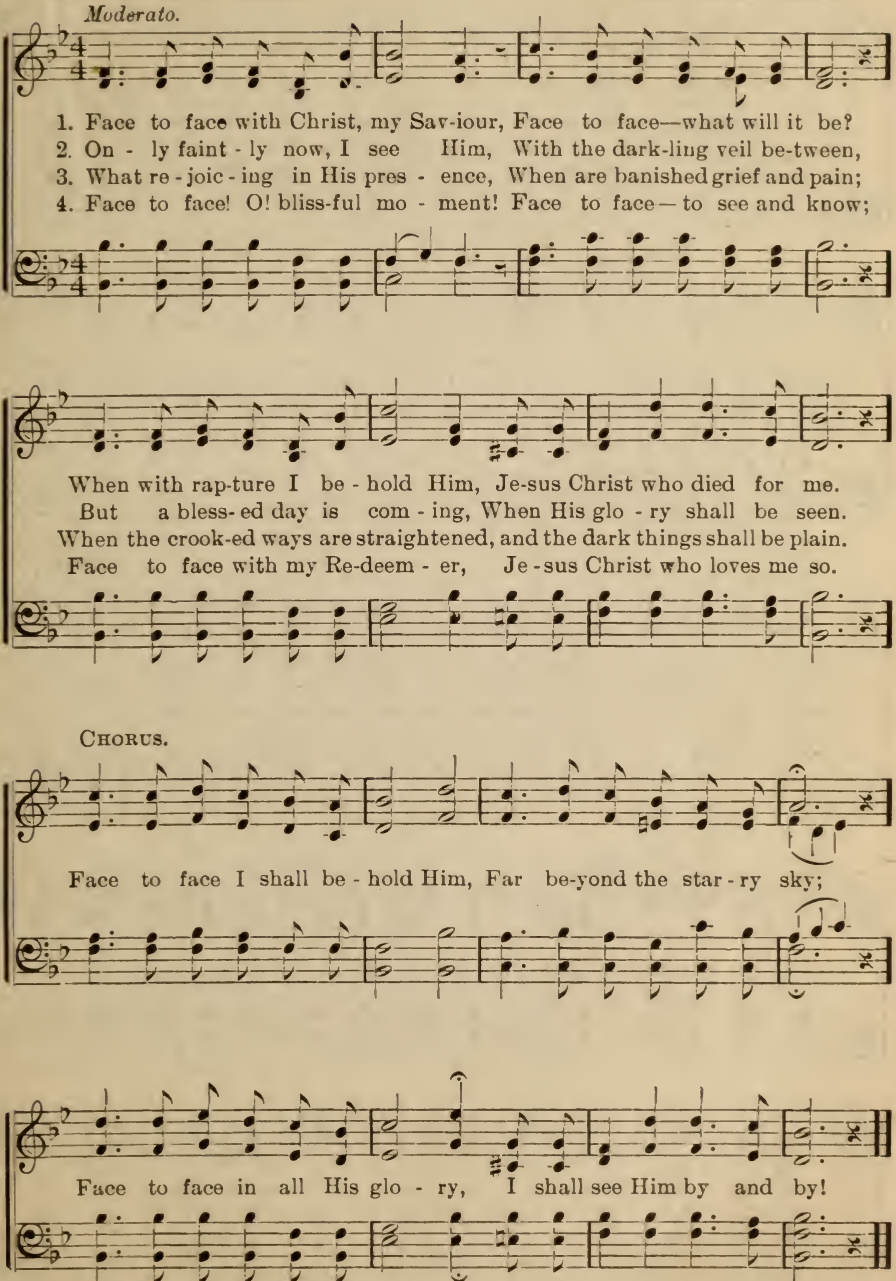
No. 52

Face to Face

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.


Moderato.
1. Face to face with Christ, my Sav-iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now, I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween,
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O! bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;
When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je-sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, and the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.
Chorus.
Face to face I shall be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star - ry sky;
Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

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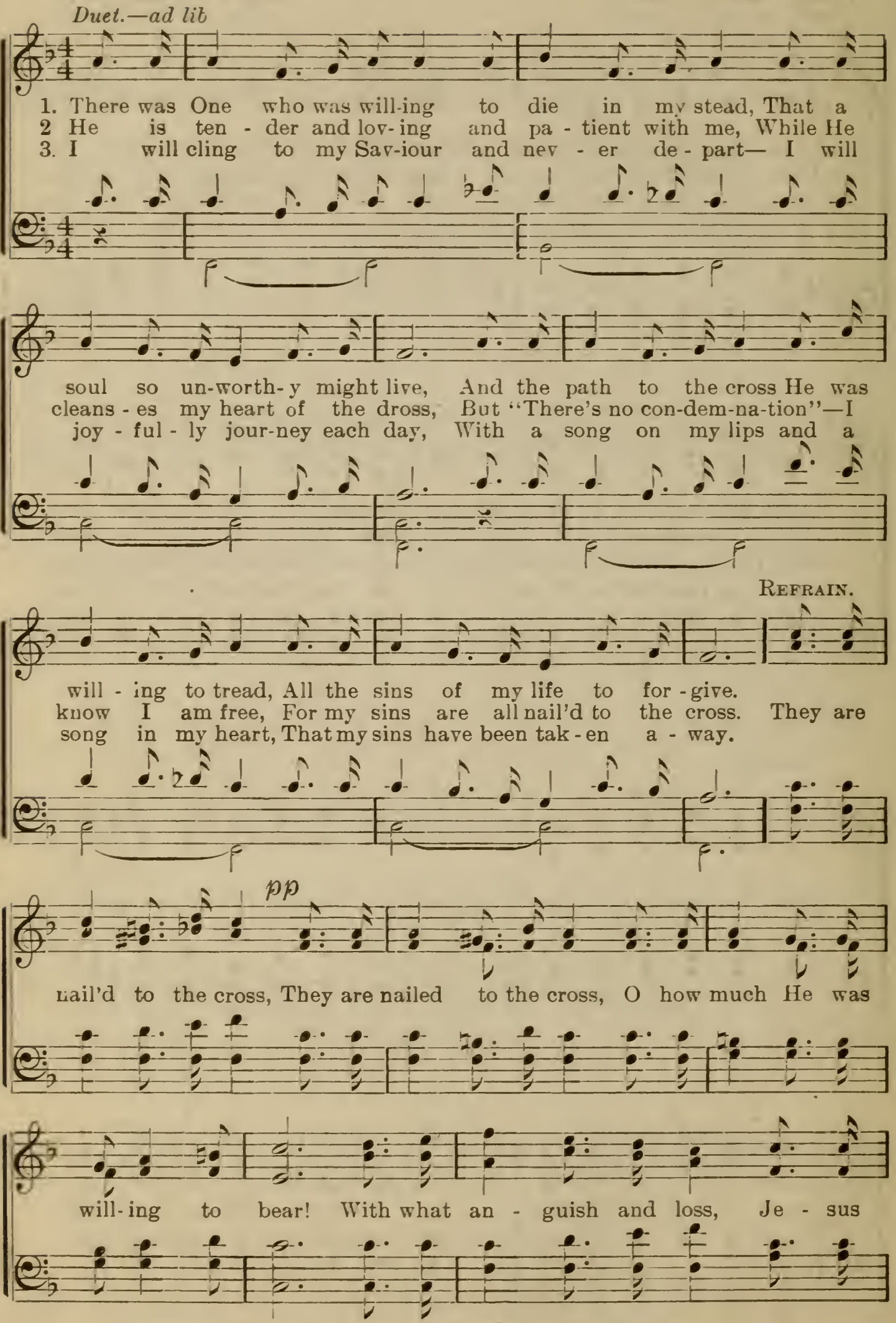
No. 53

Nailed to the Cross

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.


Duet.—ad lib
1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a
2 He is ten - der and lov-ing and pa - tient with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav-iour and nev - er de - part— I will
soul so un-worth-y might live, And the path to the cross He was
cleans - es my heart of the dross, But "There's no con-dem-na-tion"—I
joy - ful - ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a
will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.
know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. They are
song in my heart, That my sins have been tak - en a - way.
Refrain.
nail'd to the cross, They are nailed to the cross, O how much He was
pp
will- ing to bear! With what an - guish and loss, Je - sus

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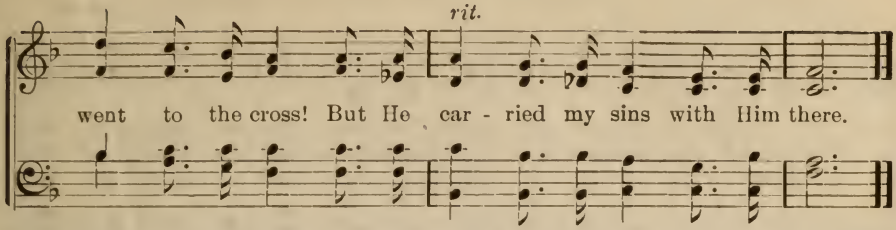
Nailed to the Cross—Concluded

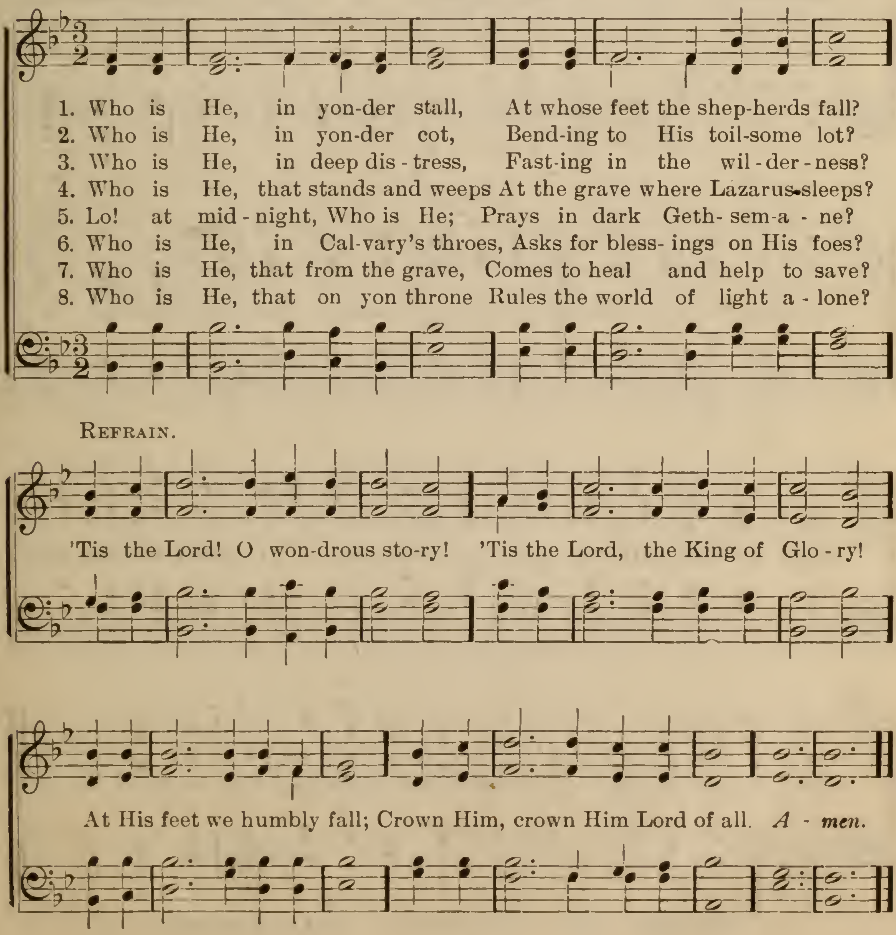

rit.
went to the cross! But He car - ried my sins with Him there.

No 54 Who Is He, in Yonder Stall?

"Lowliness."

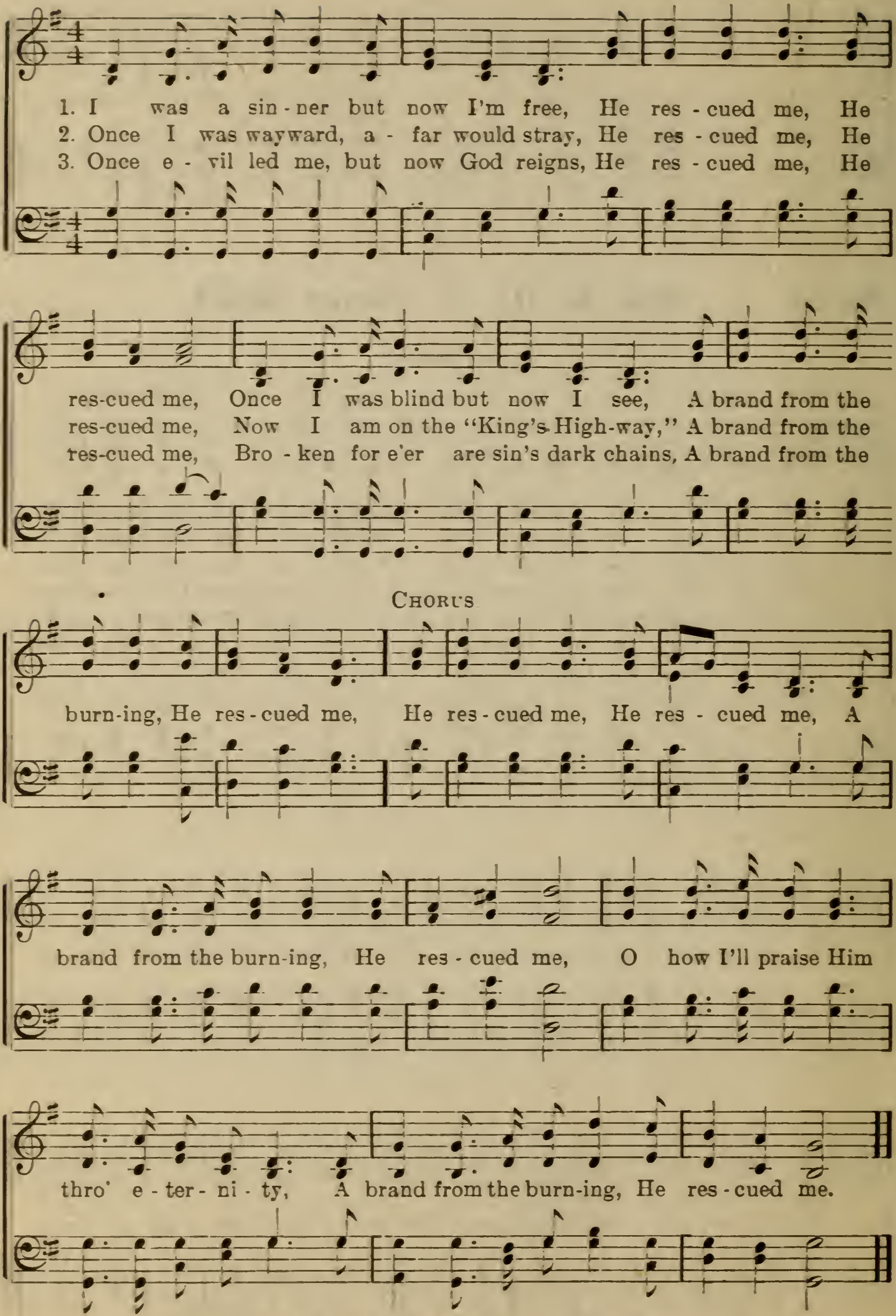
Anon.

B. R. Hanby.


1. Who is He, in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?
2. Who is He, in yon-der cot, Bend-ing to His toil-some lot?
3. Who is He, in deep dis - tress, Fast-ing in the wil - der - ness?
4. Who is He, that stands and weeps At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
5. Lo! at mid - night, Who is He; Prays in dark Geth- sem-a - ne?
6. Who is He, in Cal-vary's throes, Asks for bless- ings on His foes?
7. Who is He, that from the grave, Comes to heal and help to save?
8. Who is He, that on yon throne Rules the world of light a - lone?
REFRAIN.
'Tis the Lord! O won-drous sto-ry! 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry!
At His feet we humbly fall; Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

No. 55 He Rescued Me

L. S. L. Lida Shivers Leech.


1. I was a sin-ner but now I'm free, He res-cued me, He
2. Once I was wayward, a-far would stray, He res-cued me, He
3. Once e-vil led me, but now God reigns, He res-cued me, He
res-cued me, Once I was blind but now I see, A brand from the
res-cued me, Now I am on the "King's High-way," A brand from the
res-cued me, Bro-ken for e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the
Chorus
burn-ing, He res-cued me, He res-cued me, He res-cued me, A
brand from the burn-ing, He res-cued me, O how I'll praise Him
thro' e-ter-ni-ty, A brand from the burn-ing, He res-cued me.

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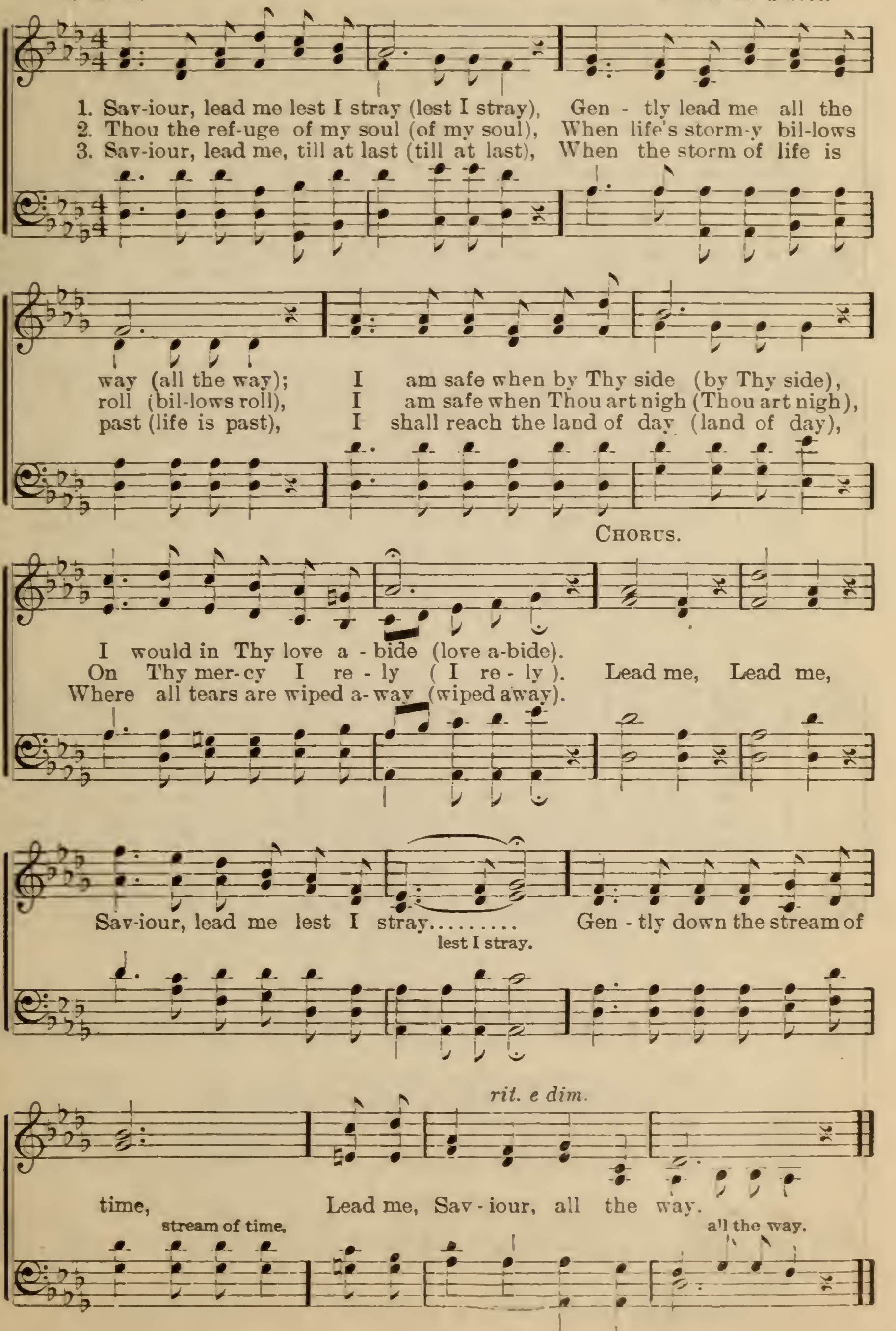
No. 56

Lead Me, Saviour

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

F. M. D. Frank M. Davis.

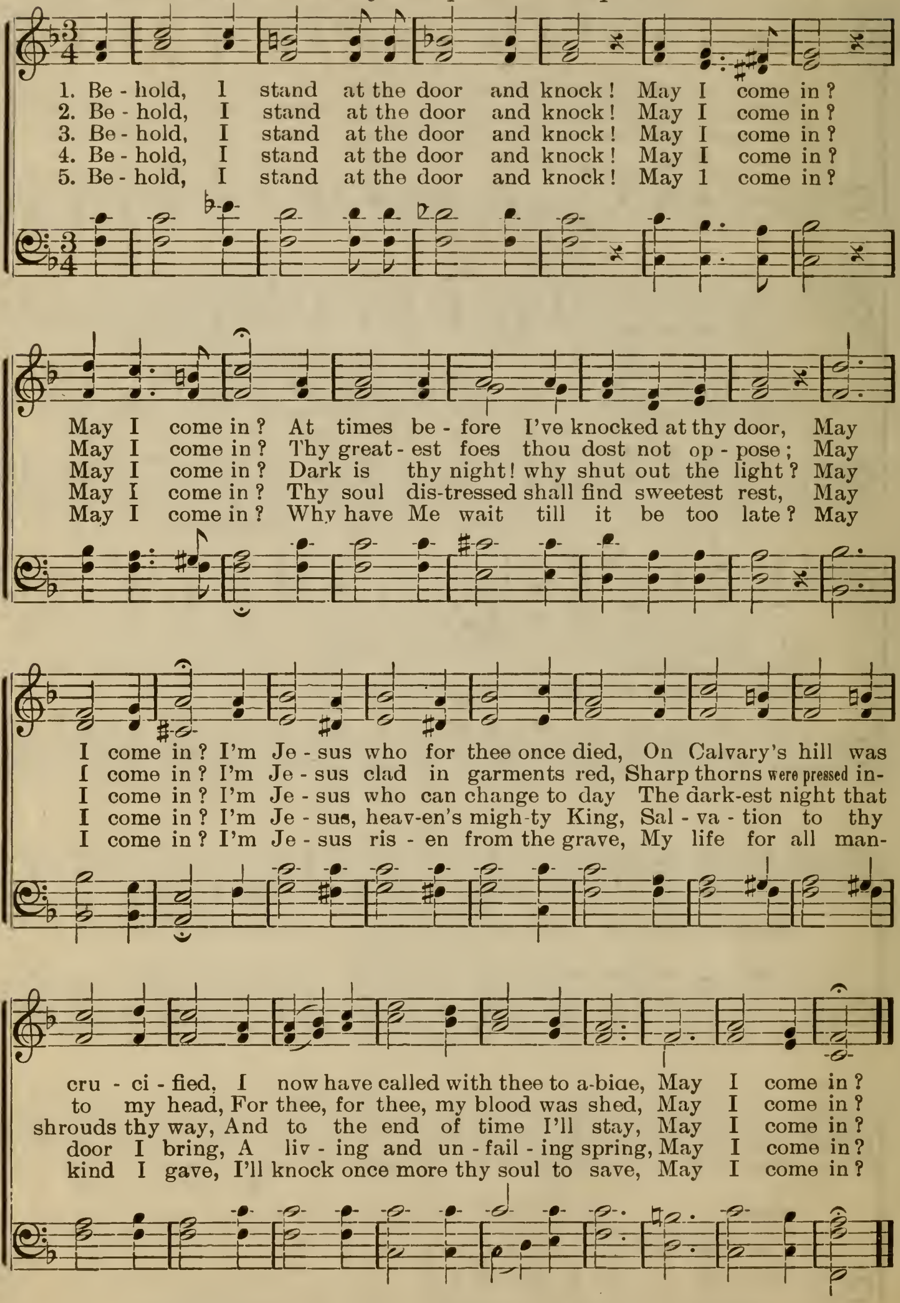

1. Sav-iour, lead me lest I stray (lest I stray), Gen - tly lead me all the
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul (of my soul), When life's storm-y bil-lows
3. Sav-iour, lead me, till at last (till at last), When the storm of life is
way (all the way); I am safe when by Thy side (by Thy side),
roll (bil-lows roll), I am safe when Thou art nigh (Thou art nigh),
past (life is past), I shall reach the land of day (land of day),
I would in Thy love a - bide (love a-bide).
On Thy mer-cy I re - ly (I re - ly).
Where all tears are wiped a- way (wiped away).
Chorus.
Lead me, Lead me,
Sav-iour, lead me lest I stray.........
lest I stray.
Gen - tly down the stream of
time,
stream of time.
Lead me, Sav - iour, all the way.
rit. e dim.
all the way.

No. 57 Behold, I Stand at the Door

Rev. 3: 20.

Winfield S. Davis. Geo. T. Kirkpatrick.

Solo or Quartet.— *With great expression. Tempo ad lib.*


1. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
2. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
3. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
4. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
5. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
May I come in? At times be - fore I've knocked at thy door, May
May I come in? Thy great - est foes thou dost not op - pose; May
May I come in? Dark is thy night! why shut out the light? May
May I come in? Thy soul dis-tressed shall find sweetest rest, May
May I come in? Why have Me wait till it be too late? May
I come in? I'm Je - sus who for thee once died, On Calvary's hill was
I come in? I'm Je - sus clad in garments red, Sharp thorns were pressed in-
I come in? I'm Je - sus who can change to day The dark-est night that
I come in? I'm Je - sus, heav-en's migh-ty King, Sal - va - tion to thy
I come in? I'm Je - sus ris - en from the grave, My life for all man-
cru - ci - fied, I now have called with thee to a-bide, May I come in?
to my head, For thee, for thee, my blood was shed, May I come in?
shrouds thy way, And to the end of time I'll stay, May I come in?
door I bring, A liv - ing and un - fail - ing spring, May I come in?
kind I gave, I'll knock once more thy soul to save, May I come in?

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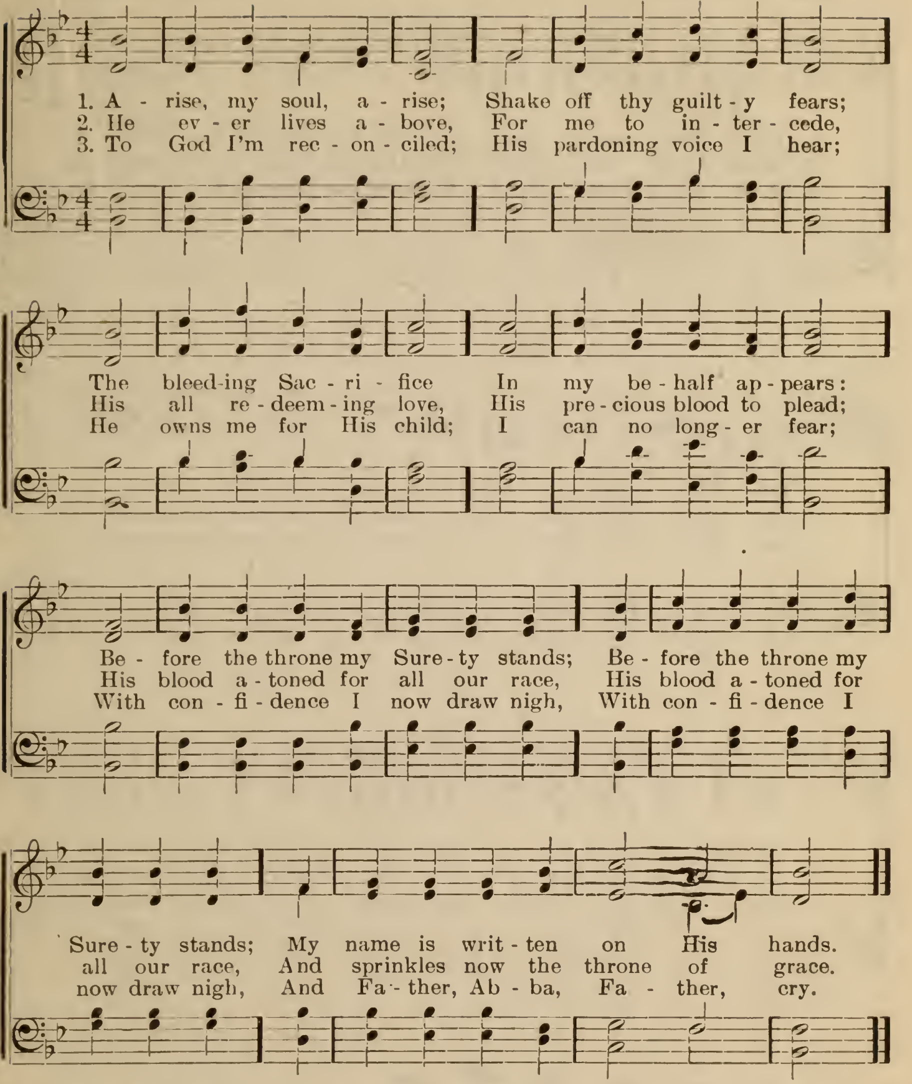
No. 58

Arise, My Soul

Charles Wesley. Tune: Lenox. H. M.


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede,
3. To God I'm rec - on - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear;
The bleed-ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
His all re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
He owns me for His child; I can no long - er fear;
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands; Be - fore the throne my
His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I
Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

No. 59

Blow Ye the Trumpet

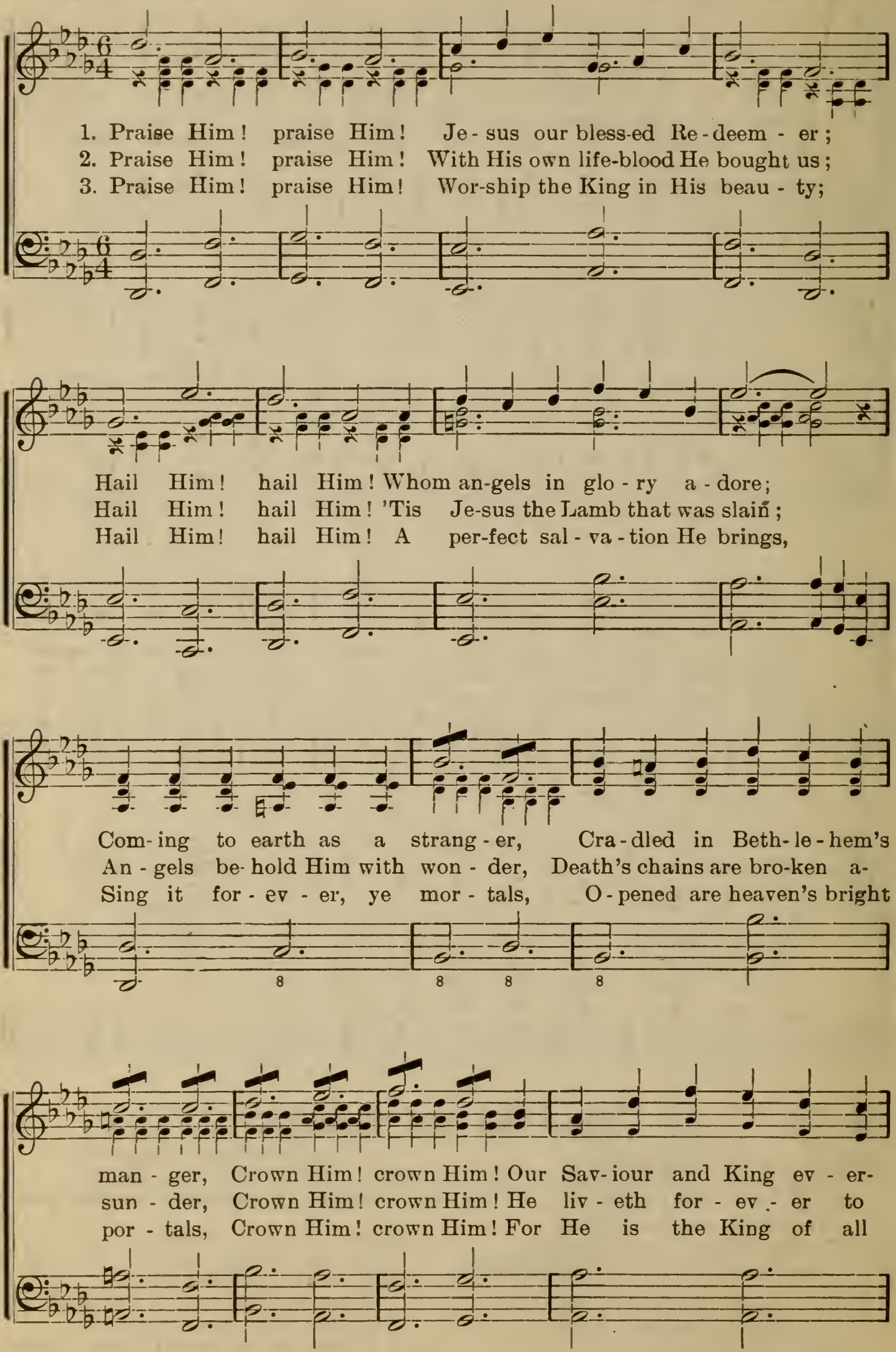
1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound
‖: The year of jubilee is come, :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus our great High Priest
Hath full atonement made,
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
‖: The year of jubilee is come, :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

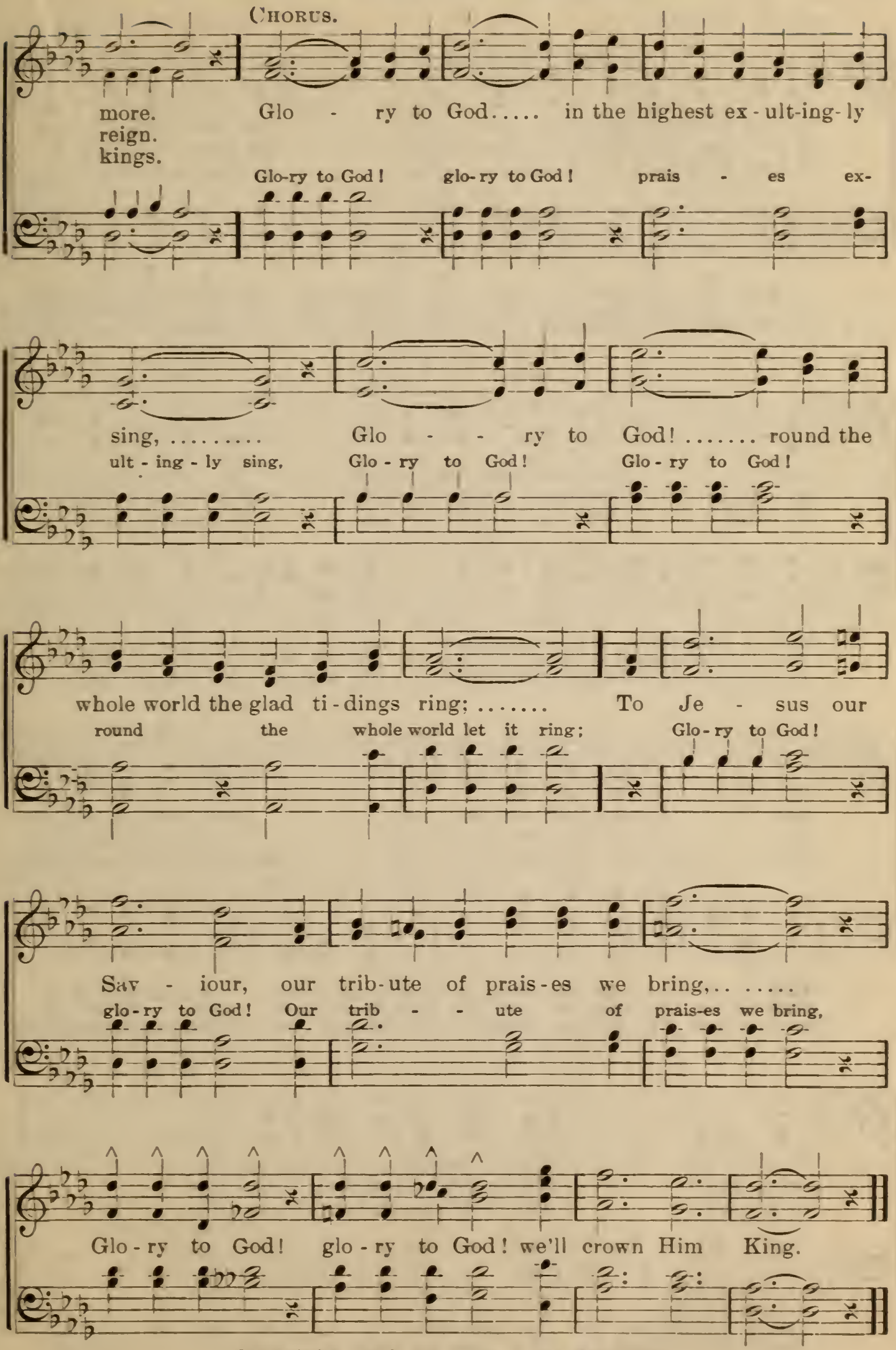
3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim
‖: The year of jubilee is come, :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 60 We'll Crown Him King

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus our bless-ed Re - deem - er;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! With His own life-blood He bought us;
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Wor-ship the King in His beau - ty;
Hail Him! hail Him! Whom an-gels in glo - ry a - dore;
Hail Him! hail Him! 'Tis Je-sus the Lamb that was slain;
Hail Him! hail Him! A per-fect sal - va - tion He brings,
Com-ing to earth as a strang - er, Cra - dled in Beth - le - hem's
An - gels be-hold Him with won - der, Death's chains are bro-ken a-
Sing it for - ev - er, ye mor - tals, O - pened are heaven's bright
man - ger, Crown Him! crown Him! Our Sav-iour and King ev - er-
sun - der, Crown Him! crown Him! He liv - eth for - ev - er to
por - tals, Crown Him! crown Him! For He is the King of all

We'll Crown Him King—Concluded


CHORUS.
more.
reign.
kings.
Glo - ry to God..... in the highest ex-ult-ing-ly
Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! prais - es ex-
sing, ... Glo - - ry to God! .... round the
ult-ing-ly sing, Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God!
whole world the glad ti-dings ring; .... To Je - sus our
round the whole world let it ring; Glo-ry to God!
Sav - iour, our trib-ute of prais-es we bring,.. .....
glo-ry to God! Our trib - - ute of prais-es we bring,
Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! we'll crown Him King.

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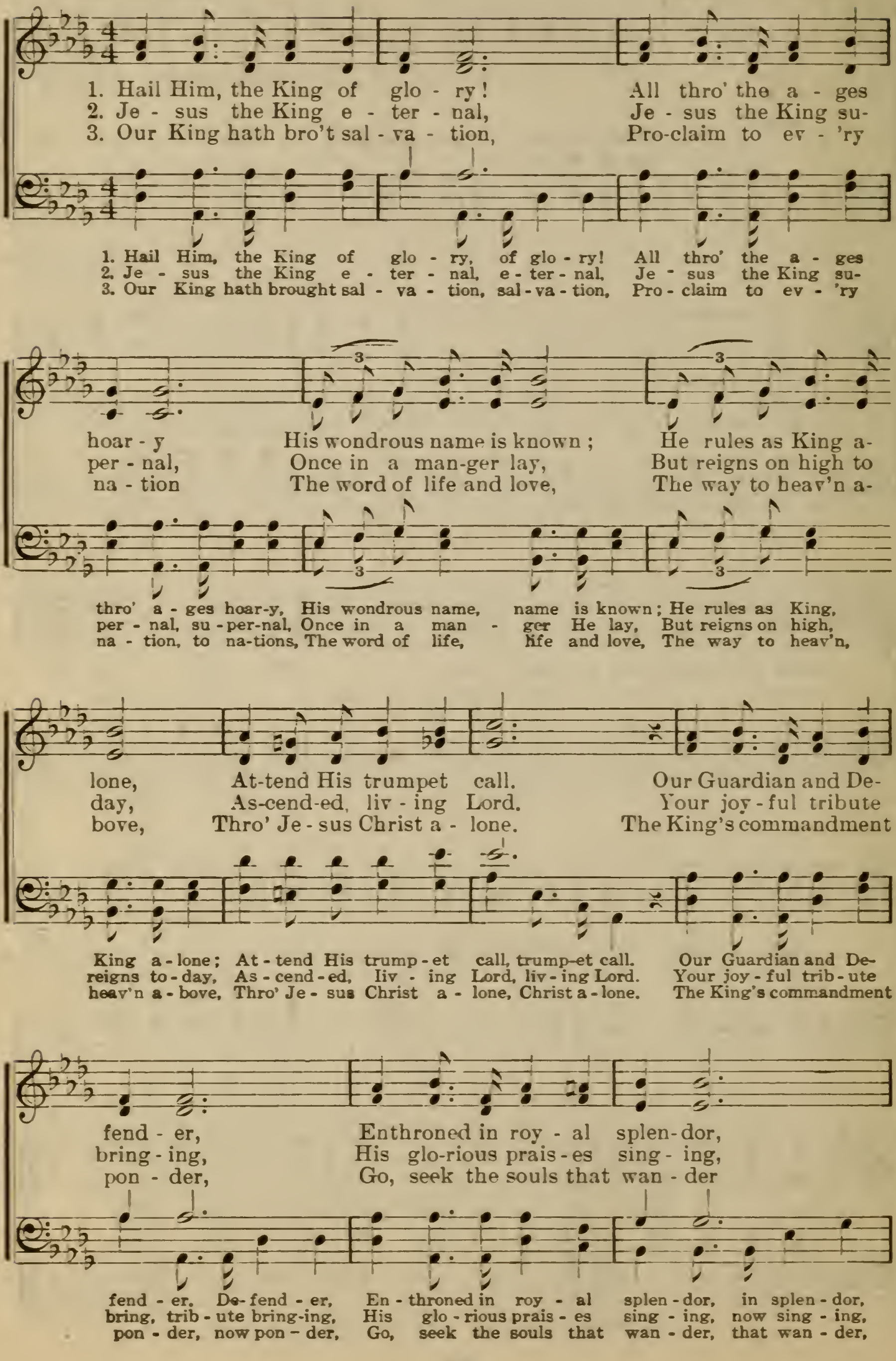
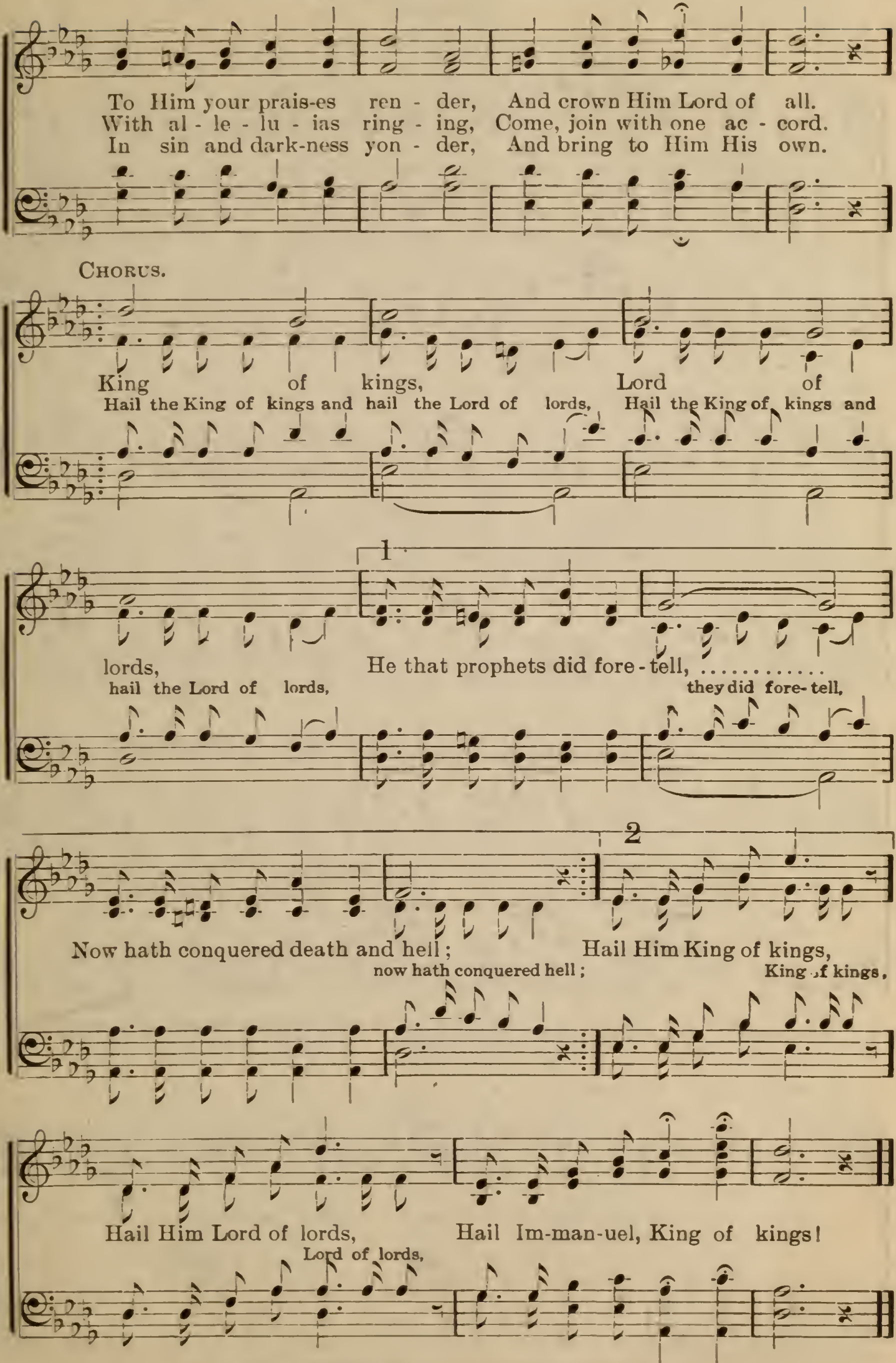
No. 61 King of Kings, Lord of Lords

Julia H. Johnston. Ernest O. Sellers.


1. Hail Him, the King of glo - ry! All thro' the a - ges
2. Je - sus the King e - ter - nal, Je - sus the King su-
3. Our King hath bro't sal - va - tion, Pro-claim to ev - 'ry
1. Hail Him, the King of glo - ry, of glo - ry! All thro' the a - ges
2. Je - sus the King e - ter - nal, e - ter - nal, Je - sus the King su-
3. Our King hath brought sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, Pro - claim to ev - 'ry
hoar - y His wondrous name is known; He rules as King a-
per - nal, Once in a man-ger lay, But reigns on high to
na - tion The word of life and love, The way to heav'n a-
thro' a - ges hoar-y, His wondrous name, name is known; He rules as King,
per - nal, su - per-nal, Once in a man - ger He lay, But reigns on high,
na - tion, to na-tions, The word of life, life and love, The way to heav'n,
lone, At-tend His trumpet call. Our Guardian and De-
day, As-cend-ed, liv - ing Lord. Your joy - ful tribute
bove, Thro' Je - sus Christ a - lone. The King's commandment
King a - lone; At - tend His trump - et call, trump-et call. Our Guardian and De-
reigns to - day, As - cend - ed, liv - ing Lord, liv - ing Lord. Your joy - ful trib - ute
heav'n a - bove, Thro' Je - sus Christ a - lone, Christ a - lone. The King's commandment
fend - er, Enthroned in roy - al splen - dor,
bring - ing, His glo-rious prais - es sing - ing,
pon - der, Go, seek the souls that wan - der
fend - er, De - fend - er, En - throned in roy - al splen - dor, in splen - dor,
bring, trib - ute bring-ing, His glo - rious prais - es sing - ing, now sing - ing,
pon - der, now pon - der, Go, seek the souls that wan - der, that wan - der,

King of Kings, Lord of Lords—Concluded


To Him your prais-es ren - der, And crown Him Lord of all.
With al - le - lu - ias ring - ing, Come, join with one ac - cord.
In sin and dark-ness yon - der, And bring to Him His own.
CHORUS.
King of kings, Lord of
Hail the King of kings and hail the Lord of lords, Hail the King of kings and
lords,
hail the Lord of lords,
1
He that prophets did fore-tell, ...
they did fore-tell,
Now hath conquered death and hell;
now hath conquered hell;
2
Hail Him King of kings,
King of kings,
Hail Him Lord of lords,
Lord of lords,
Hail Im-man-uel, King of kings!

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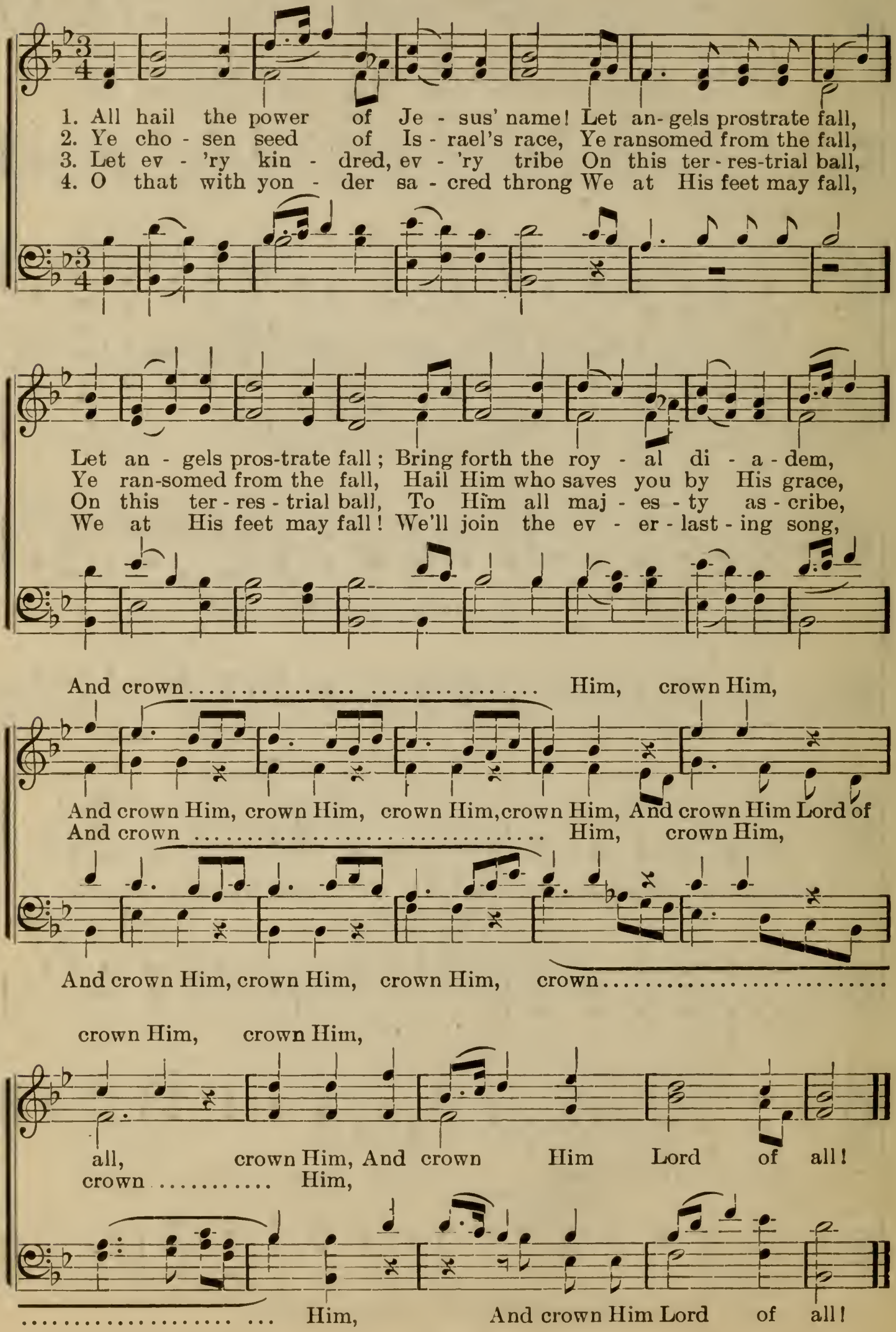
No. 62 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

(Diadem.)

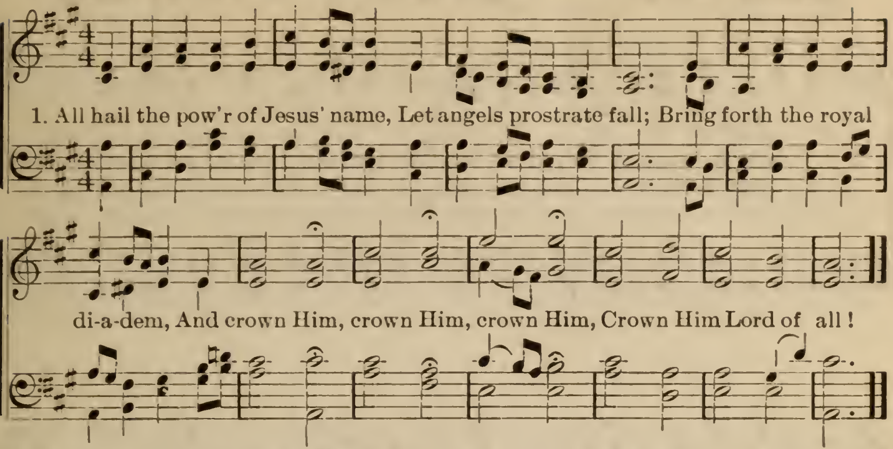
E. Perronet.

First Tune.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an- gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown .... Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown .... Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown ....
crown Him, crown Him,
all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown .... Him,
.... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

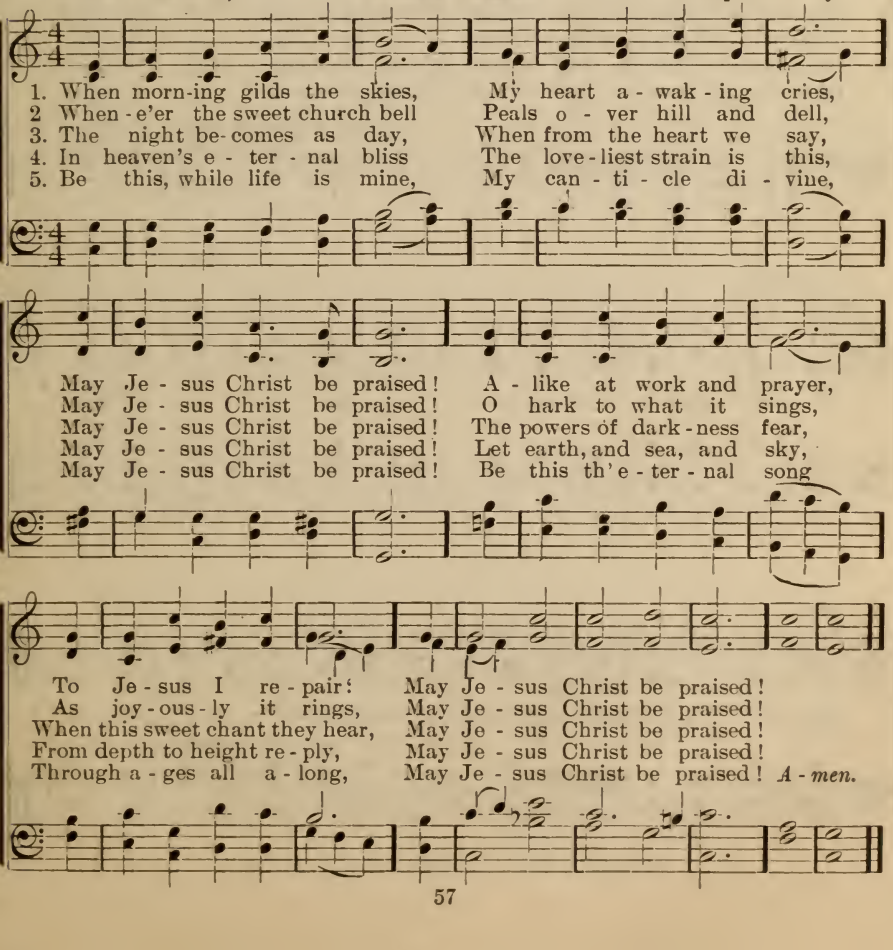
No. 63 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

Edward Perronet. Second Tune. William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

No. 64 When Morning Gilds the Skies

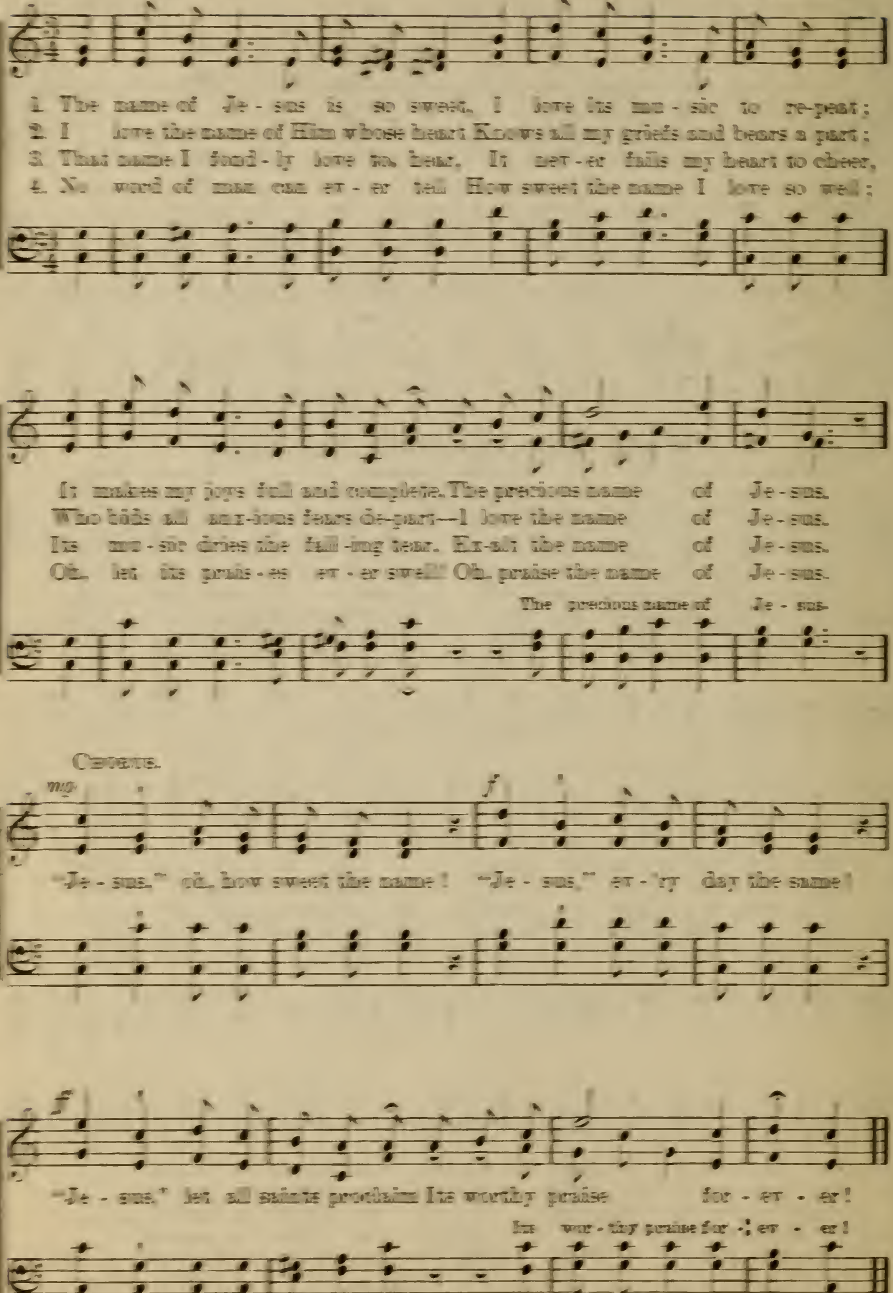
Edward Caswall, Tr. **Laudes Domini.** Joseph Barnby.


1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
2 When-e'er the sweet church bell Peals o-ver hill and dell,
3. The night be-comes as day, When from the heart we say,
4. In heaven's e-ter-nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark-ness fear,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e-ter-nal song
To Je-sus I re-pair! May Je-sus Christ be praised!
As joy-ous-ly it rings, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
From depth to height re-ply, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Through a-ges all a-long, May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-men.

No. 65

The Name of Jesus

W. C. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;
It makes my joys full and complete. The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx-ious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu - sic dries the fall -ing tear. Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell! Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
The precious name of Je - sus.
Chorus.
mf
f
"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same!
"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er!
Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er!

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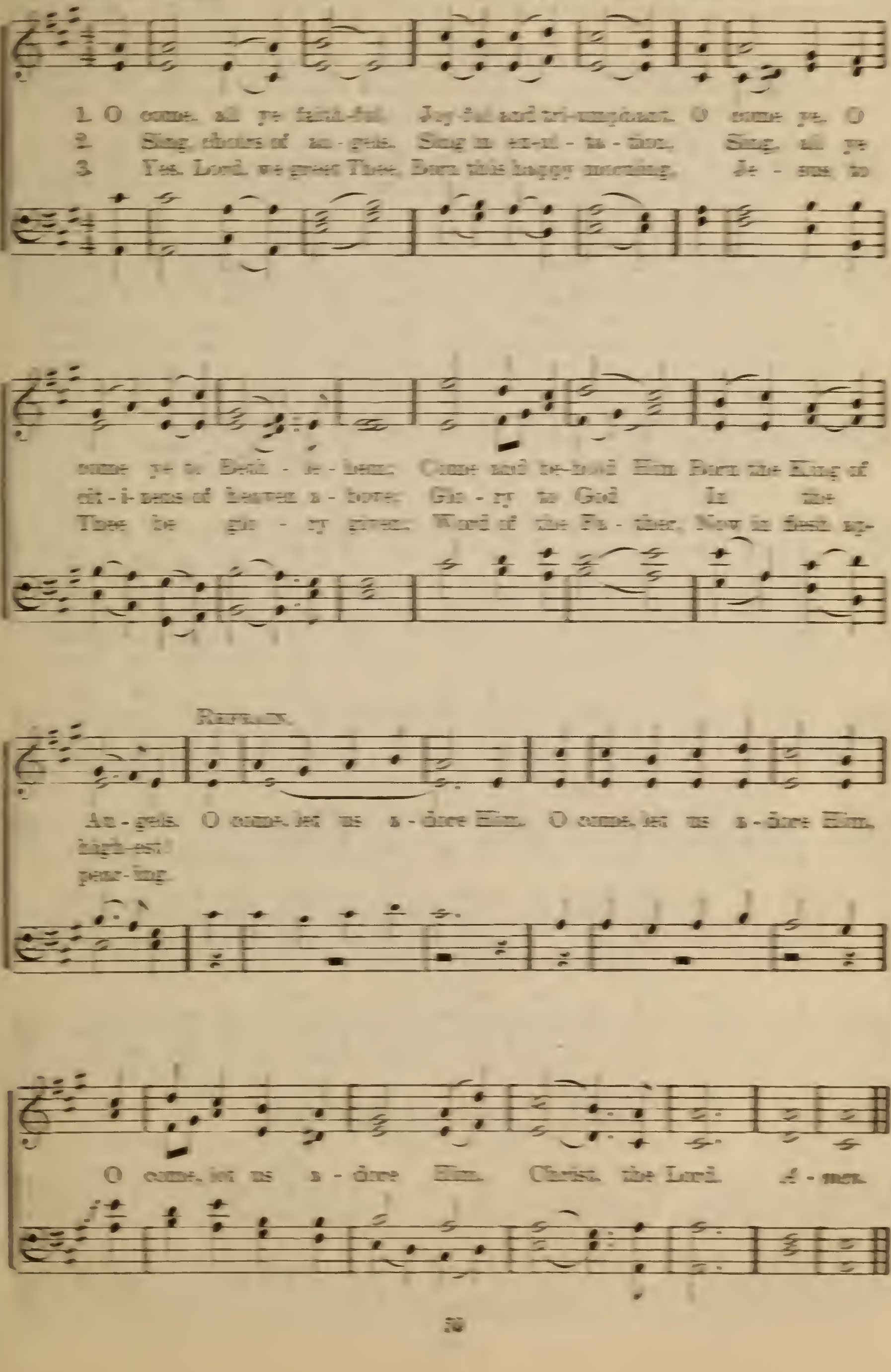
No. 66 O Come, All Ye Faithful

Adeste Fideles (Portuguese Hymn).

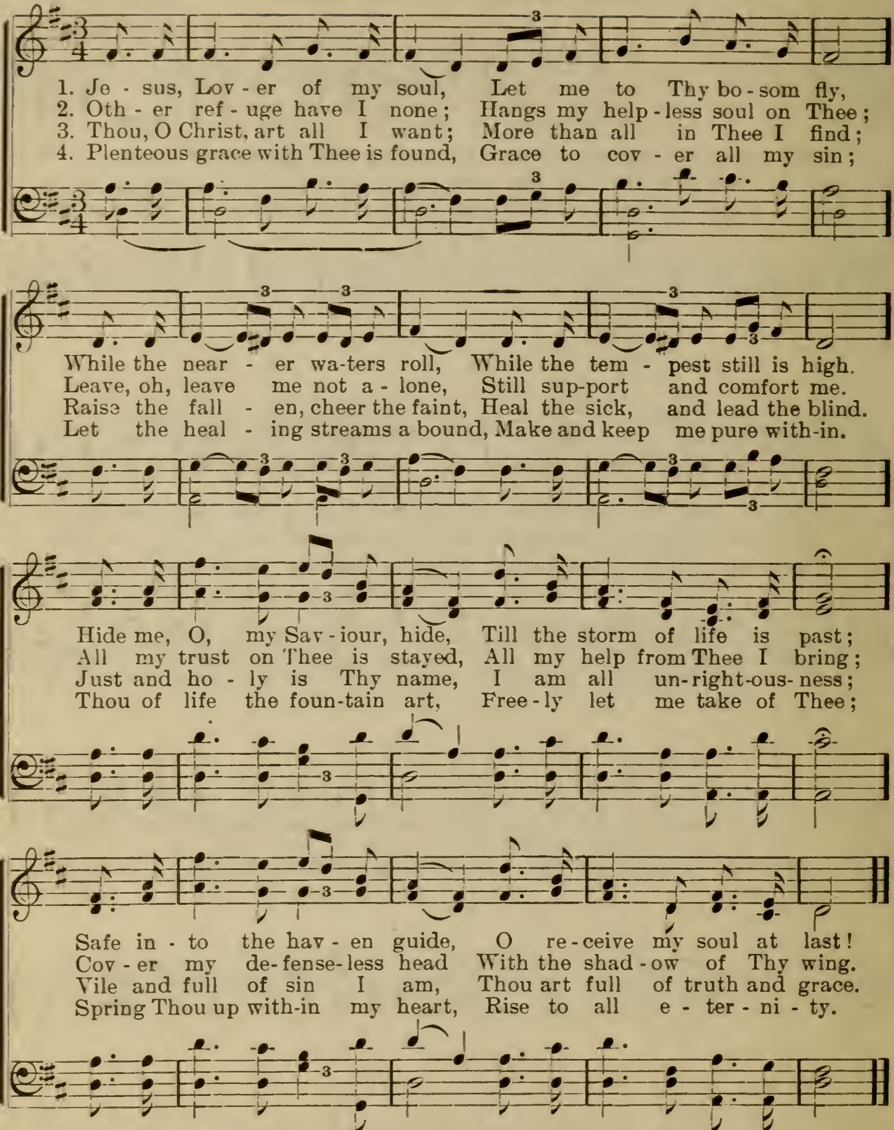
From the Latin. J. F. Wade's Cantus Diversi.


1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be-hold Him, Born the King of An - gels;
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex-ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove; Glo - ry to God In the high-est!
3. Yes, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, Je - sus, to Thee be glo - ry given; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap-pear-ing.
Refrain.
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - men.

No. 67

Refuge

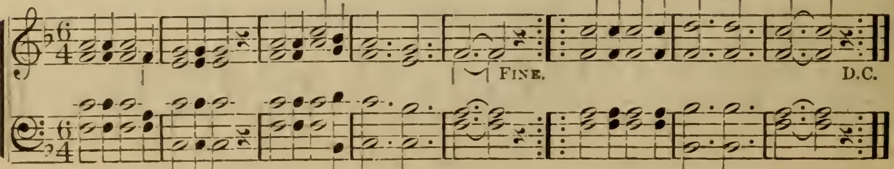
Charles Wesley. First Tune. J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and comfort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a bound, Make and keep me pure with-in.
Hide me, O, my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-ous- ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 68

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Second Tune. S. B. Marsh.

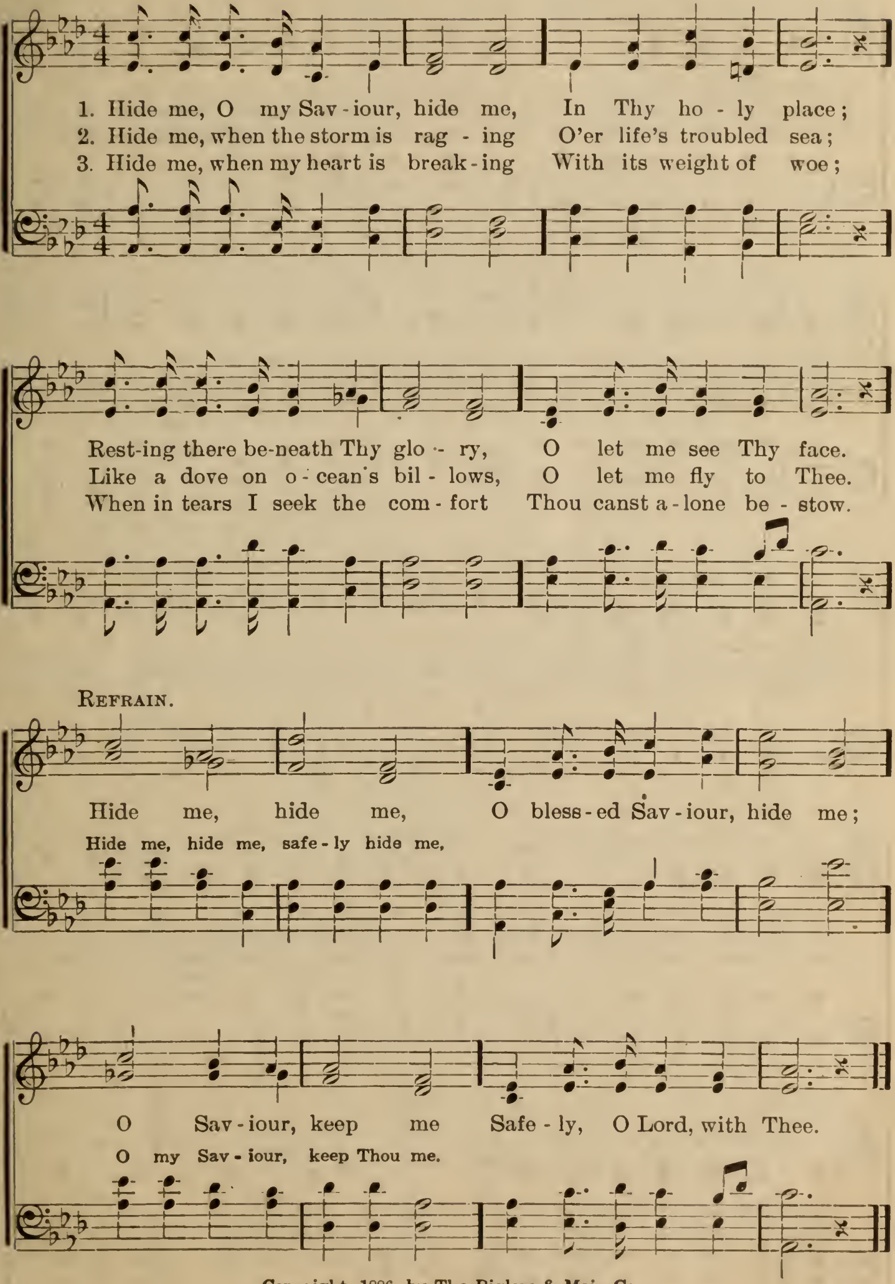


No. 69

Hide Me, O My Saviour

"He shall hide me."—Ps. 27: 5.

Fanny J. Crosby. William H. Doane.


1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me, In Thy ho-ly place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag-ing O'er life's troubled sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is break-ing With its weight of woe;
Rest-ing there be-neath Thy glo-ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o-cean's bil-lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com-fort Thou canst a-lone be-stow.
Refrain.
Hide me, hide me, O bless-ed Sav-iour, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe-ly hide me,
O Sav-iour, keep me Safe-ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O my Sav-iour, keep Thou me.

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No. 70 Master, the Tempest Is Raging

H. R. Palmer.

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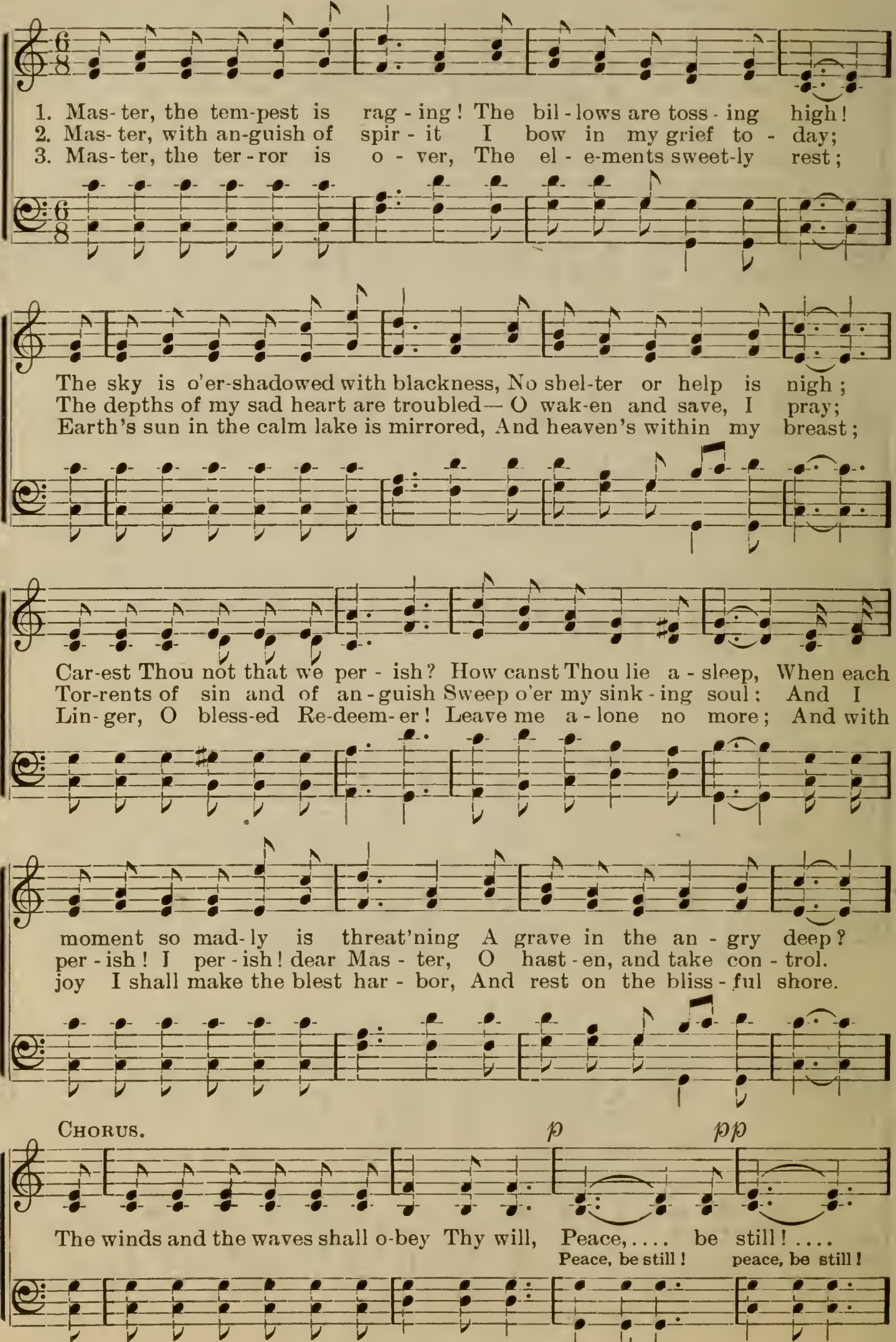
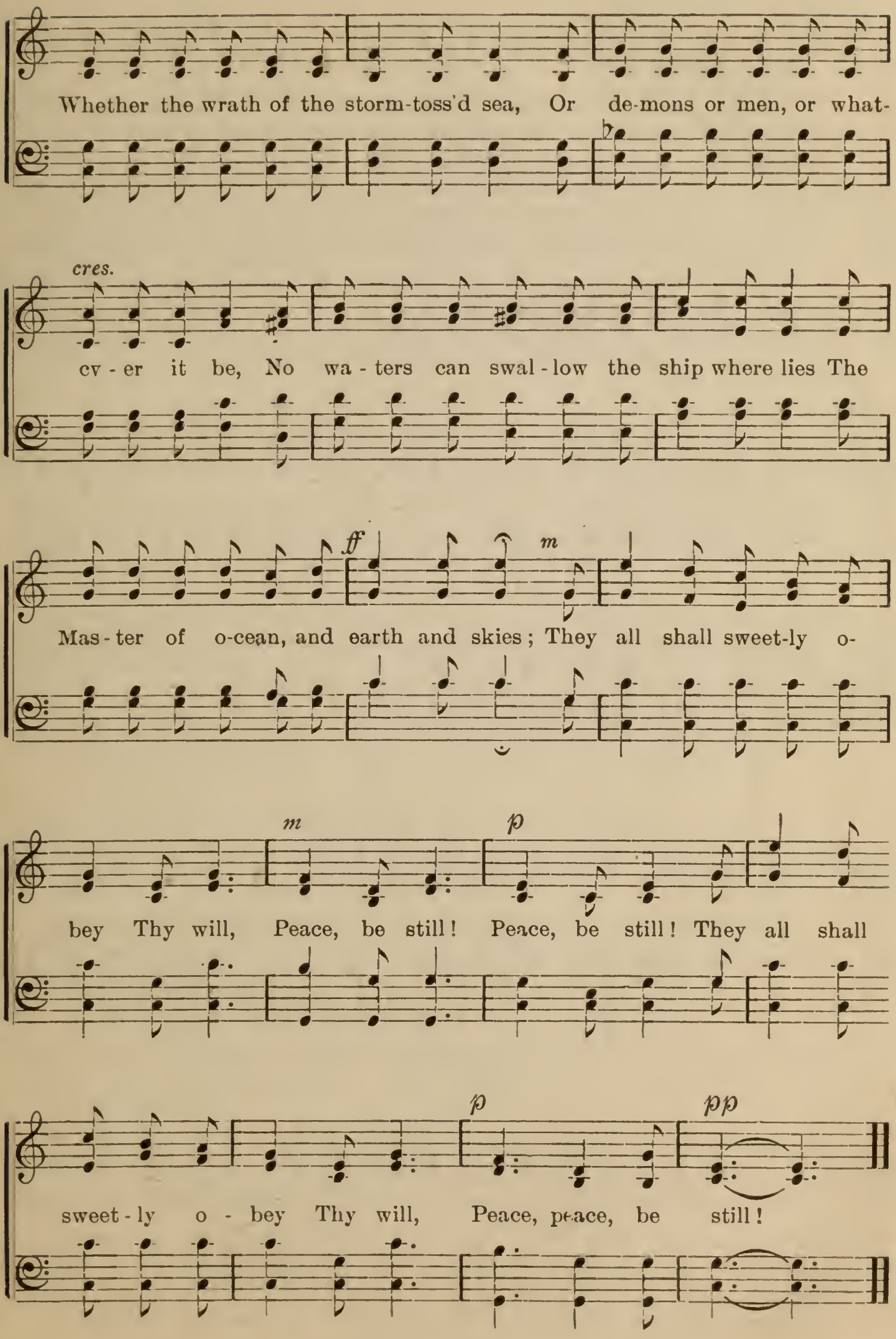

1. Mas- ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas- ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas- ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled— O wak-en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;
Car-est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep, When each
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I
Lin- ger, O bless-ed Re-deem- er! Leave me a - lone no more; And with
moment so mad- ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter, O hast - en, and take con - trol.
joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.
Chorus.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, ... be still! ....
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging—Concluded

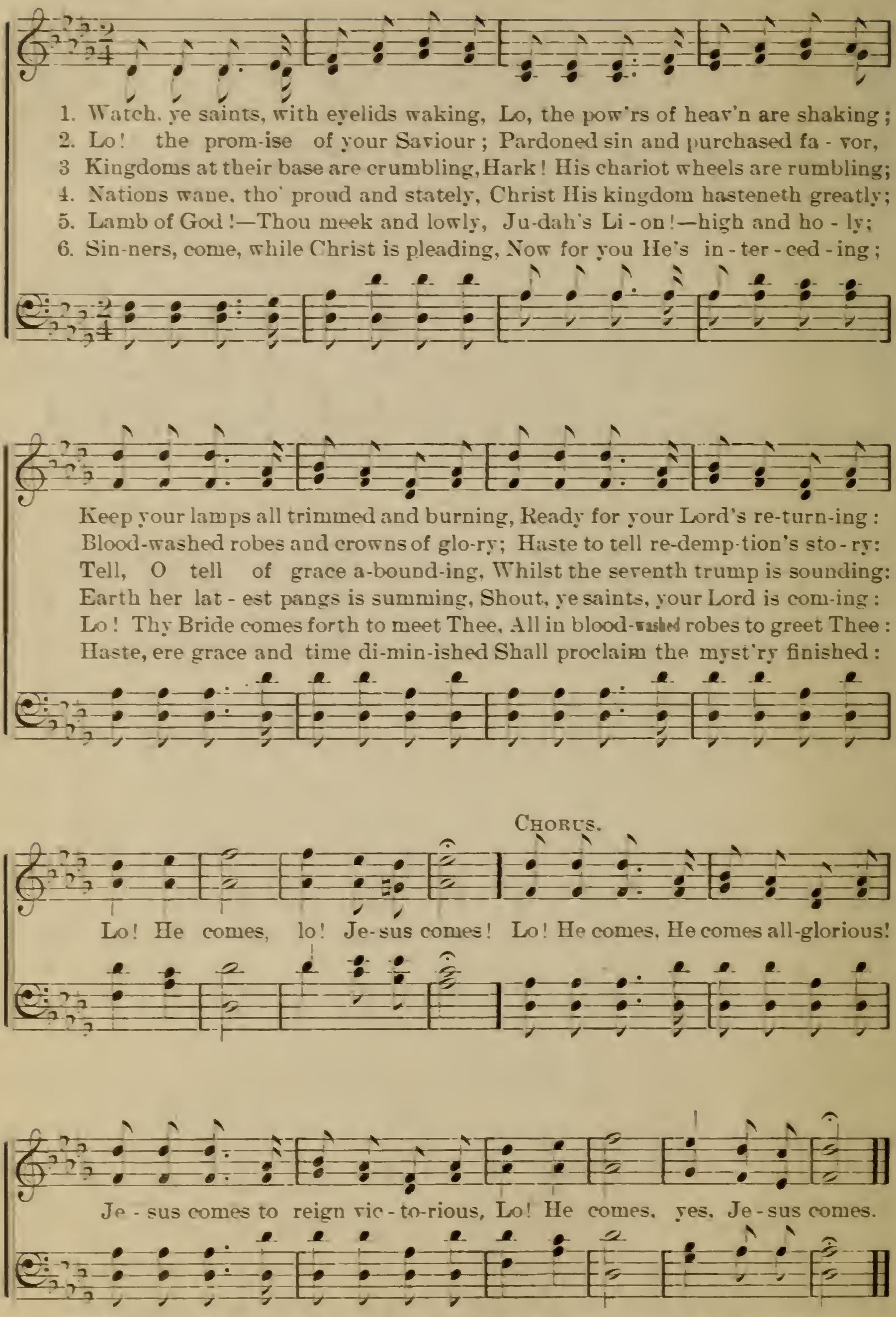

Whether the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-
cres.
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The
Mas - ter of o-cean, and earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-
ff
m
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall
m
p
sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!
p
pp

No. 71

Jesus Comes

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking;
2. Lo! the prom-ise of your Saviour; Pardoned sin and purchased fa - vor,
3 Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark! His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju-dah's Li - on!—high and ho - ly;
6. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter - ced - ing;
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, Ready for your Lord's re-turn-ing:
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glo-ry; Haste to tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry:
Tell, O tell of grace a-bound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding:
Earth her lat - est pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com-ing:
Lo! Thy Bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood-washed robes to greet Thee:
Haste, ere grace and time di-min-ished Shall proclaim the myst'ry finished:
CHORUS.
Lo! He comes, lo! Je-sus comes! Lo! He comes, He comes all-glorious!
Je - sus comes to reign vic - to-rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

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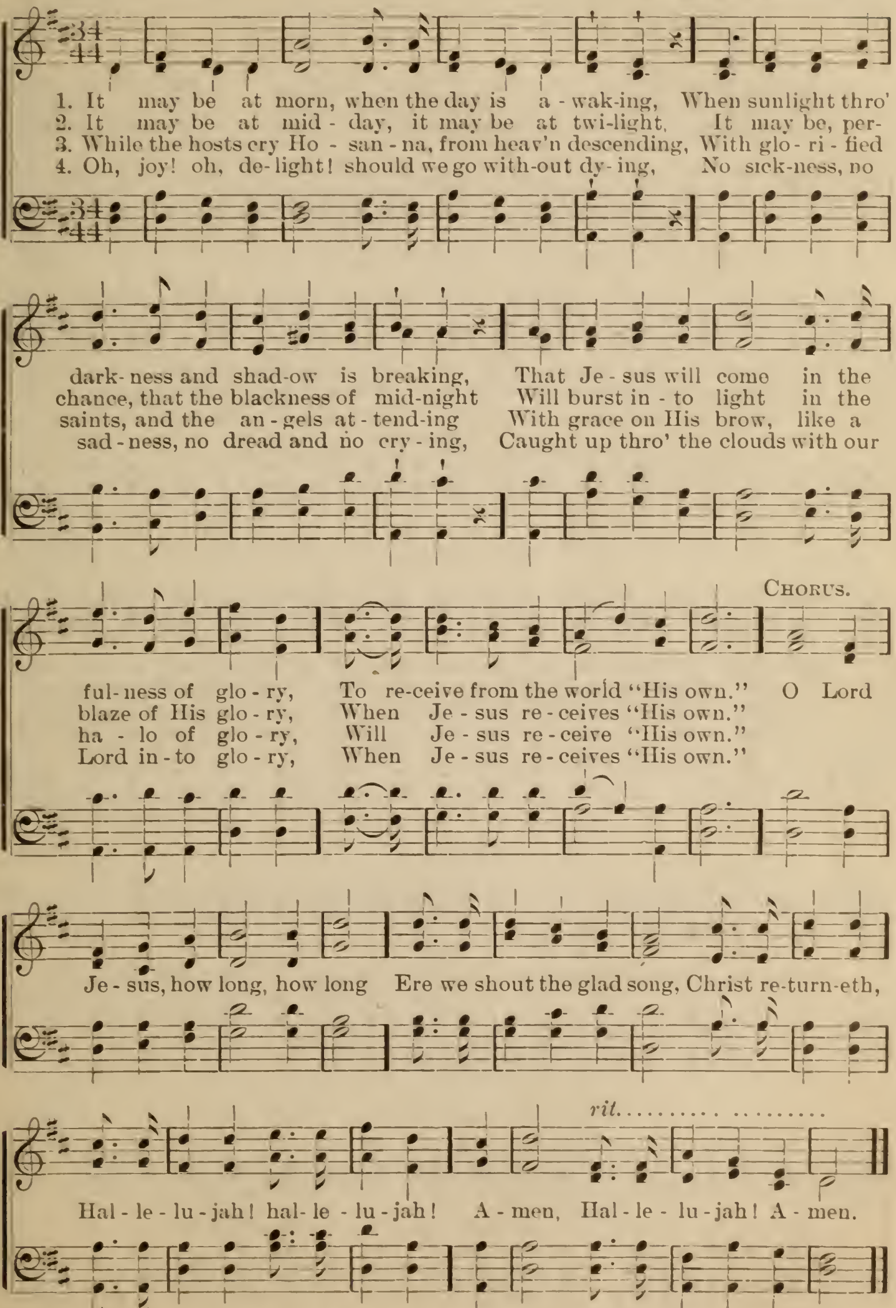
No. 72

Christ Returneth

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 14: 3.

H. L. Turner. James McGranahan.


1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While the hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heav'n descending, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no
dark-ness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
saints, and the an-gels at-tend-ing With grace on His brow, like a
sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our
ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
CHORUS.
O Lord
Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-turn-eth,
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.
rit.........

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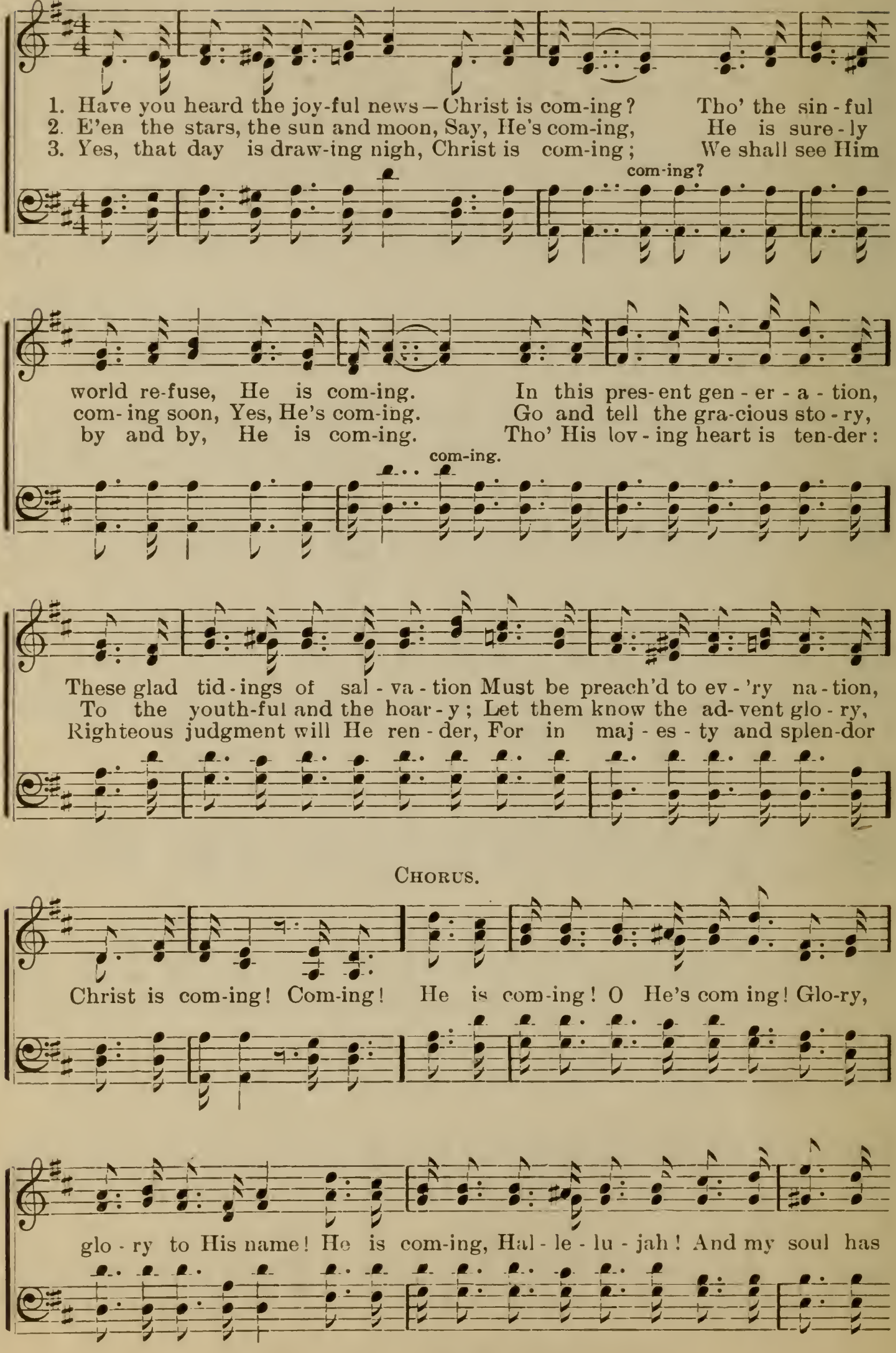
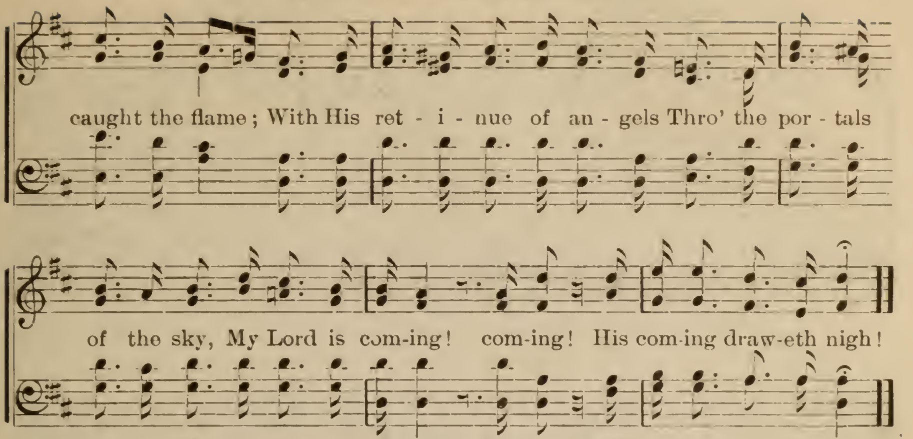
No. 73

Joyful News

Wm. Brickey. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Have you heard the joy-ful news—Christ is com-ing? Tho' the sin-ful
2. E'en the stars, the sun and moon, Say, He's com-ing, He is sure-ly
3. Yes, that day is draw-ing nigh, Christ is com-ing; We shall see Him
com-ing?
world re-fuse, He is com-ing. In this pres-ent gen-er-a-tion,
com-ing soon, Yes, He's com-ing. Go and tell the gra-cious sto-ry,
by and by, He is com-ing. Tho' His lov-ing heart is ten-der:
com-ing.
These glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion Must be preach'd to ev-'ry na-tion,
To the youth-ful and the hoar-y; Let them know the ad-vent glo-ry,
Righteous judgment will He ren-der, For in maj-es-ty and splen-dor
Chorus.
Christ is com-ing! Com-ing! He is com-ing! O He's com-ing! Glo-ry,
glo-ry to His name! He is com-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah! And my soul has

Joyful News—Concluded


caught the flame; With His ret - i - nue of an - gels Thro' the por - tals
of the sky, My Lord is com-ing! com-ing! His com-ing draw-eth nigh!

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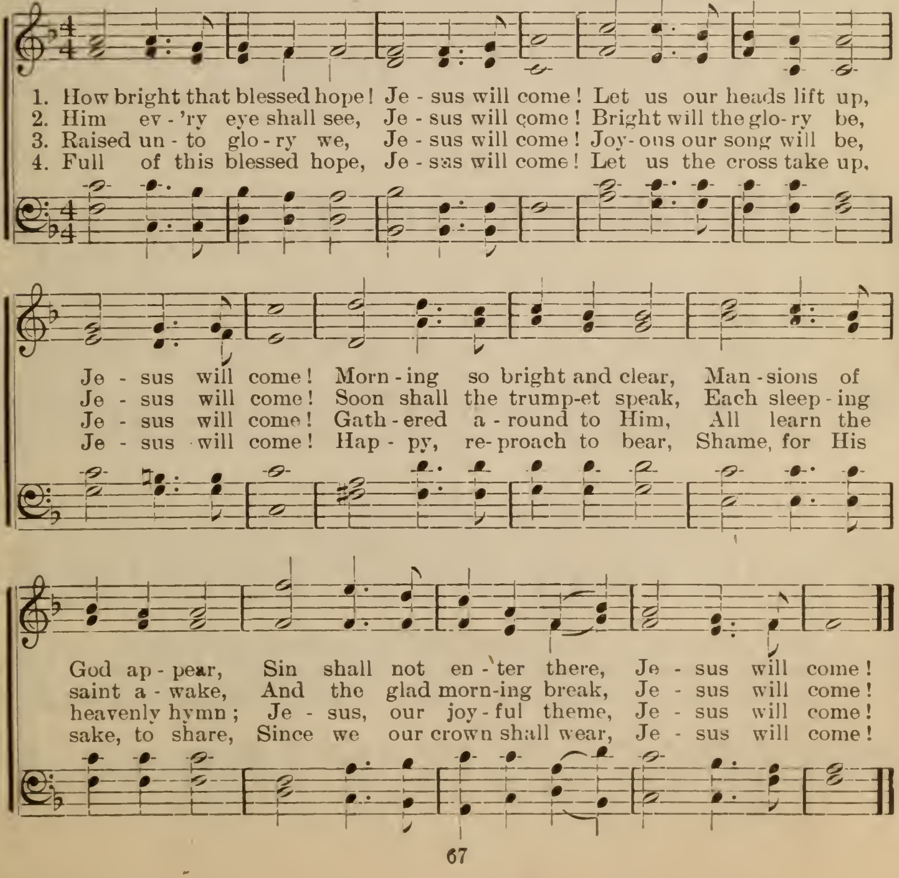
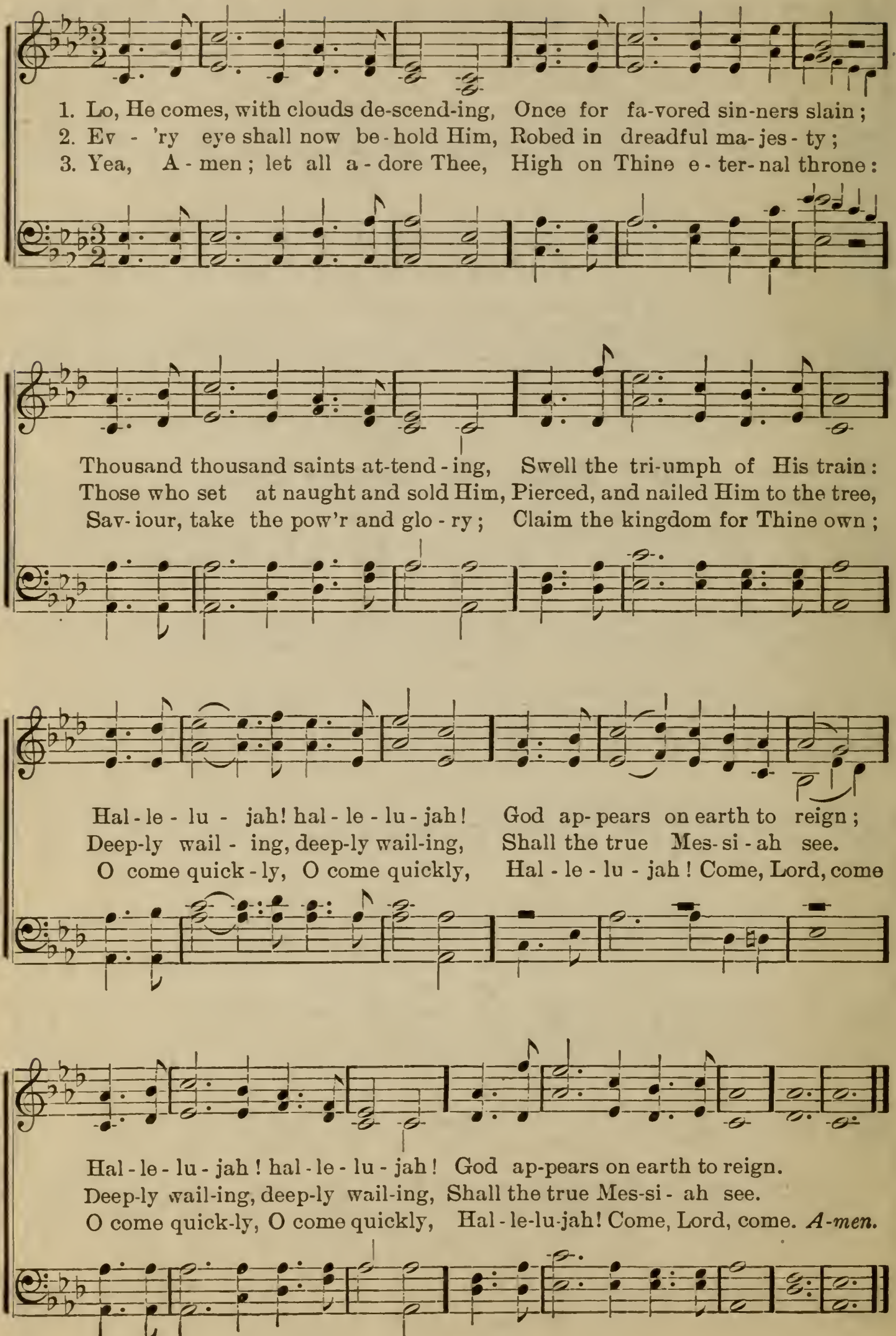
No. 74 How Bright the Blessed Hope

Unknown. S. S. Wesley.


1. How bright that blessed hope! Je - sus will come! Let us our heads lift up,
2. Him ev - 'ry eye shall see, Je - sus will come! Bright will the glo - ry be,
3. Raised un - to glo - ry we, Je - sus will come! Joy - ous our song will be,
4. Full of this blessed hope, Je - sus will come! Let us the cross take up,
Je - sus will come! Morn - ing so bright and clear, Man - sions of
Je - sus will come! Soon shall the trump-et speak, Each sleep - ing
Je - sus will come! Gath - ered a - round to Him, All learn the
Je - sus will come! Hap - py, re - proach to bear, Shame, for His
God ap - pear, Sin shall not en - ter there, Je - sus will come!
saint a - wake, And the glad morn-ing break, Je - sus will come!
heavenly hymn; Je - sus, our joy - ful theme, Je - sus will come!
sake, to share, Since we our crown shall wear, Je - sus will come!

No. 75 Autumn

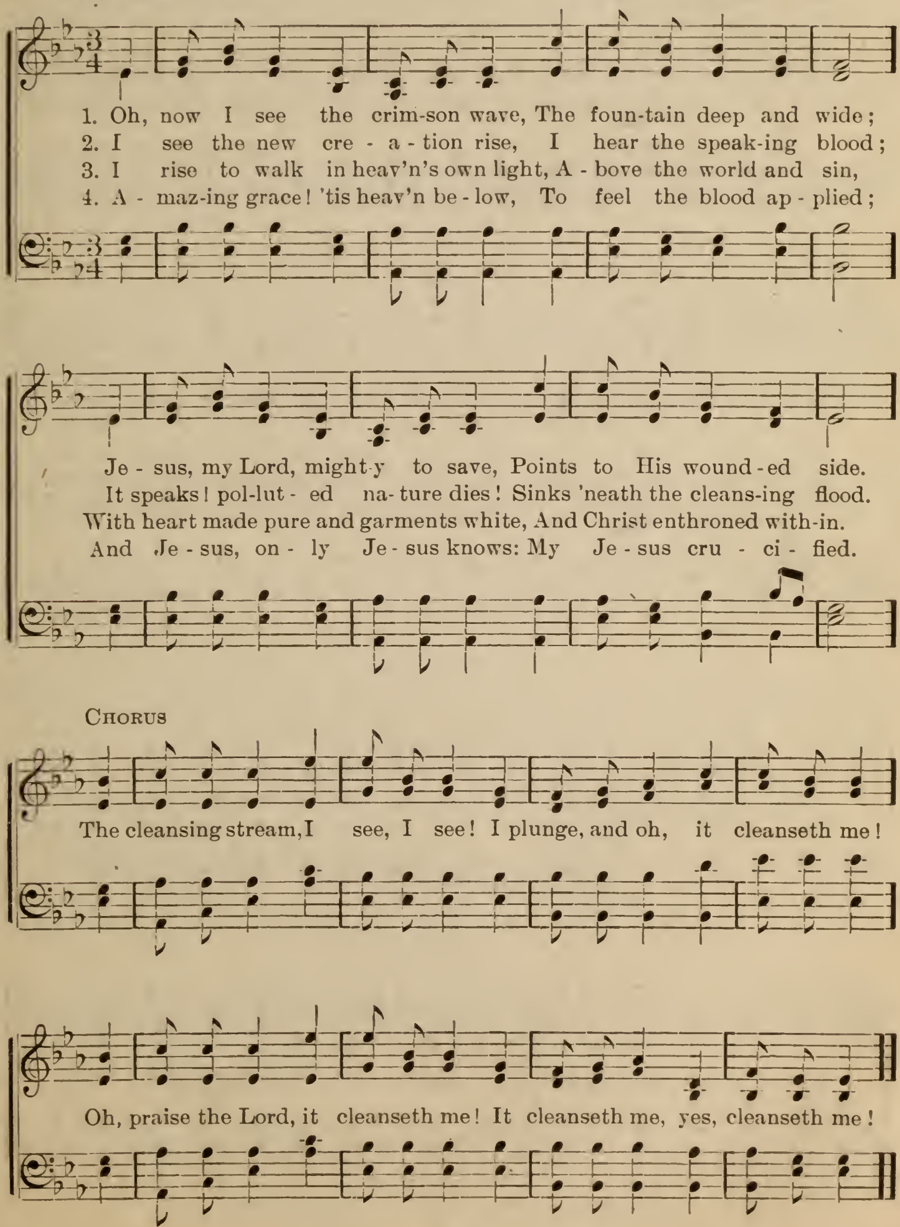
Charles Wesley, alt.
Francois H. Barthelemon.


1. Lo, He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be-hold Him, Robed in dreadful ma-jes-ty;
3. Yea, A-men; let all a-dore Thee, High on Thine e-ter-nal throne:
Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train:
Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Sav-iour, take the pow'r and glo-ry; Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign;
Deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si-ah see.
O come quick-ly, O come quickly, Hal-le-lu-jah! Come, Lord, come
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.
Deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si-ah see.
O come quick-ly, O come quickly, Hal-le-lu-jah! Come, Lord, come. A-men.

III. CLEANSING STREAM

No. 76 The Cleansing Wave

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. By per.

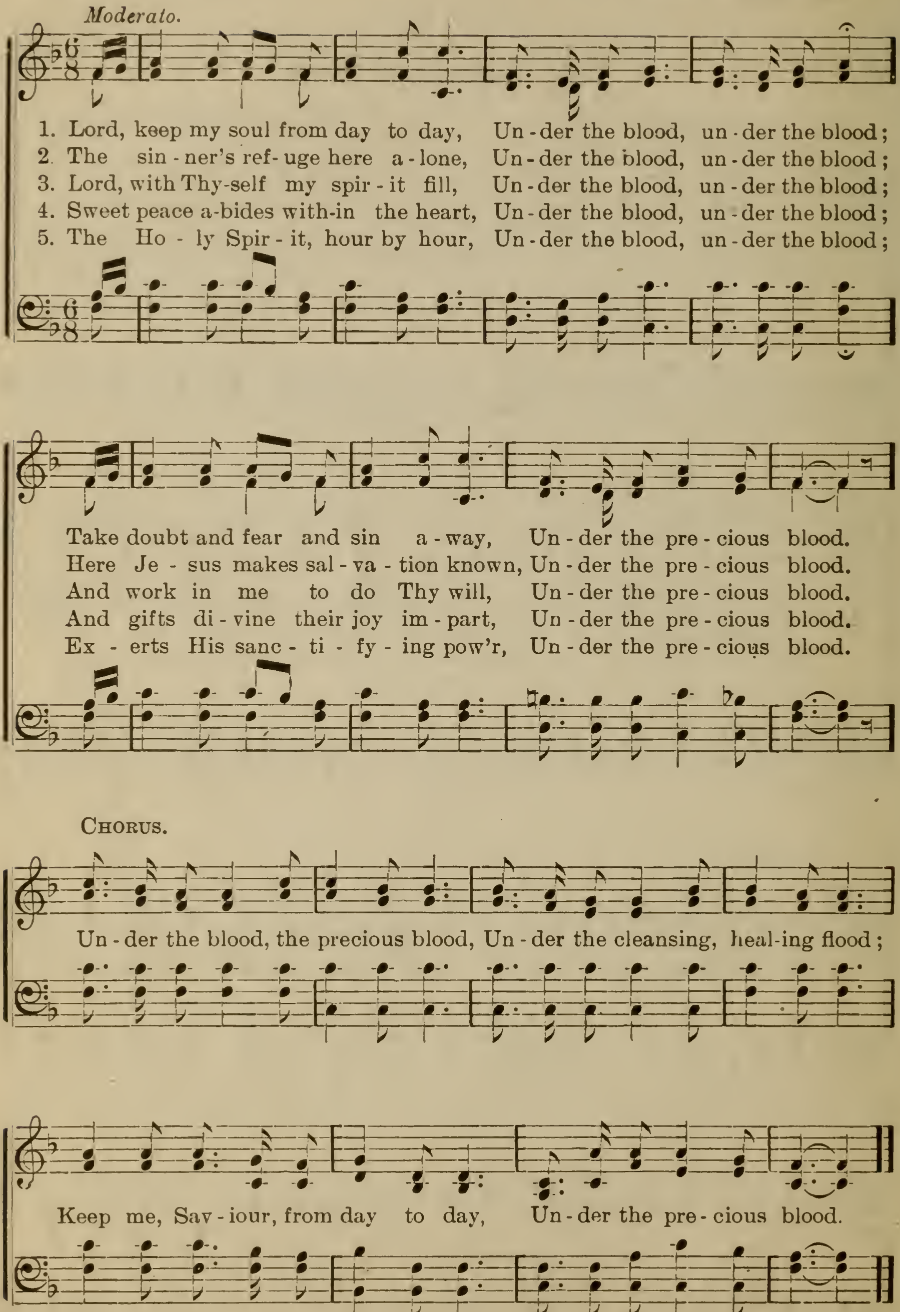

1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The foun-tain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin,
4. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low, To feel the blood ap - plied;
Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.
It speaks! pol-lut - ed na- ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans-ing flood.
With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus knows: My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
Chorus
The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

No. 77

Under the Blood

E. E. Hewitt.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


Moderato.
1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
2. The sin-ner's ref-uge here a-lone, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
3. Lord, with Thy-self my spir-it fill, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
4. Sweet peace a-bides with-in the heart, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
5. The Ho-ly Spir-it, hour by hour, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
Take doubt and fear and sin a-way, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
Here Je-sus makes sal-va-tion known, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
And work in me to do Thy will, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
And gifts di-vine their joy im-part, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
Ex-erts His sanc-ti-fy-ing pow'r, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
Chorus.
Un-der the blood, the precious blood, Un-der the cleansing, heal-ing flood;
Keep me, Sav-iour, from day to day, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

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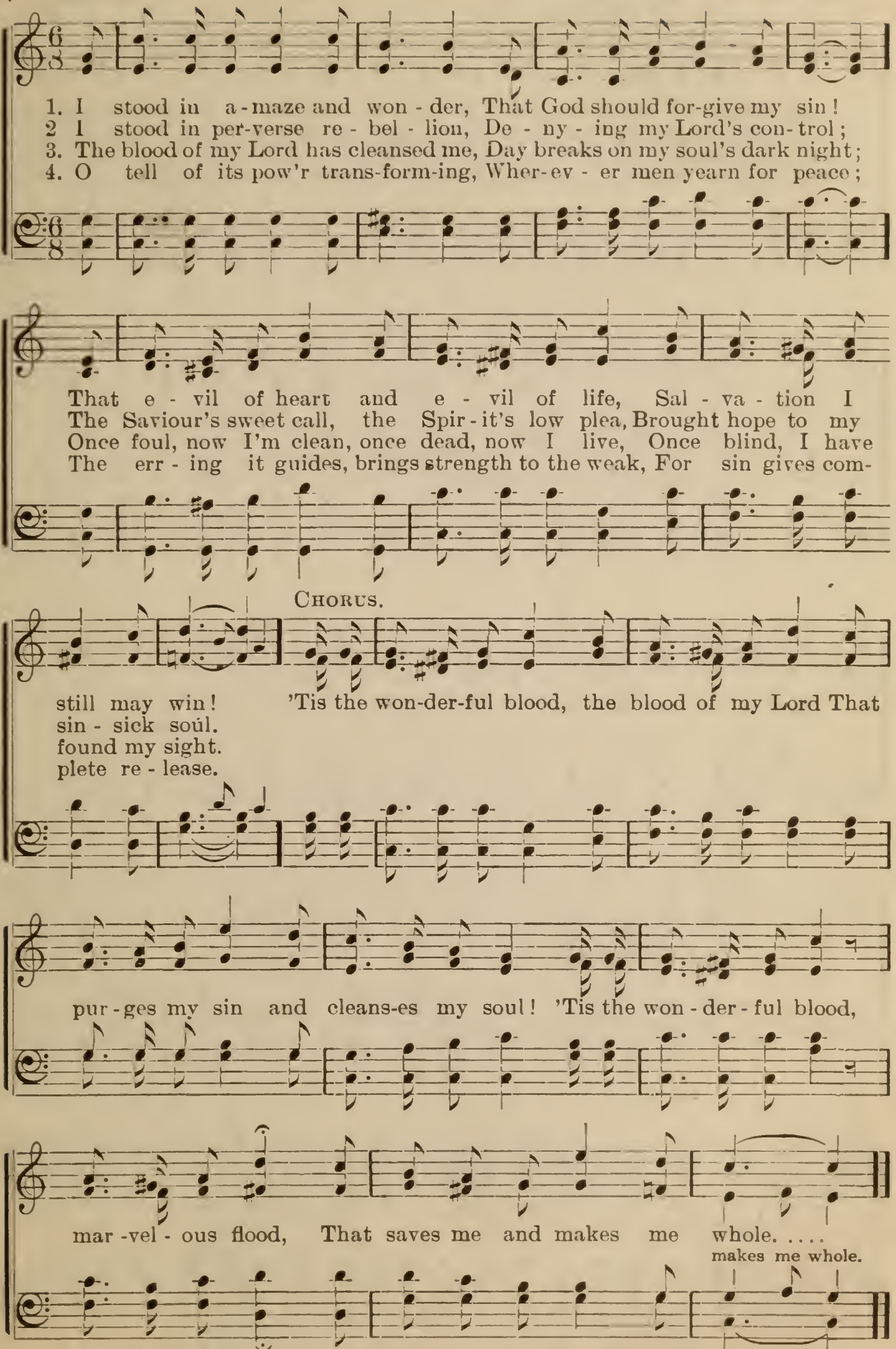
No. 78 The Wonderful Blood

E. S. L. E. S. Lorenz.


1. I stood in a-maze and won-der, That God should for-give my sin!
2 I stood in per-verse re-bel-lion, De-ny-ing my Lord's con-trol;
3. The blood of my Lord has cleansed me, Day breaks on my soul's dark night;
4. O tell of its pow'r trans-form-ing, Wher-ev-er men yearn for peace;
That e-vil of heart and e-vil of life, Sal-va-tion I still may win!
The Saviour's sweet call, the Spir-it's low plea, Brought hope to my sin-sick soul.
Once foul, now I'm clean, once dead, now I live, Once blind, I have found my sight.
The err-ing it guides, brings strength to the weak, For sin gives com-plete re-lease.
CHORUS.
'Tis the won-der-ful blood, the blood of my Lord That pur-ges my sin and cleans-es my soul! 'Tis the won-der-ful blood, mar-vel-ous flood, That saves me and makes me whole. . . . .
makes me whole.

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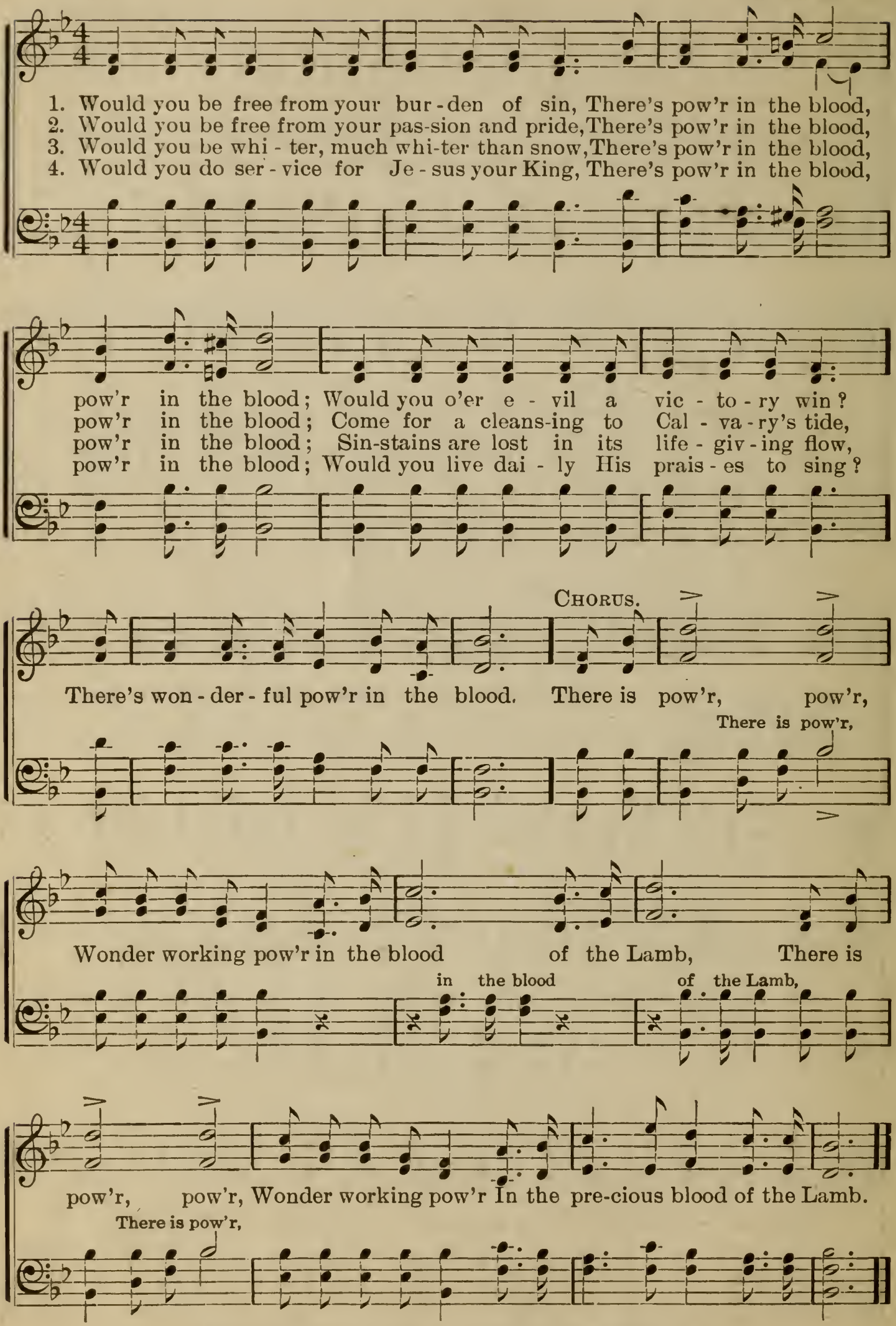
No. 79 There Is Power in the Blood

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.


1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win? There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood.
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide, There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood.
3. Would you be whi-ter, much whi-ter than snow, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow, There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood.
4. Would you do ser-vice for Je-sus your King, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly His prais-es to sing? There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood.
CHORUS.
There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
Wonder working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb,
in the blood of the Lamb,
There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
Wonder working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.

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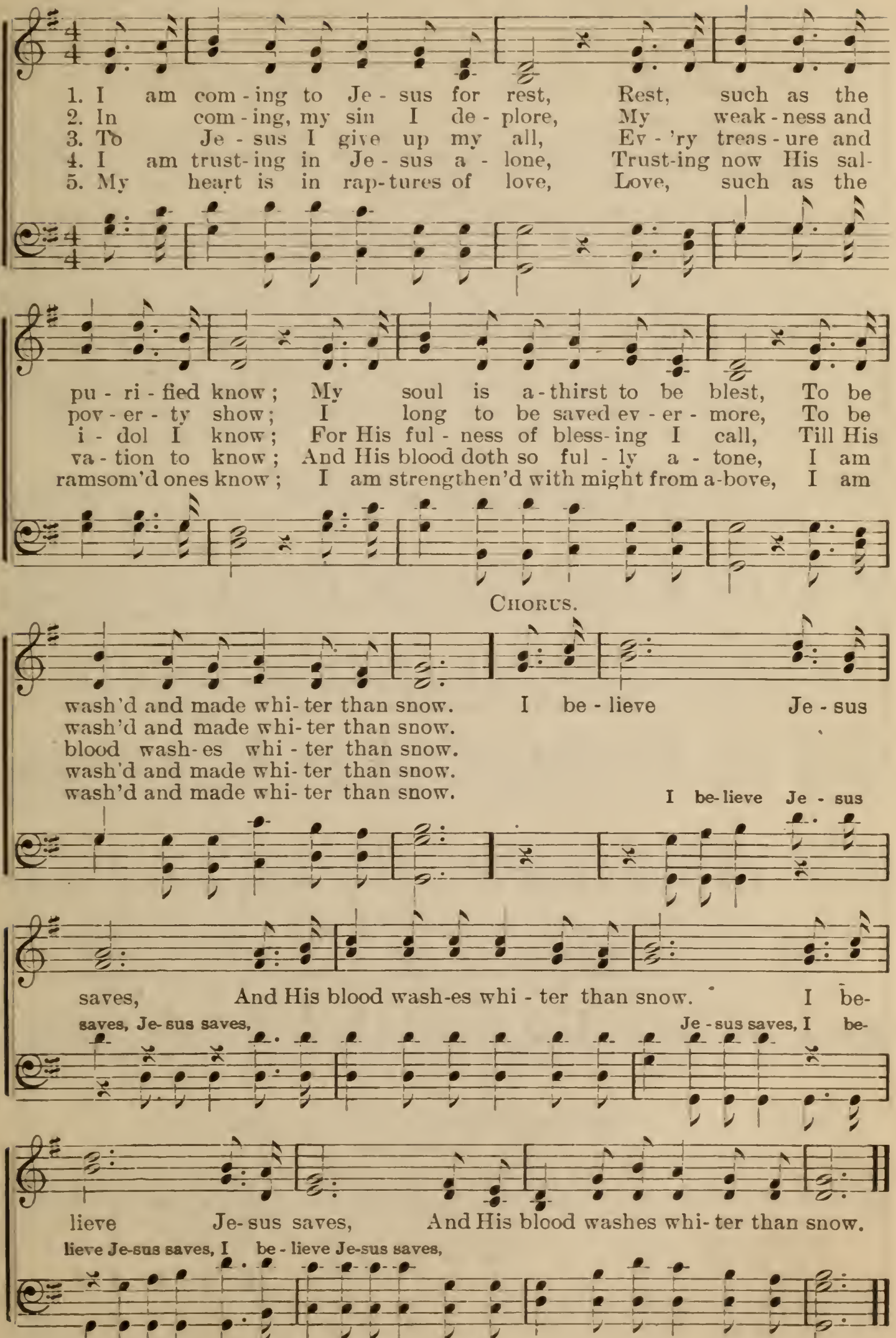
No. 80 I Believe Jesus Saves

Rev. W. McDonald. J. P. Webster.

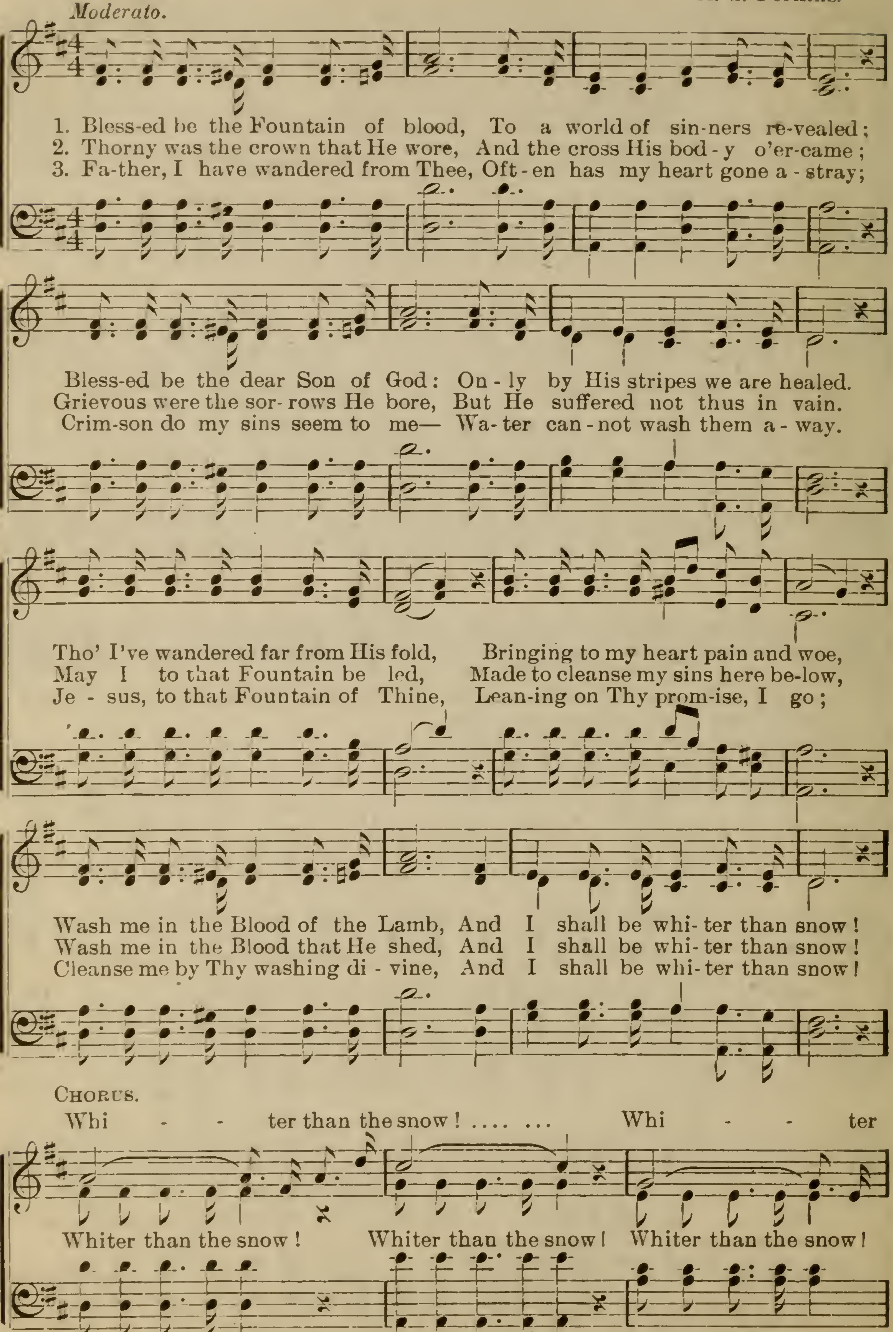

1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pu-ri-fied know; My soul is a-thirst to be blest, To be wash'd and made whi-ter than snow.
2. In com-ing, my sin I de-plore, My weak-ness and pov-er-ty show; I long to be saved ev-er-more, To be wash'd and made whi-ter than snow.
3. To Je-sus I give up my all, Ev-'ry treas-ure and i-dol I know; For His ful-ness of bless-ing I call, Till His blood wash-es whi-ter than snow.
4. I am trust-ing in Je-sus a-lone, Trust-ing now His sal-va-tion to know; And His blood doth so ful-ly a-tone, I am wash'd and made whi-ter than snow.
5. My heart is in rap-tures of love, Love, such as the ramsom'd ones know; I am strength-en'd with might from a-bove, I am wash'd and made whi-ter than snow.
CHORUS.
I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood wash-es whi-ter than snow. I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood washes whi-ter than snow.
I be-lieve Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves, I be-lieve Je-sus saves, I be-lieve Je-sus saves,

"Joy and Gladness." Melody used by Permission of Oliver Ditson & Co.

No. 81 Blessed Be the Fountain

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Psalm 51: 7.

E. R. Latta. H. S. Perkins.


Moderato.
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suffered not thus in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low,
Je-sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whi-ter than snow!
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whi-ter than snow!
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whi-ter than snow!
Chorus.
Whi - - ter than the snow! .... Whi - - ter
Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow!

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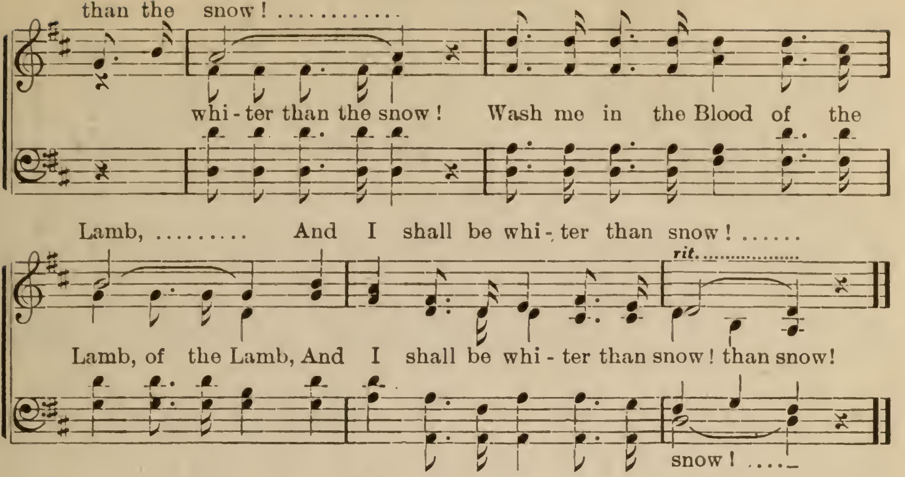
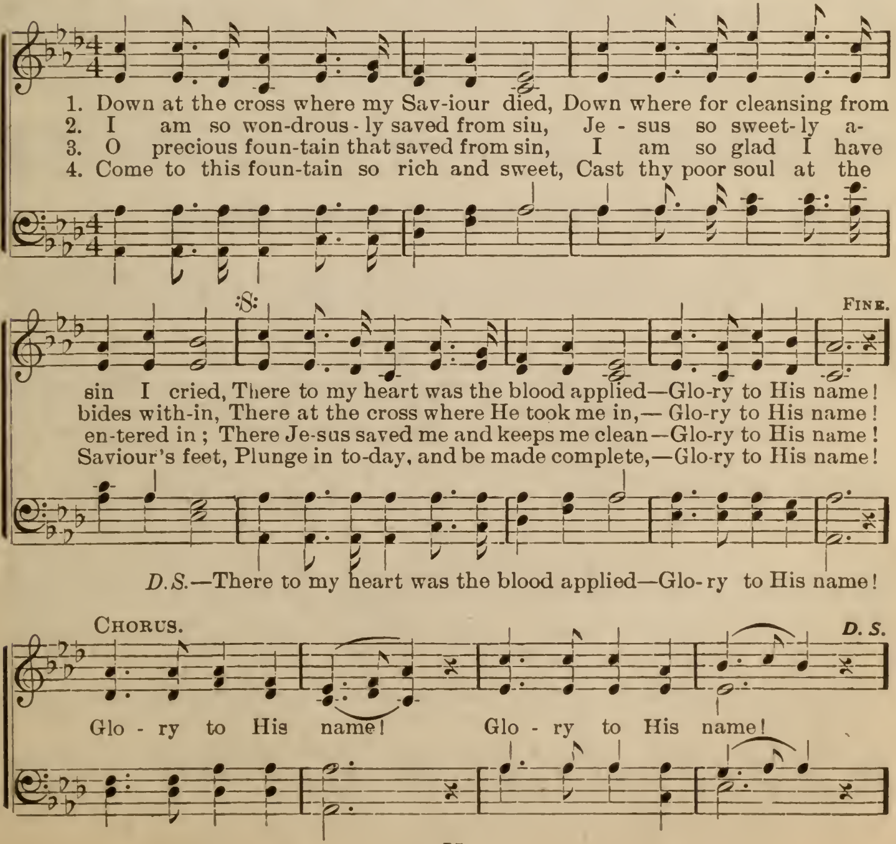
Blessed Be the Fountain—Concluded


than the snow! ....
whi-ter than the snow! Wash me in the Blood of the
Lamb, ... And I shall be whi-ter than snow! ......
rit. ....
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whi-ter than snow! than snow!
snow! .....

No. 82 Glory to His Name!

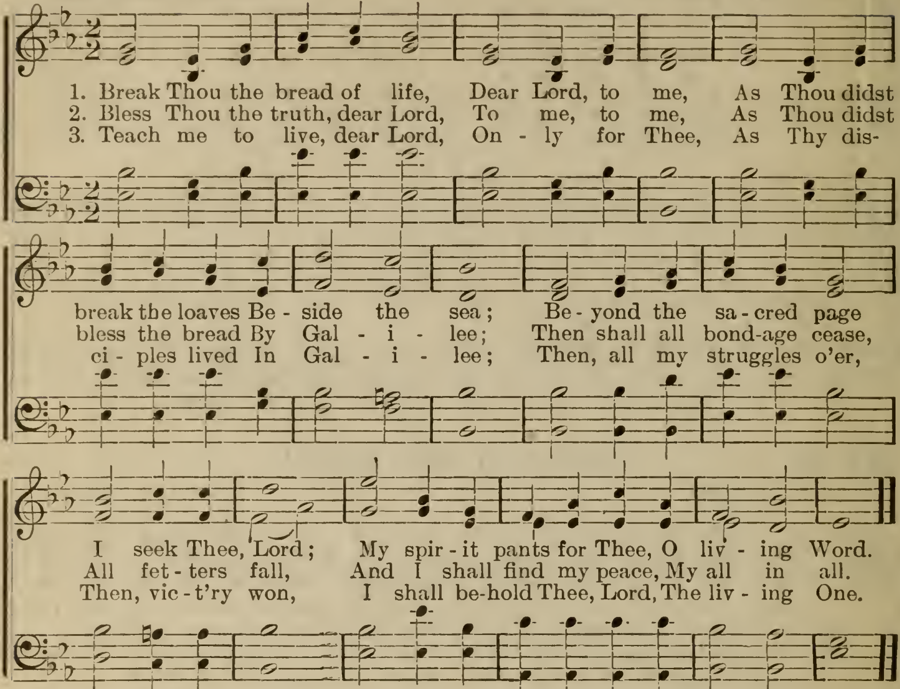
E. A. Hoffman. J. M. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied—Glo-ry to His name!
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in,— Glo-ry to His name!
3. O precious foun-tain that saved from sin, I am so glad I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saved me and keeps me clean—Glo-ry to His name!
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day, and be made complete,—Glo-ry to His name!
Fine.
D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied—Glo-ry to His name!
Chorus.
Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry to His name!
D. S.

IV EUCHARIST

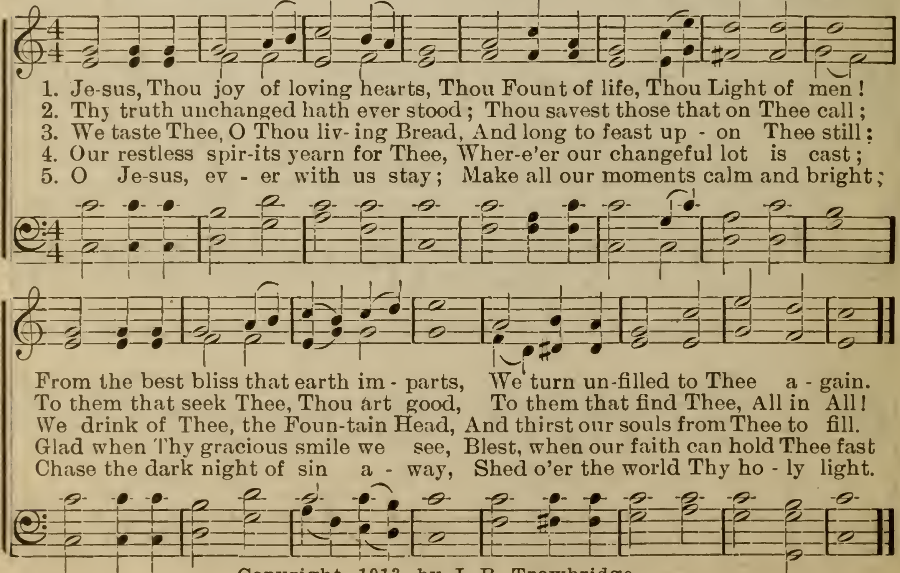
No. 83 Break Thou the Bread of Life

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee; Then, all my struggles o'er,
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, vic - t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The liv - ing One.

No. 84 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

Tr. by Ray Palmer. J. B. Trowbridge.


1. Je-sus, Thou joy of loving hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call;
3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv- ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;
4. Our restless spir-its yearn for Thee, Wher-e'er our changeful lot is cast;
5. O Je-sus, ev - er with us stay; Make all our moments calm and bright;
From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un-filled to Thee a - gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in All!
We drink of Thee, the Foun-tain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast
Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light.

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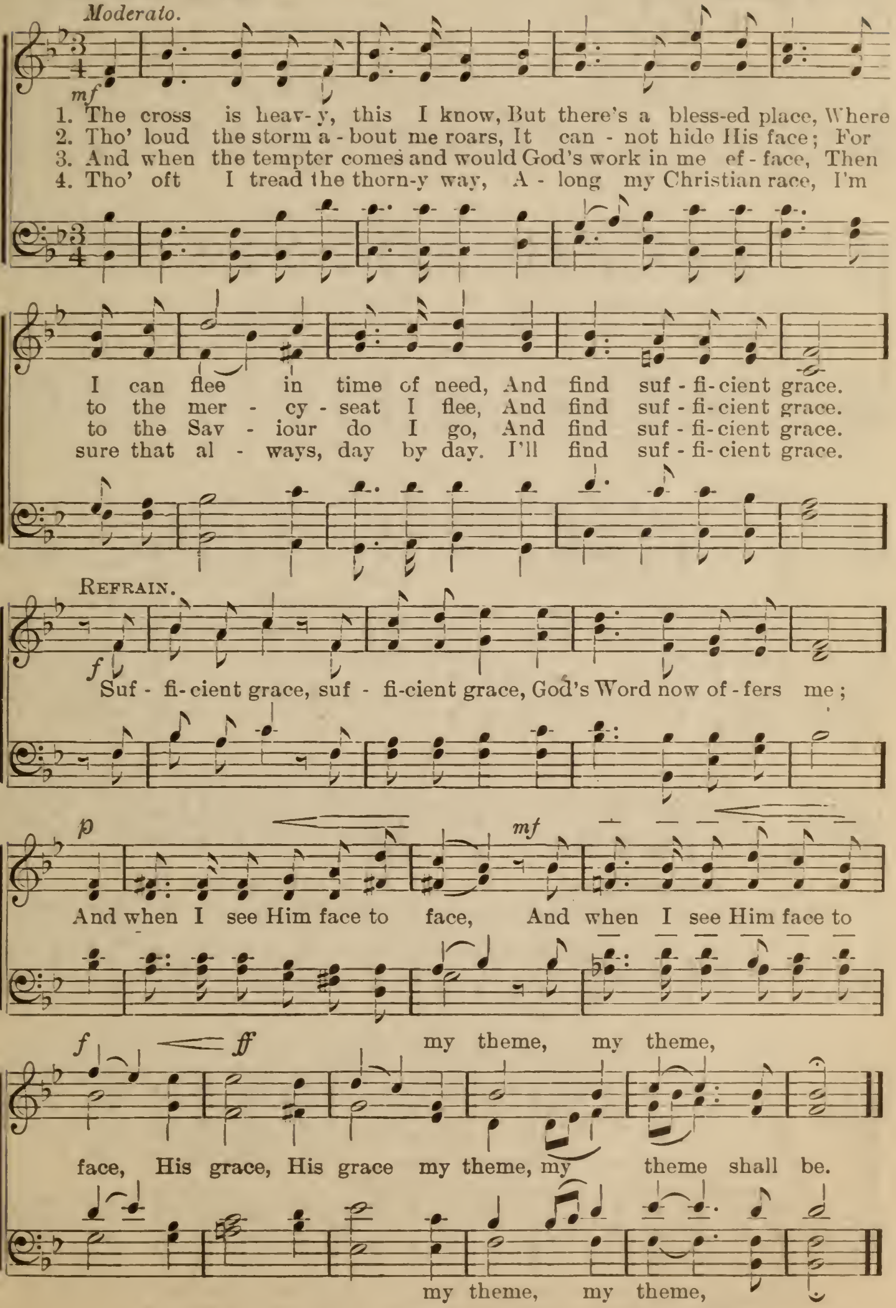
V. GRACE

No. 85

Sufficient Grace

Rev. H. H. Ryland. H. L. Baumgartner.


Moderato.
mf
1. The cross is heav-y, this I know, But there's a bless-ed place, Where
2. Tho' loud the storm a-bout me roars, It can-not hide His face; For
3. And when the tempter comes and would God's work in me ef-face, Then
4. Tho' oft I tread the thorn-y way, A-long my Christian race, I'm
I can flee in time of need, And find suf-fi-cient grace.
to the mer-cy-seat I flee, And find suf-fi-cient grace.
to the Sav-iour do I go, And find suf-fi-cient grace.
sure that al-ways, day by day, I'll find suf-fi-cient grace.
Refrain.
f
Suf-fi-cient grace, suf-fi-cient grace, God's Word now of-fers me;
p
mf
And when I see Him face to face, And when I see Him face to
f
ff
my theme, my theme,
face, His grace, His grace my theme, my theme shall be.
my theme, my theme,

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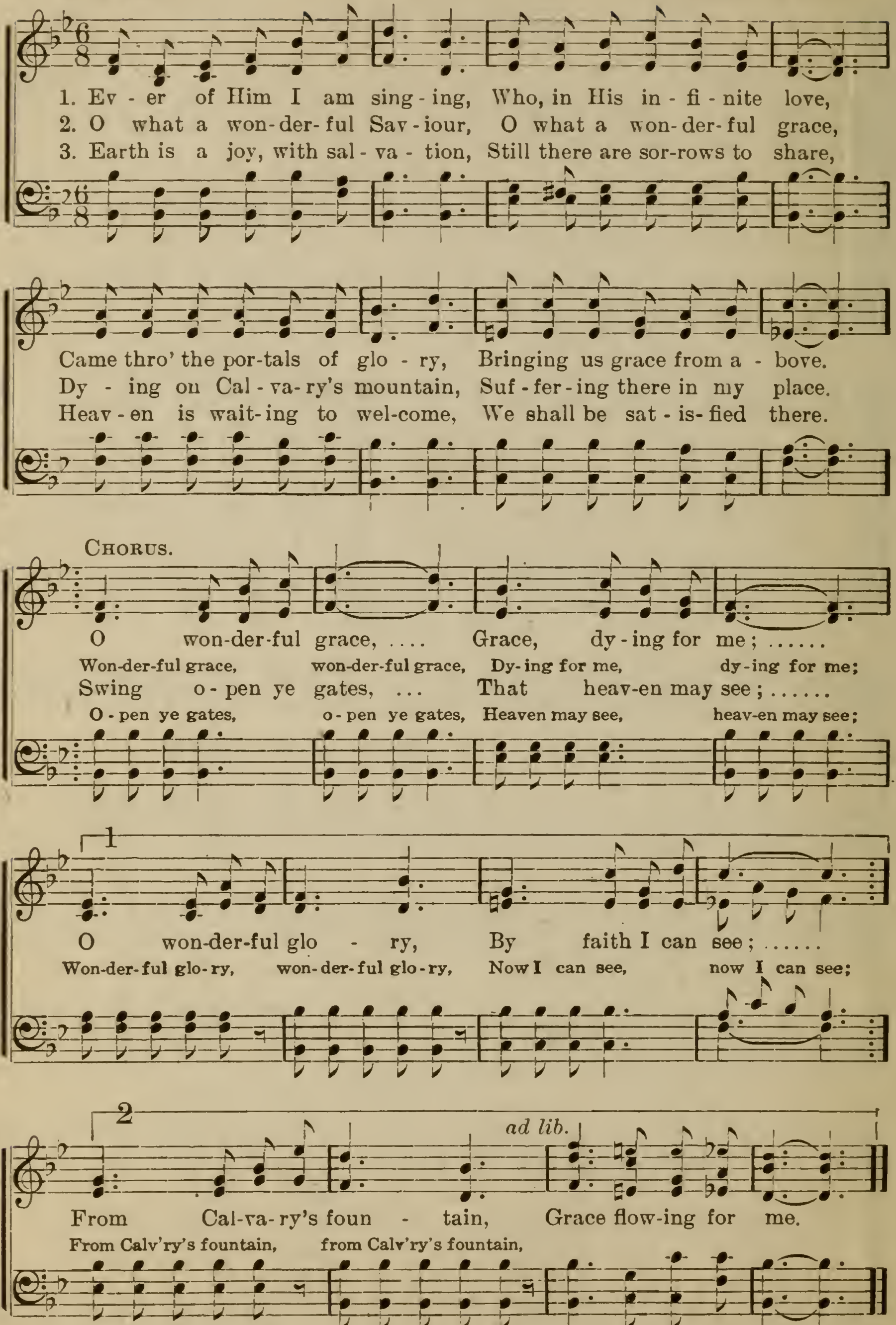
No. 86

Wonderful Grace

A. A. Payn.

Arthur Wilton.


1. Ev - er of Him I am sing - ing, Who, in His in - fi - nite love,
2. O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour, O what a won - der - ful grace,
3. Earth is a joy, with sal - va - tion, Still there are sor - rows to share,
Came thro' the por - tals of glo - ry, Bringing us grace from a - bove.
Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's mountain, Suf - fer - ing there in my place.
Heav - en is wait - ing to welcome, We shall be sat - is - fied there.
Chorus.
O won - der - ful grace, ... Grace, dy - ing for me; ......
Won - der - ful grace, won - der - ful grace, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me;
Swing o - pen ye gates, ... That heav - en may see; ......
O - pen ye gates, o - pen ye gates, Heaven may see, heav - en may see;
1
O won - der - ful glo - ry, By faith I can see; ......
Won - der - ful glo - ry, won - der - ful glo - ry, Now I can see, now I can see;
2
ad lib.
From Cal - va - ry's foun - tain, Grace flow - ing for me.
From Calv'ry's fountain, from Calv'ry's fountain,

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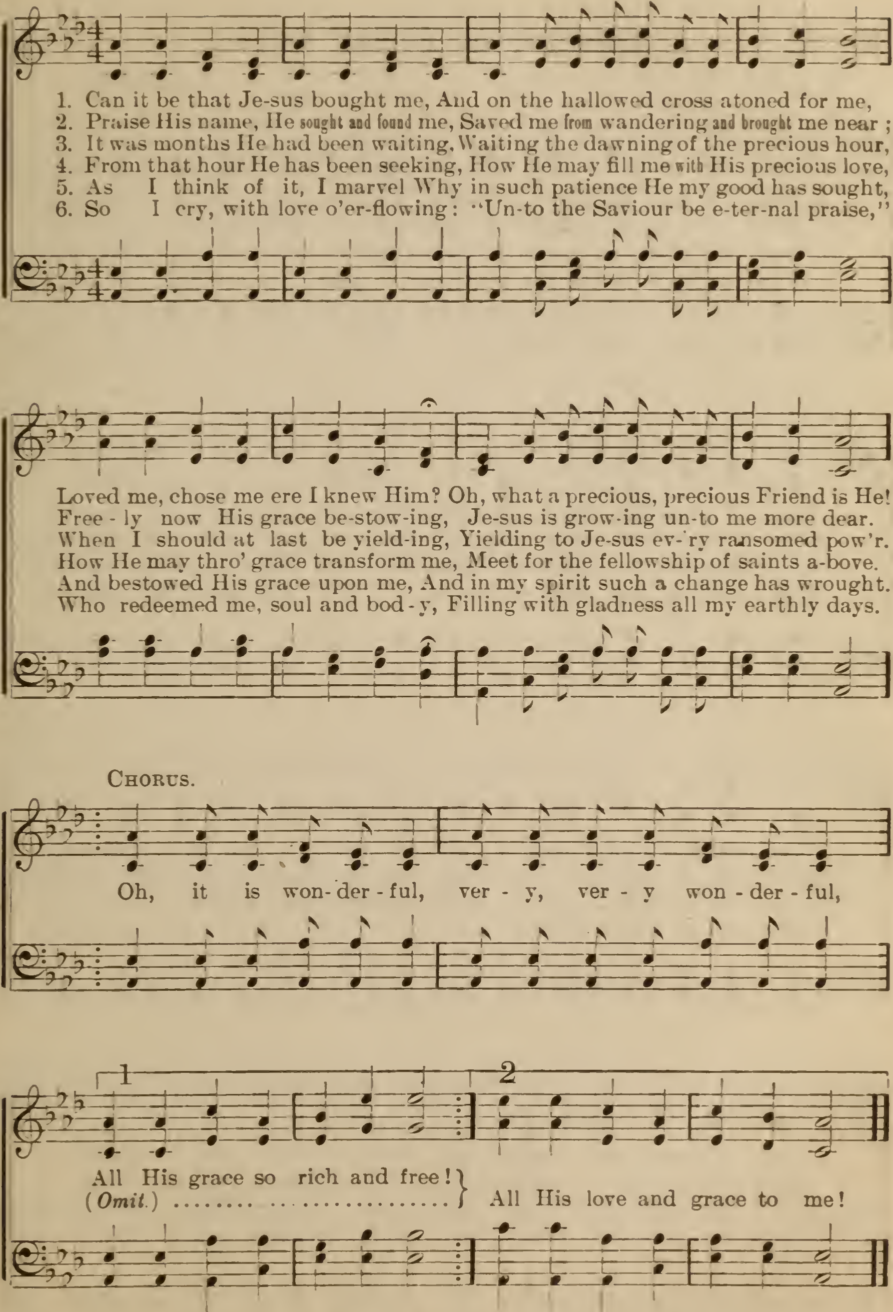
No. 87 Oh, It Is Wonderful

E. C. Green. Rewritten. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Can it be that Je-sus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near ;
3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour,
4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love,
5. As I think of it, I marvel Why in such patience He my good has sought,
6. So I cry, with love o'er-flowing: "Un-to the Saviour be e-ter-nal praise,"
Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He!
Free - ly now His grace be-stow-ing, Je-sus is grow-ing un-to me more dear.
When I should at last be yield-ing, Yielding to Je-sus ev-'ry ransomed pow'r.
How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints a-bove.
And bestowed His grace upon me, And in my spirit such a change has wrought.
Who redeemed me, soul and bod - y, Filling with gladness all my earthly days.
CHORUS.
Oh, it is won-der - ful, ver - y, ver - y won - der - ful,
1
2
All His grace so rich and free! }
(Omit.) .... } All His love and grace to me!

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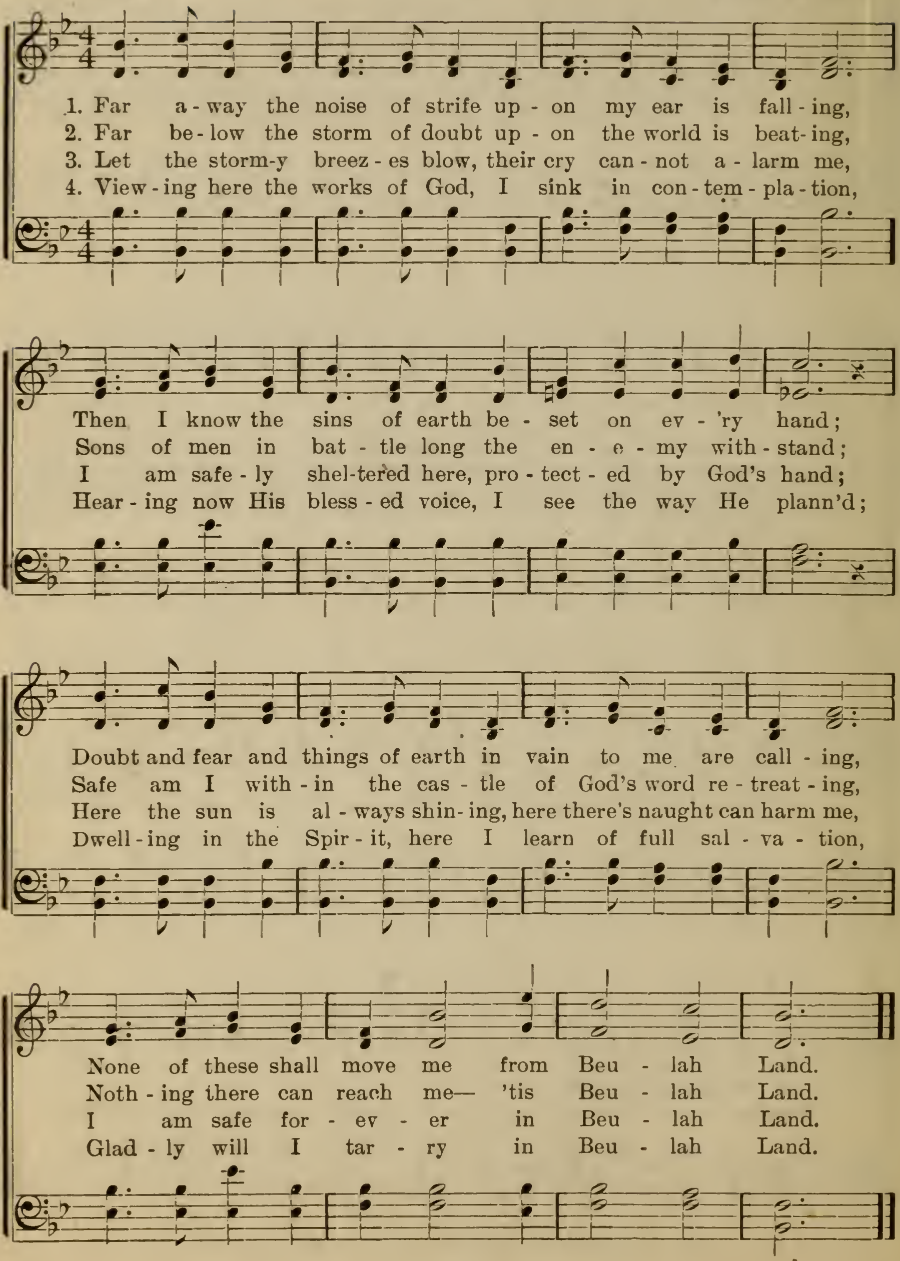
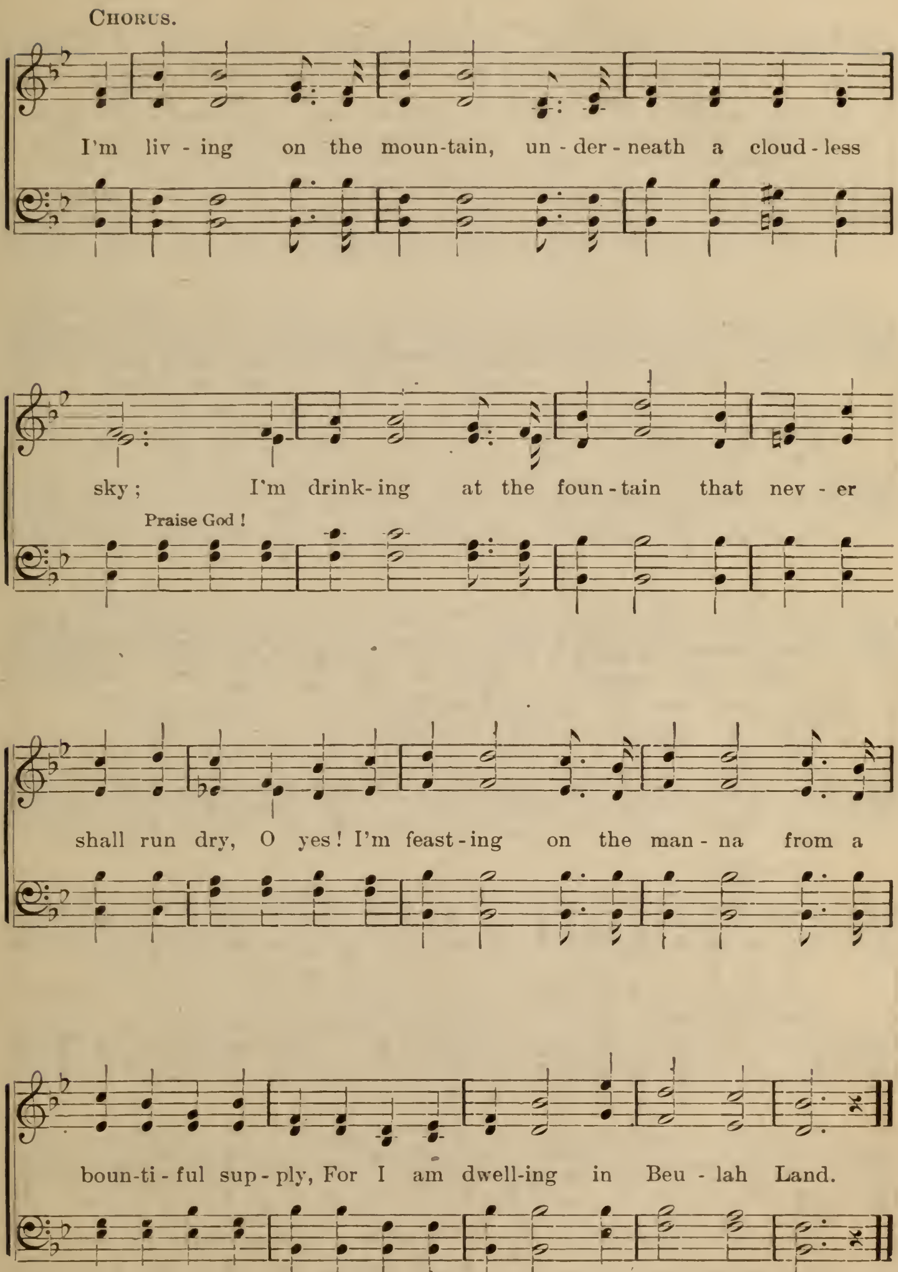
VI. JOY

No. 88 Dwelling in Beulah Land

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing,
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing,
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me,
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion,
Then I know the sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand;
Sons of men in bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand;
I am safe-ly shel-tered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand;
Hear-ing now His bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd;
Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are call-ing,
Safe am I with-in the cas-tle of God's word re-treat-ing,
Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing, here there's naught can harm me,
Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I learn of full sal-va-tion,
None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
Noth-ing there can reach me— 'tis Beu-lah Land.
I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

Dwelling in Beulah Land—Concluded


CHORUS.
I'm liv - ing on the moun-tain, un - der - neath a cloud - less sky; I'm drink - ing at the foun - tain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast - ing on the man - na from a boun - ti - ful sup - ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu - lah Land.
Praise God!

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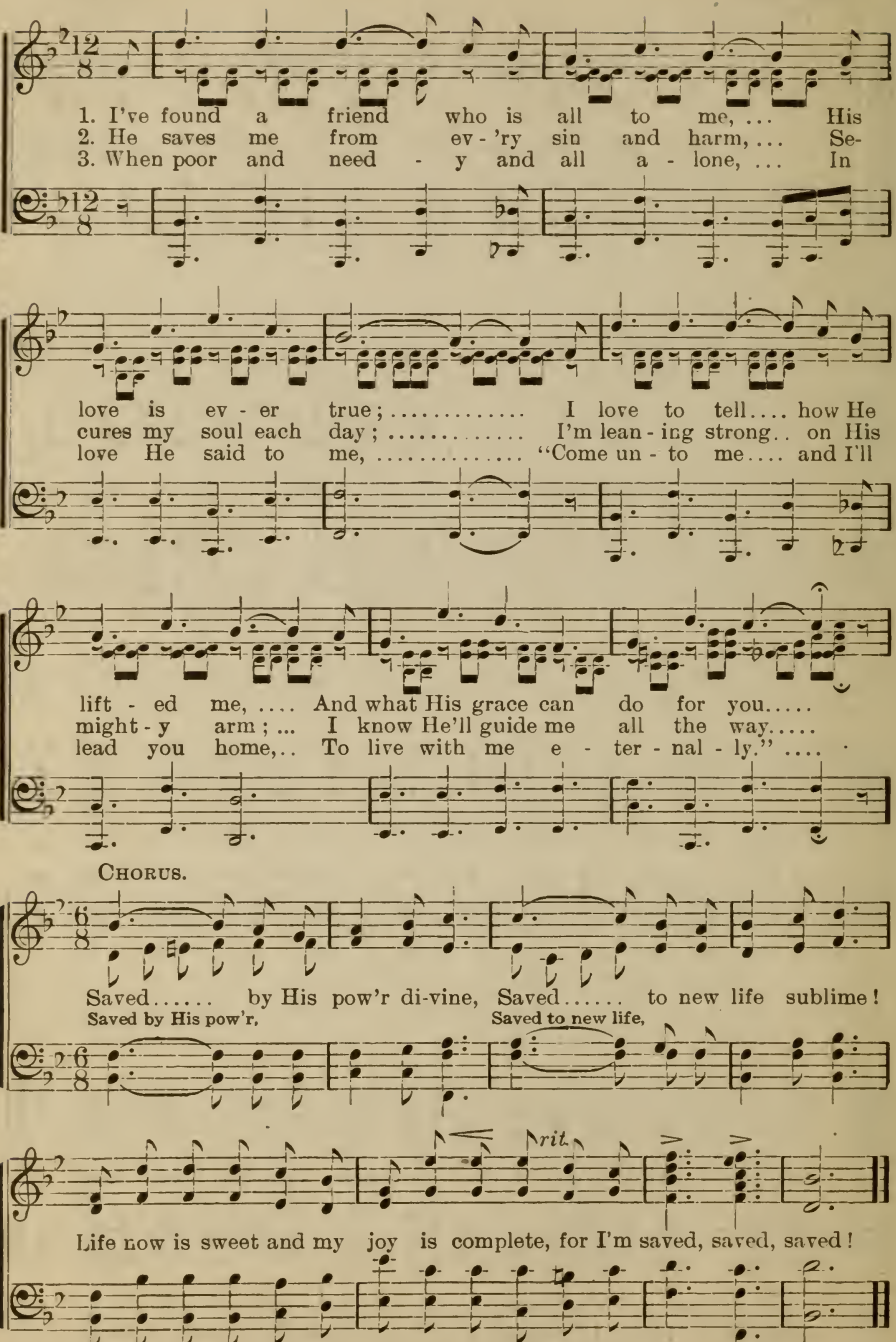
No. 89 Saved, Saved!

J. P. S. J. P. Schofield.


1. I've found a friend who is all to me, ... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, ... Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone, ... In
love is ev - er true; .... I love to tell.... how He
cures my soul each day; .... I'm lean - ing strong.. on His
love He said to me, ... "Come un - to me.... and I'll
lift - ed me, ... And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm; ... I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home,.. To live with me e - ter - nal - ly." ....
CHORUS.
Saved...... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved...... to new life sublime!
Saved by His pow'r,
Saved to new life,
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm saved, saved, saved!

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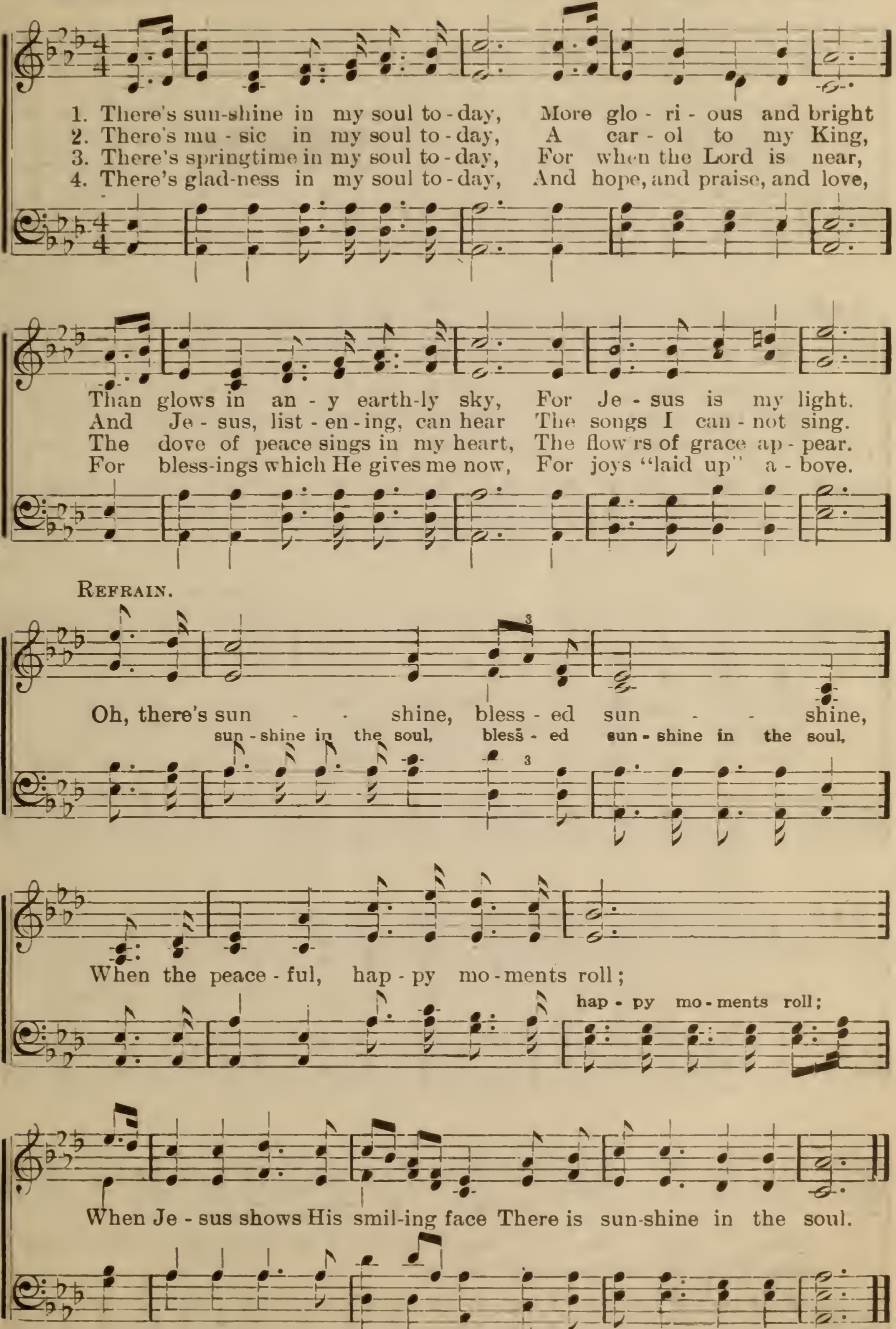
No. 90 Sunshine in the Soul

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.
Refrain.
Oh, there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - - shine,
sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
hap-py mo-ments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smil-ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

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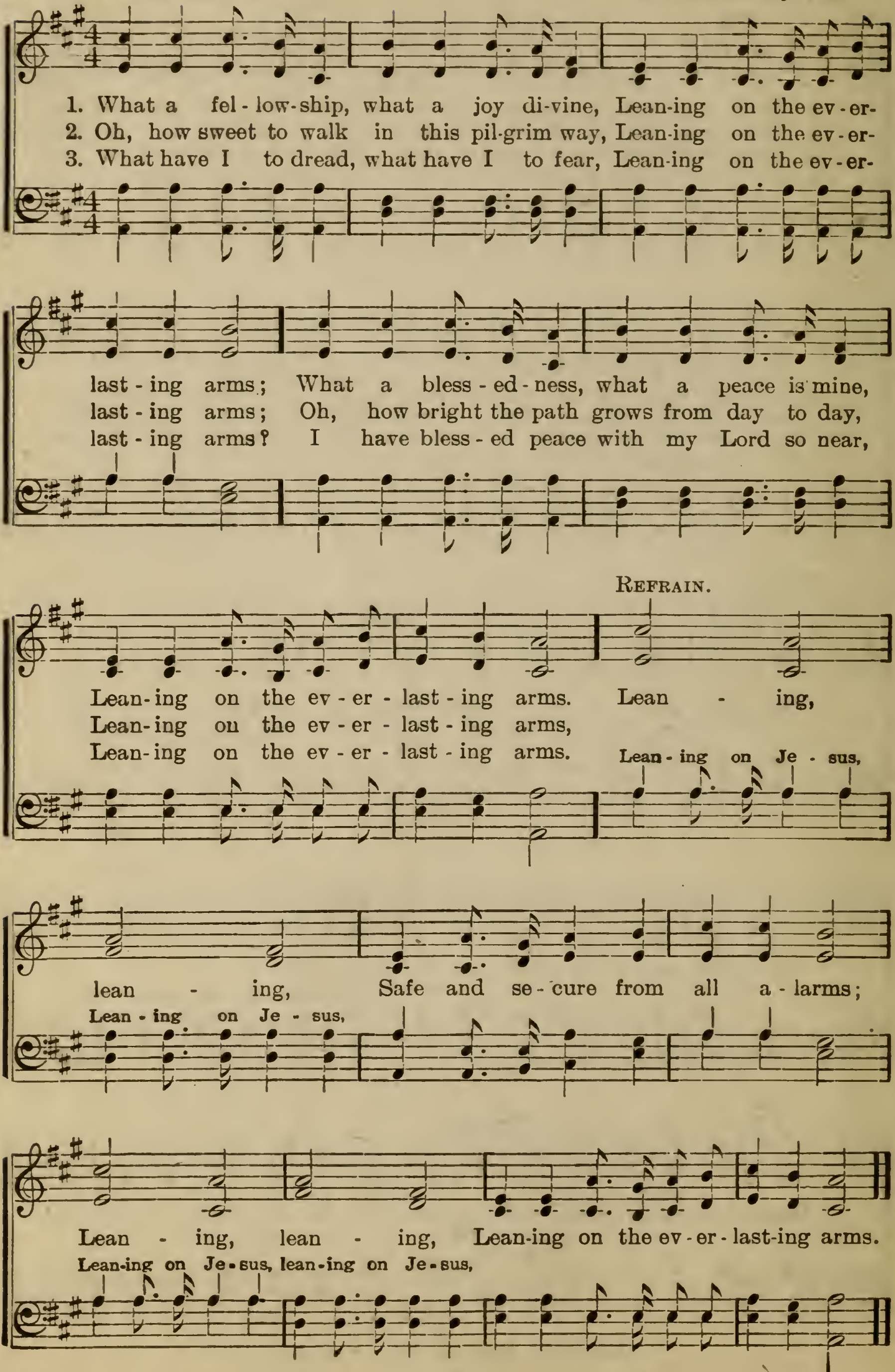
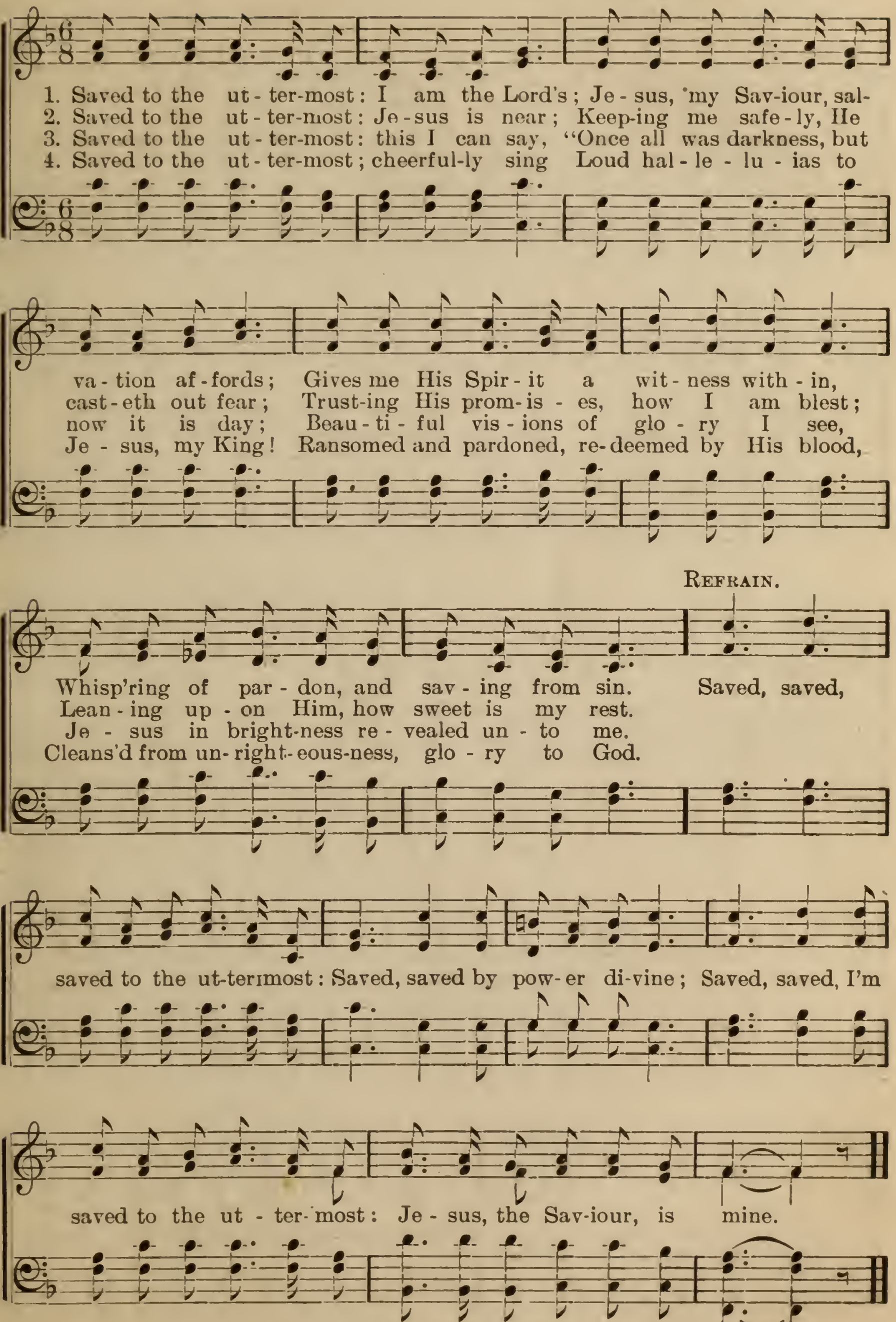
No. 91 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter. By Per.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms,
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Refrain.
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

No. 92 Saved to the Uttermost

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By Per.


1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav-iour, sal-
2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep-ing me safe - ly, He
3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but
4. Saved to the ut - ter-most; cheerful-ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - ias to
va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in,
cast - eth out fear; Trust-ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest;
now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,
Je - sus, my King! Ransomed and pardoned, re - deemed by His blood,
Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
Je - sus in bright-ness re - vealed un - to me.
Cleans'd from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.
Refrain.
Saved, saved,
saved to the ut-termost: Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine; Saved, saved, I'm
saved to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus, the Sav-iour, is mine.

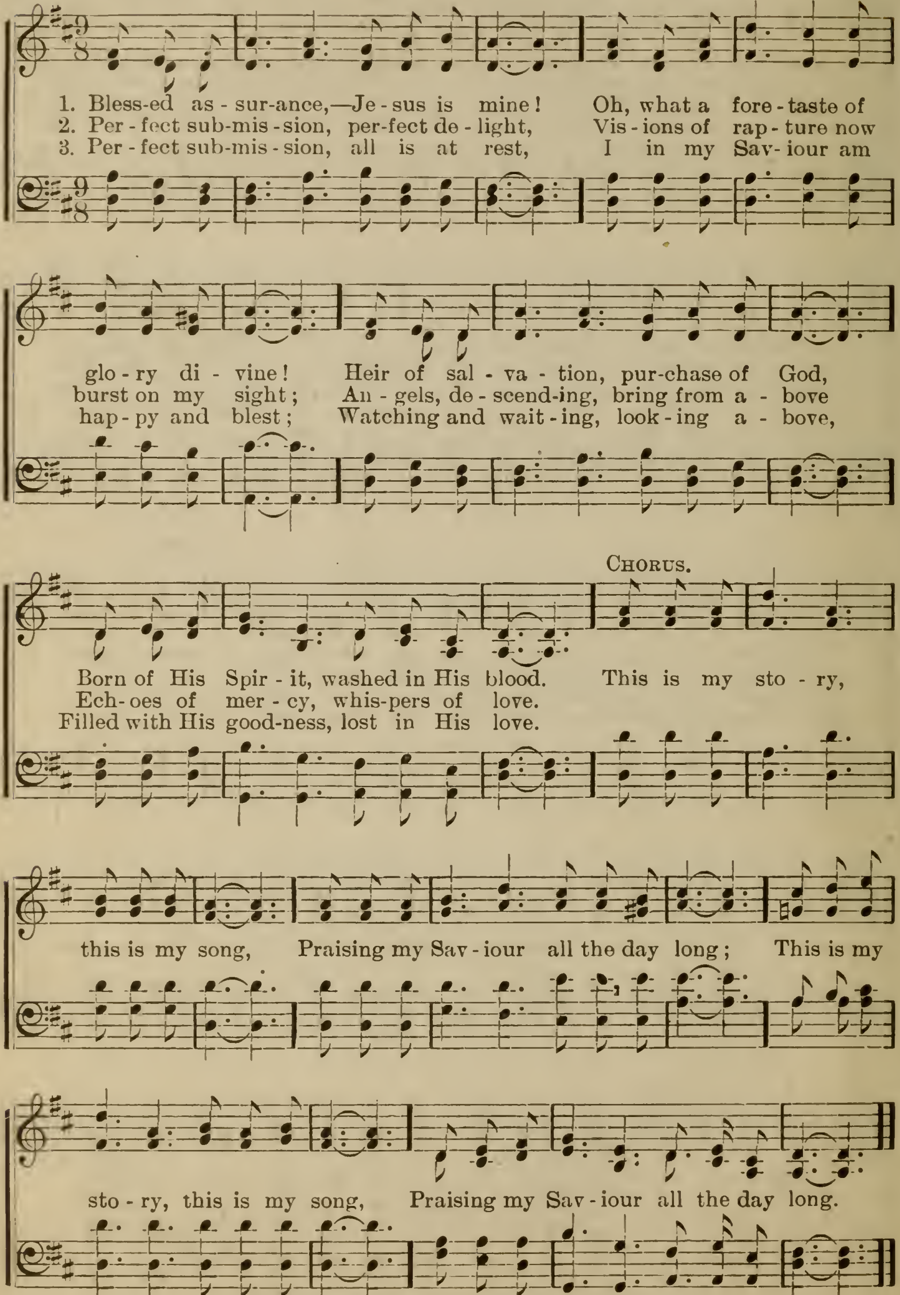
From "Precious Songs."

No. 93

Blessed Assurance

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6: 47.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.


1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance,—Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight; An - gels, de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest; Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,
Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.
Chorus.
This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

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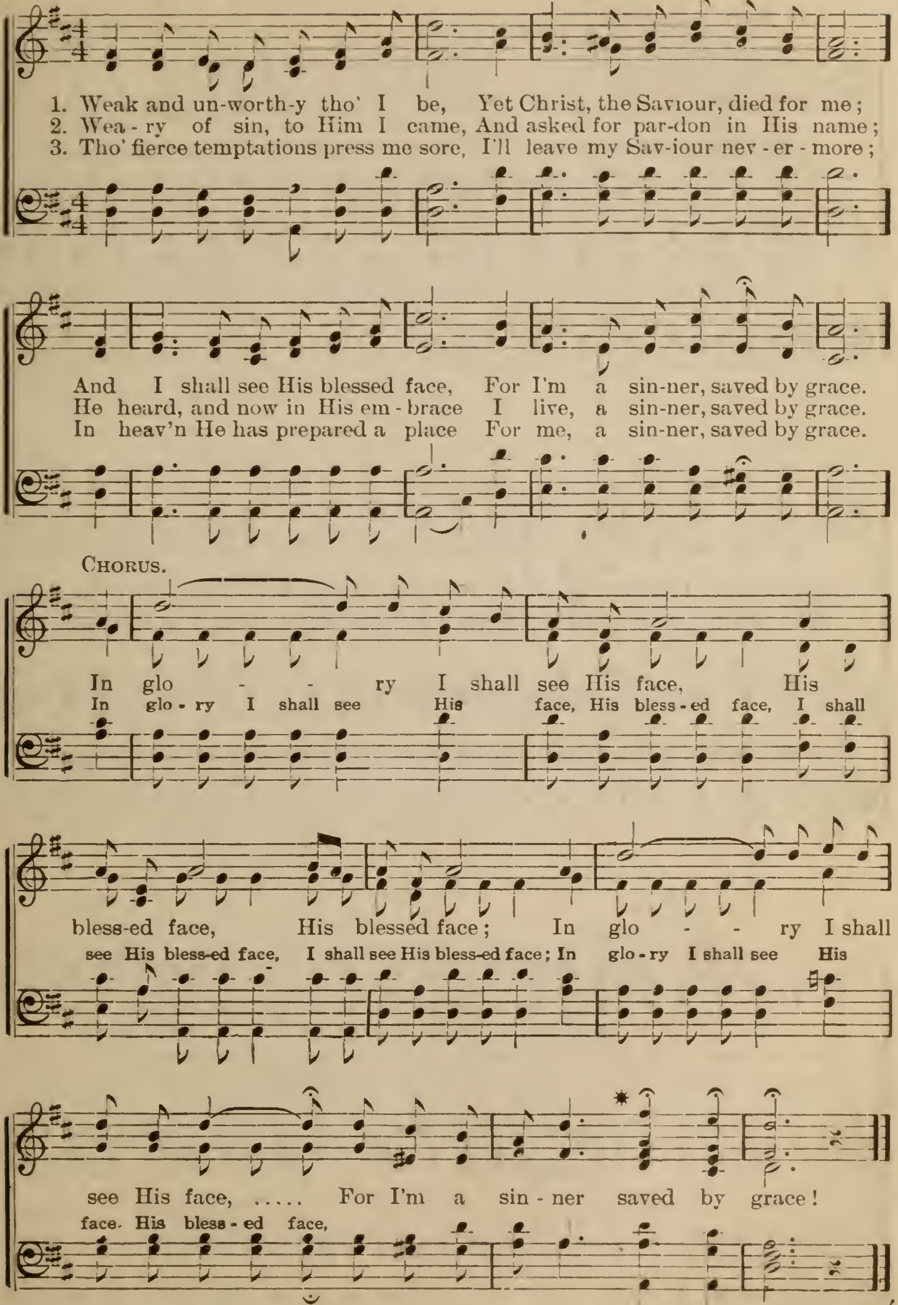
No. 94

A Sinner, Saved By Grace

Maggie E. Gregory. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Weak and un-worth-y tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour, died for me;
2. Wea - ry of sin, to Him I came, And asked for par-don in His name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Sav-iour nev - er - more;
And I shall see His blessed face, For I'm a sin-ner, saved by grace.
He heard, and now in His em - brace I live, a sin-ner, saved by grace.
In heav'n He has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, saved by grace.
CHORUS.
In glo - - ry I shall see His face, His
In glo - ry I shall see His face, His bless - ed face, I shall
bless-ed face, His blessed face; In glo - - ry I shall
see His bless-ed face, I shall see His bless-ed face; In glo - ry I shall see His
see His face, ... For I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!
face. His bless - ed face,
*

*Use the small notes after last verse, or when preferred.

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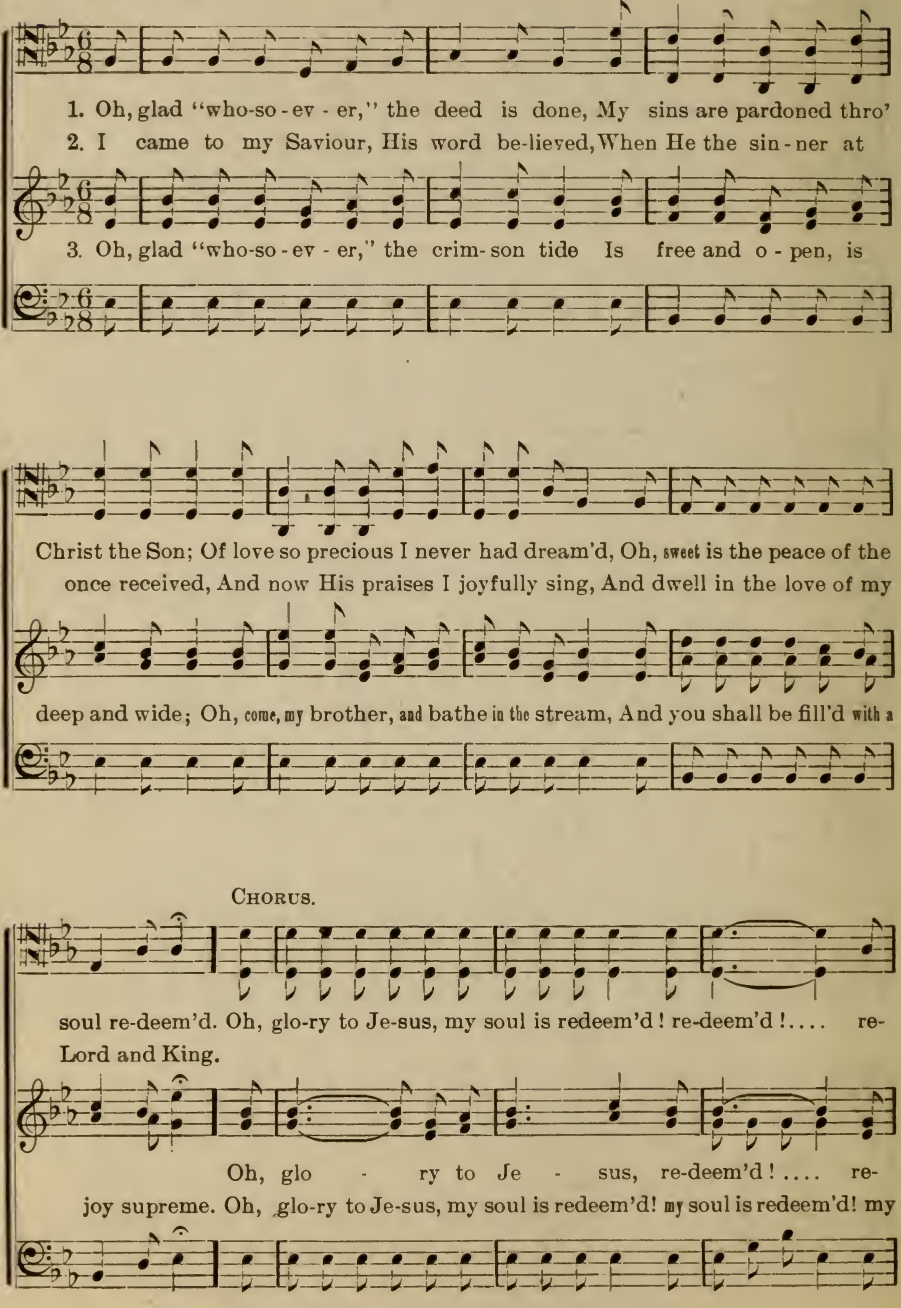
No. 95

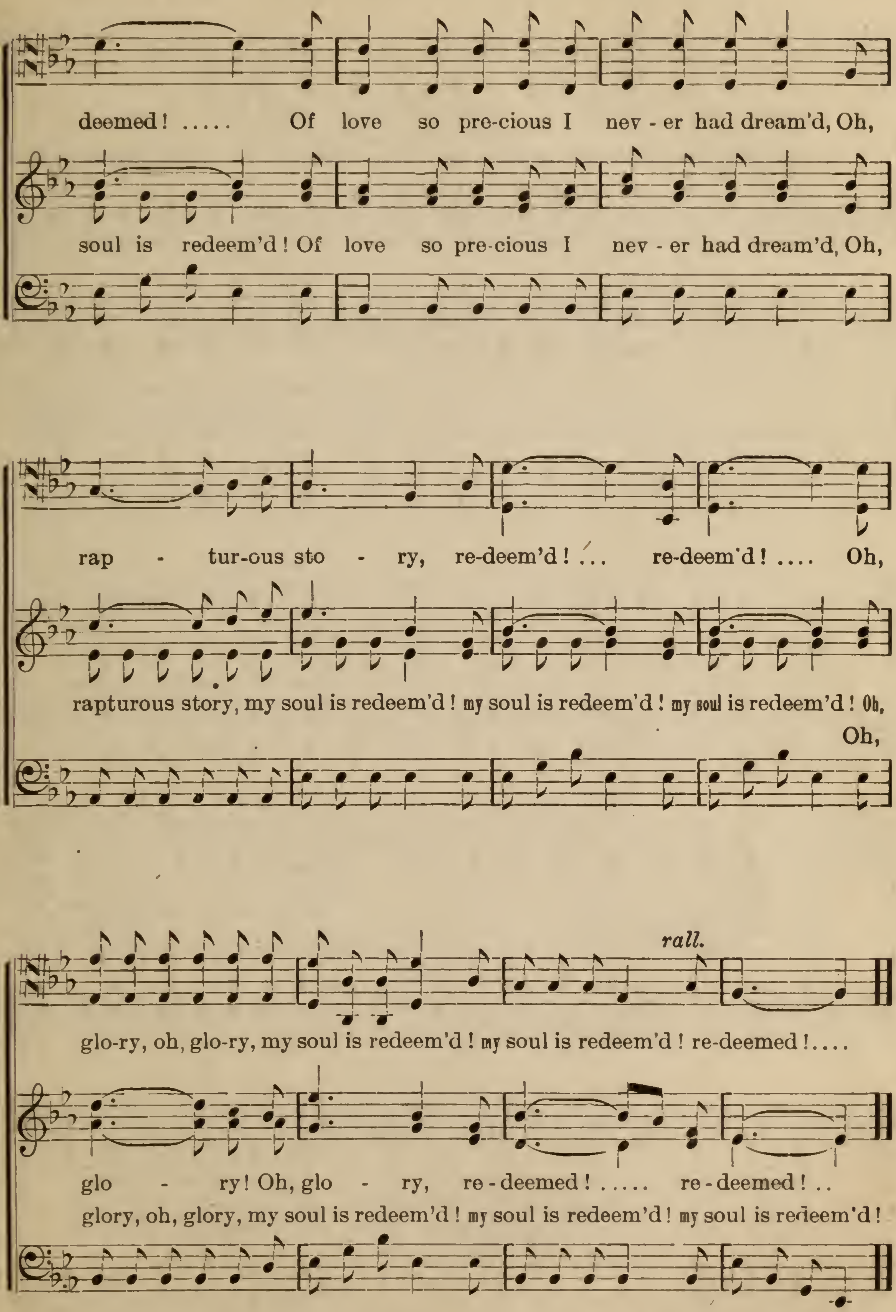
Redeemed!

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. D. B. Towner.


1. Oh, glad "who-so-ev-er," the deed is done, My sins are pardoned thro' Christ the Son; Of love so precious I never had dream'd, Oh, sweet is the peace of the soul re-deem'd.
2. I came to my Saviour, His word be-lieved, When He the sin-ner at once received, And now His praises I joyfully sing, And dwell in the love of my Lord and King.
3. Oh, glad "who-so-ev-er," the crim-son tide Is free and o-pen, is deep and wide; Oh, come, my brother, and bathe in the stream, And you shall be fill'd with a joy supreme.
Chorus.
Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus, my soul is redeem'd! re-deem'd!.... re-
Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, re-deem'd!.... re-
Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my

Redeemed!—Concluded


deemed! ..... Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dream'd, Oh,
soul is redeem'd! Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dream'd, Oh,
rap - tur-ous sto - ry, re-deem'd! ... re-deem'd! .... Oh,
rapturous story, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! Oh,
Oh,
glo-ry, oh, glo-ry, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! re-deemed!....
rall.
glo - ry! Oh, glo - ry, re-deemed! ..... re-deemed! ..
glory, oh, glory, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd!

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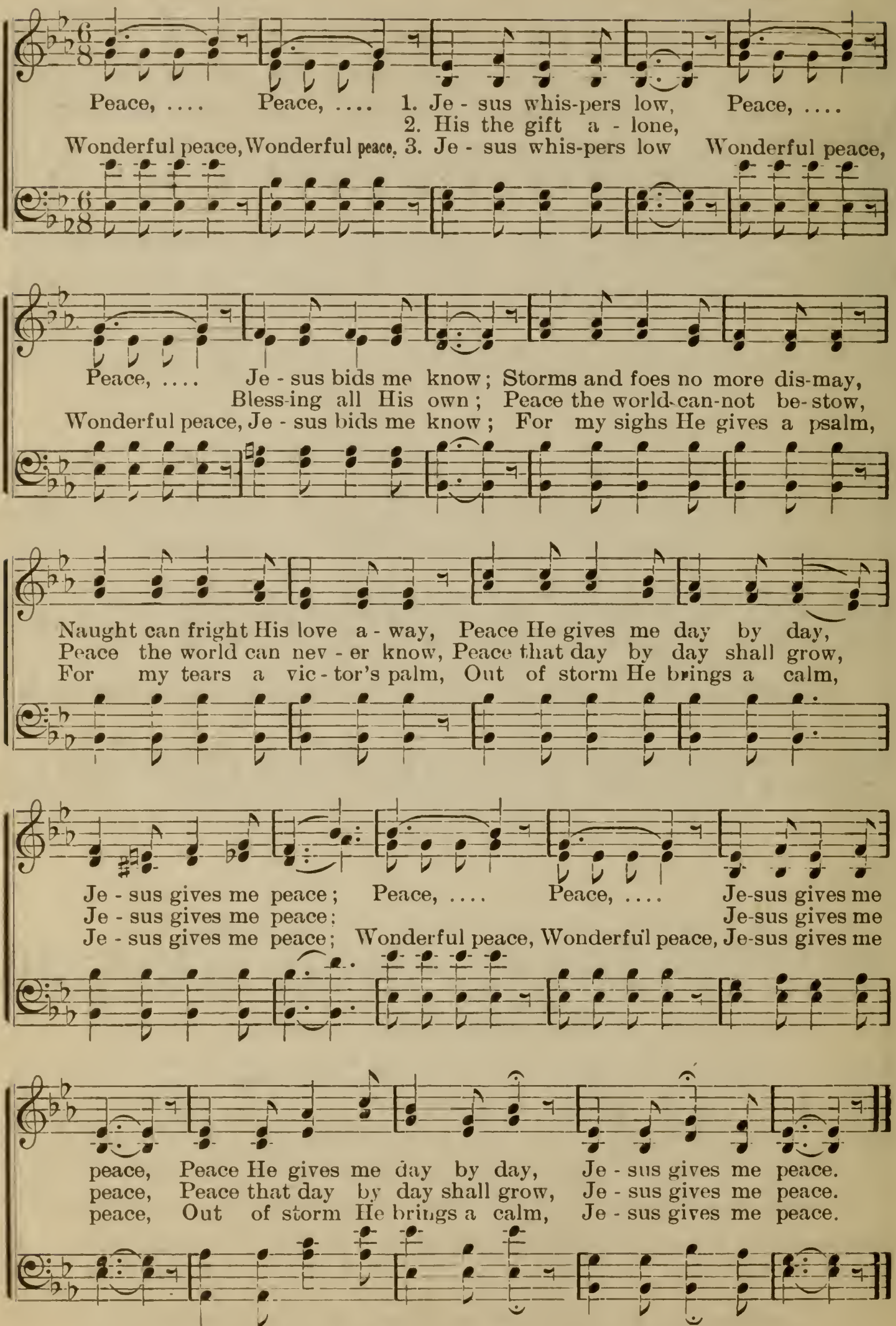
No. 96 Peace, Wonderful Peace

Jessie Brown Pounds. J. H. Fillmore.


Peace, ... Peace, ... 1. Je - sus whis-pers low, Peace, ...
2. His the gift a - lone,
Wonderful peace, Wonderful peace. 3. Je - sus whis-pers low Wonderful peace,
Peace, ... Je - sus bids me know; Storms and foes no more dis-may,
Bless-ing all His own; Peace the world can-not be-stow,
Wonderful peace, Je - sus bids me know; For my sighs He gives a psalm,
Naught can fright His love a - way, Peace He gives me day by day,
Peace the world can nev - er know, Peace that day by day shall grow,
For my tears a vic - tor's palm, Out of storm He brings a calm,
Je - sus gives me peace; Peace, ... Peace, ... Je-sus gives me
Je - sus gives me peace; Je-sus gives me
Je - sus gives me peace; Wonderful peace, Wonderful peace, Je-sus gives me
peace, Peace He gives me day by day, Je - sus gives me peace.
peace, Peace that day by day shall grow, Je - sus gives me peace.
peace, Out of storm He brings a calm, Je - sus gives me peace.

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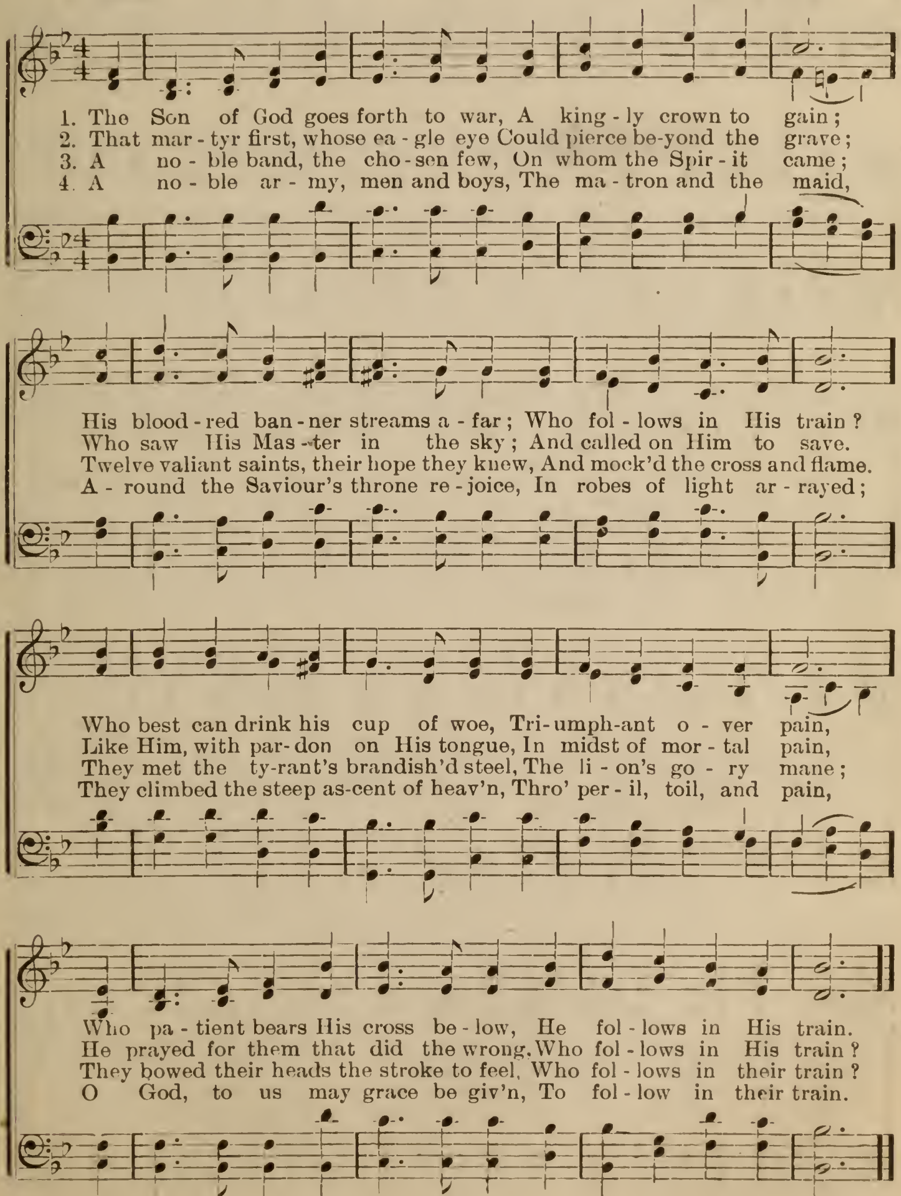
VII. CHRISTIAN WARFARE

No. 97 The Son of God Goes Forth to War

First Tune.

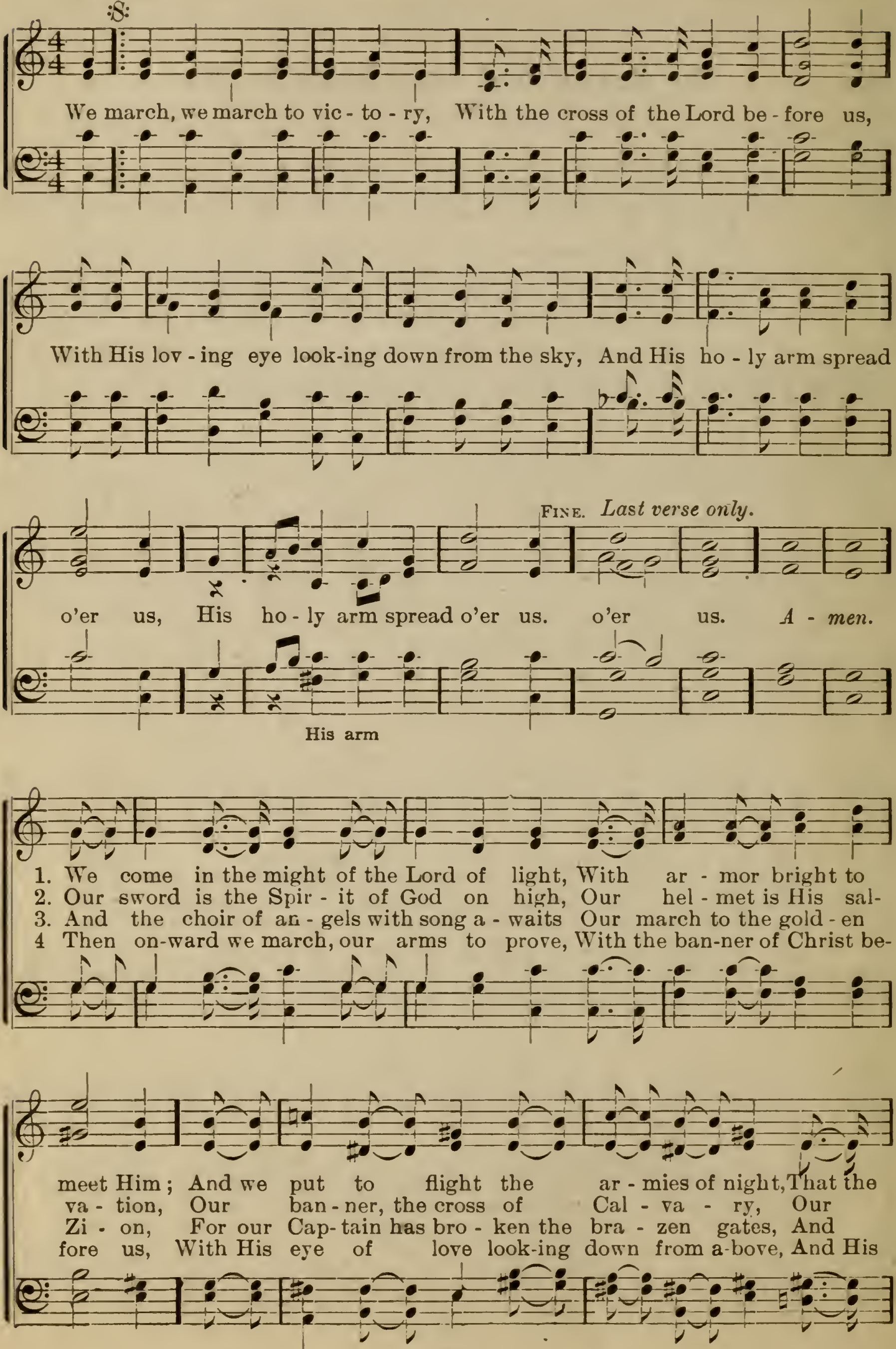
R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. That mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
3. A no - ble band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came;
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw His Mas - ter in the sky; And called on Him to save.
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame.
A - round the Saviour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandish'd steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n, Thro' per - il, toil, and pain,
Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong. Who fol - lows in His train?
They bowed their heads the stroke to feel, Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n, To fol - low in their train.

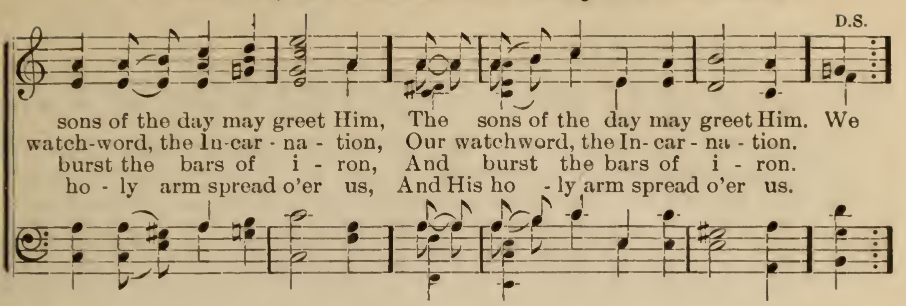
No. 98 We March, We March to Victory

"March to Victory."

G. Moultrie, 1867. J. Barnby, 1869.

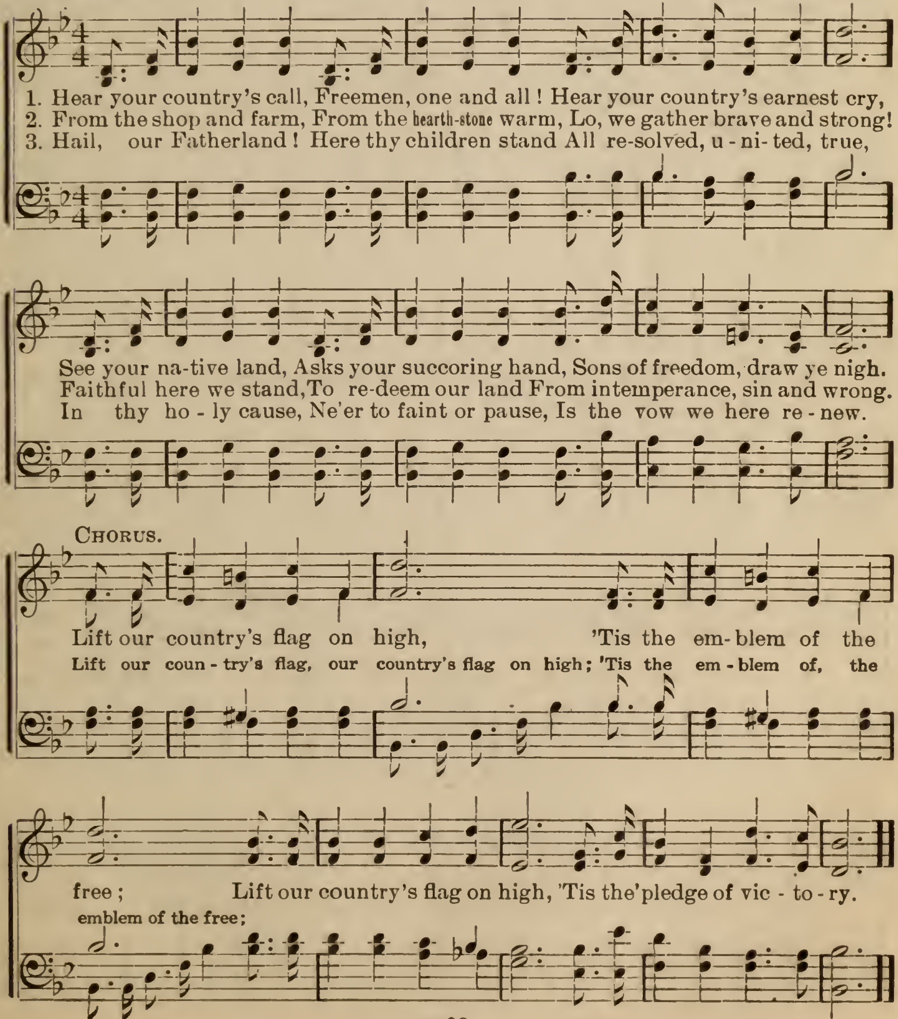

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread
o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. A - men.
Fine. Last verse only.
His arm
1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met is His sal-
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold - en
4 Then on-ward we march, our arms to prove, With the ban-ner of Christ be-
meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the
va - tion, Our ban - ner, the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our
Zi - on, For our Cap-tain has bro - ken the bra - zen gates, And
fore us, With His eye of love look-ing down from a-bove, And His

We march, we march to victory—Concluded


D.S.
sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We
watch-word, the In-car - na - tion, Our watchword, the In-car - na - tion.
burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.
ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

No. 99 Hear Your Country's Call

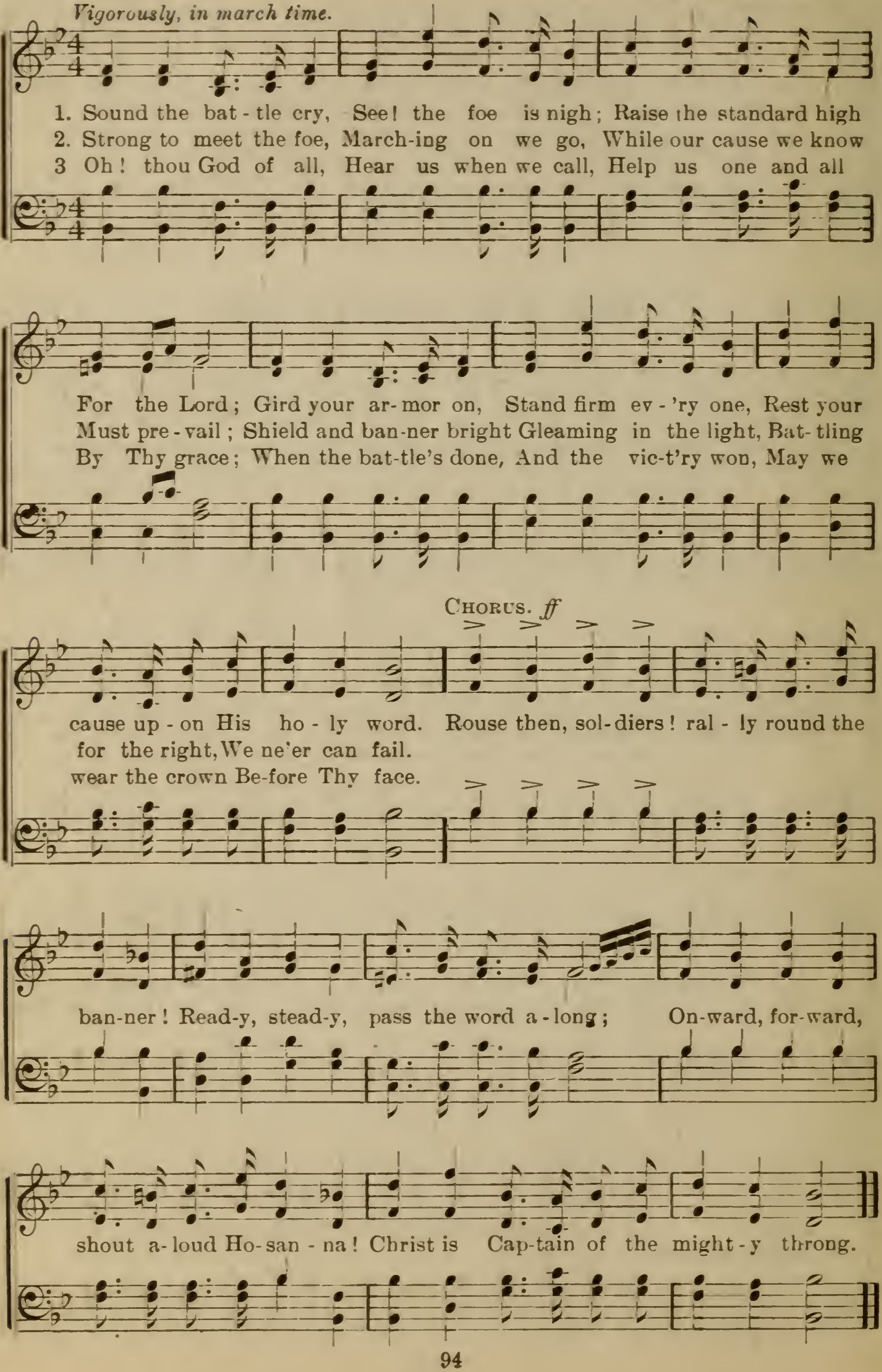
Unknown. Arr. from Abt.


1. Hear your country's call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry,
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we gather brave and strong!
3. Hail, our Fatherland! Here thy children stand All re-solved, u - ni- ted, true,
See your na-tive land, Asks your succoring hand, Sons of freedom, draw ye nigh.
Faithful here we stand, To re-deem our land From intemperance, sin and wrong.
In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to faint or pause, Is the vow we here re - new.
CHORUS.
Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the em-blem of the
Lift our coun - try's flag, our country's flag on high; 'Tis the em - blem of, the
free; Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the' pledge of vic - to - ry.
emblem of the free;

No. 100

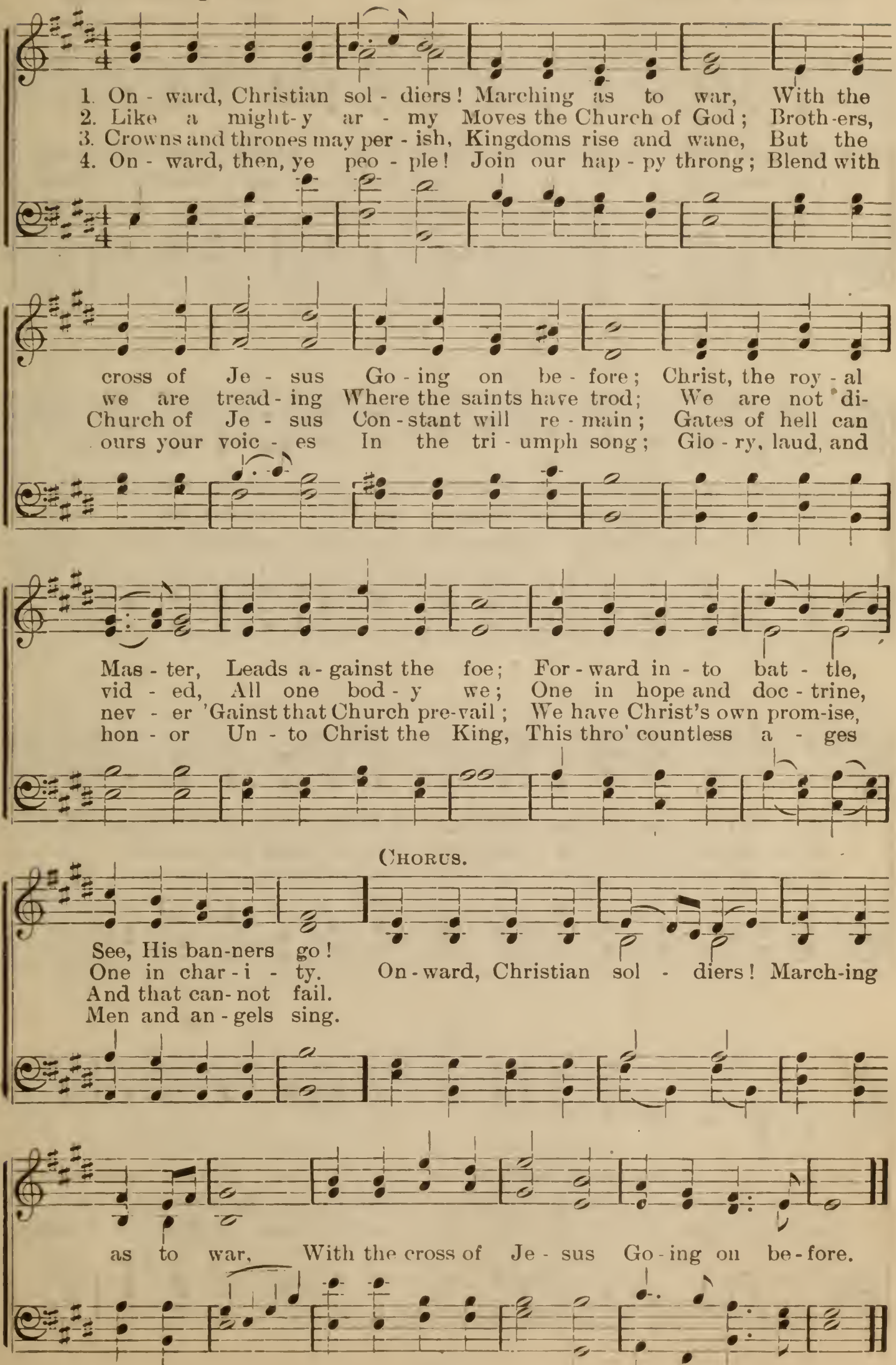
Sound the Battle Cry

Wm. F. Sherwin. By Per.


Vigorously, in march time.
1. Sound the bat-tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know
3 Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all
For the Lord; Gird your ar-mor on, Stand firm ev-'ry one, Rest your
Must pre-vail; Shield and ban-ner bright Gleaming in the light, Bat-tling
By Thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic-t'ry won, May we
cause up-on His ho-ly word.
for the right, We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Be-fore Thy face.
Chorus. ff
Rouse then, sol-diers! ral-ly round the ban-ner! Read-y, stead-y, pass the word a-long; On-ward, for-ward, shout a-loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might-y throng.

No. 101 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

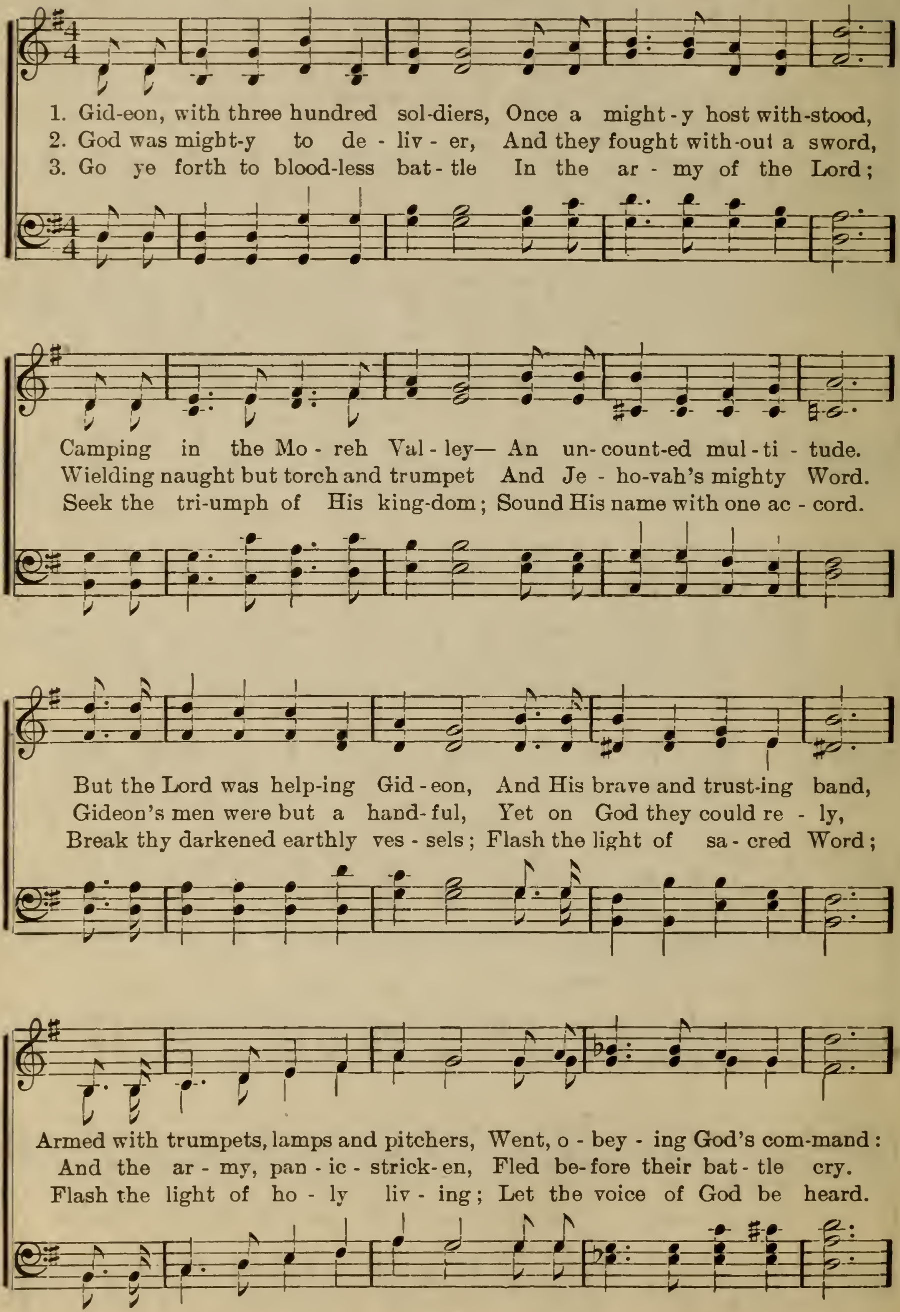
Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur S. Sullivan.


1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers,
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with
cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al
we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-
Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can
ours your voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and
Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle,
vid - ed, All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine,
nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise,
hon - or Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges
See, His ban - ners go!
One in char - i - ty.
And that can - not fail.
Men and an - gels sing.
Chorus.
On - ward, Christian sol - diers! March - ing
as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

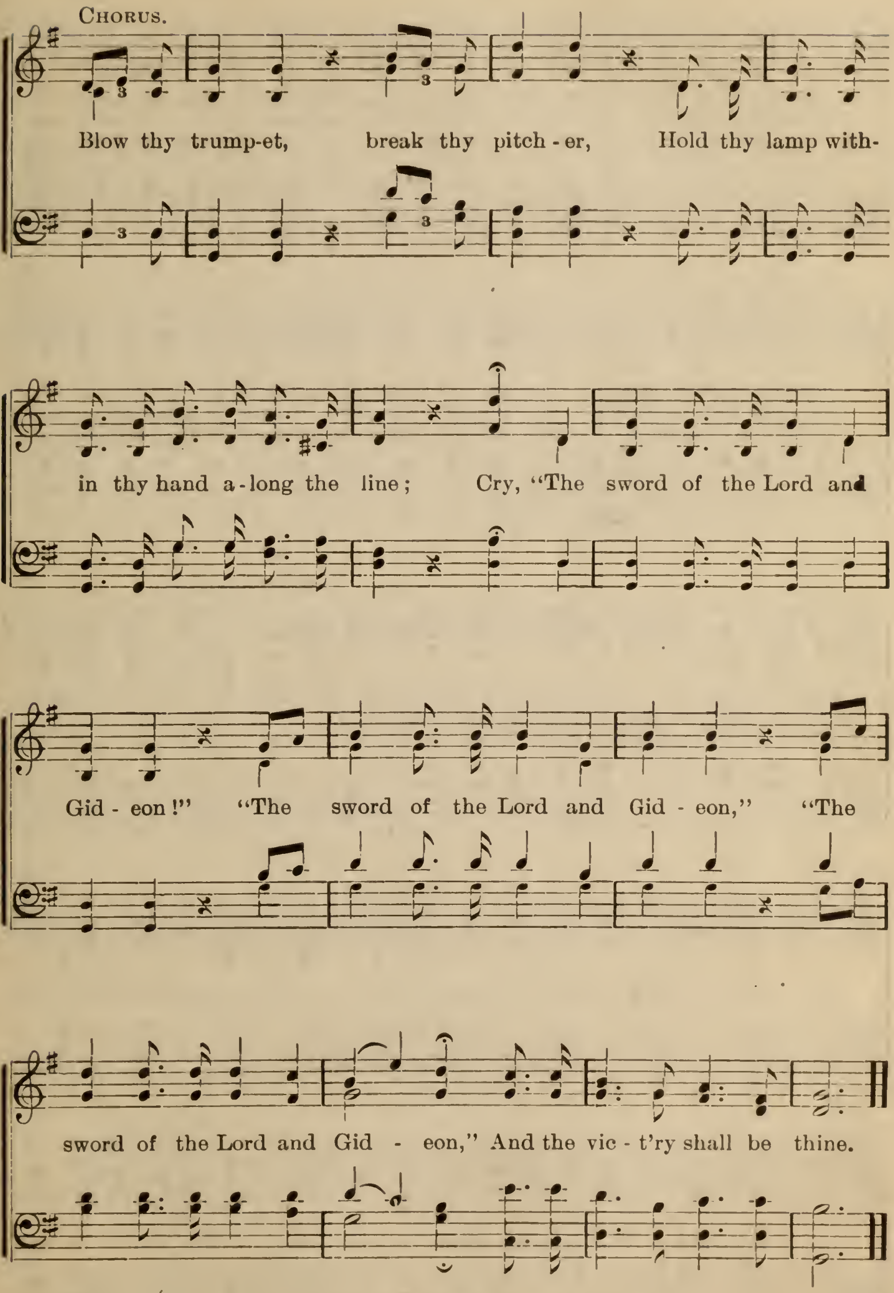
No. 102 The Sword of the Lord and Gideon

Judges 7: 19, 20.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Gid-eon, with three hundred sol-diers, Once a might-y host with-stood,
2. God was might-y to de - liv - er, And they fought with-out a sword,
3. Go ye forth to blood-less bat-tle In the ar - my of the Lord;
Camping in the Mo - reh Val - ley— An un-count-ed mul - ti - tude.
Wielding naught but torch and trumpet And Je - ho-vah's mighty Word.
Seek the tri-umph of His king-dom; Sound His name with one ac - cord.
But the Lord was help-ing Gid - eon, And His brave and trust-ing band,
Gideon's men were but a hand-ful, Yet on God they could re - ly,
Break thy darkened earthly ves - sels; Flash the light of sa - cred Word;
Armed with trumpets, lamps and pitchers, Went, o - bey - ing God's com-mand:
And the ar - my, pan - ic - strick-en, Fled be-fore their bat - tle cry.
Flash the light of ho - ly liv - ing; Let the voice of God be heard.

The Sword of the Lord and Gideon—Concluded


CHORUS.
Blow thy trump-et, break thy pitch - er, Hold thy lamp with-
in thy hand a - long the line; Cry, "The sword of the Lord and
Gid - eon!" "The sword of the Lord and Gid - eon," "The
sword of the Lord and Gid - eon," And the vic - t'ry shall be thine.

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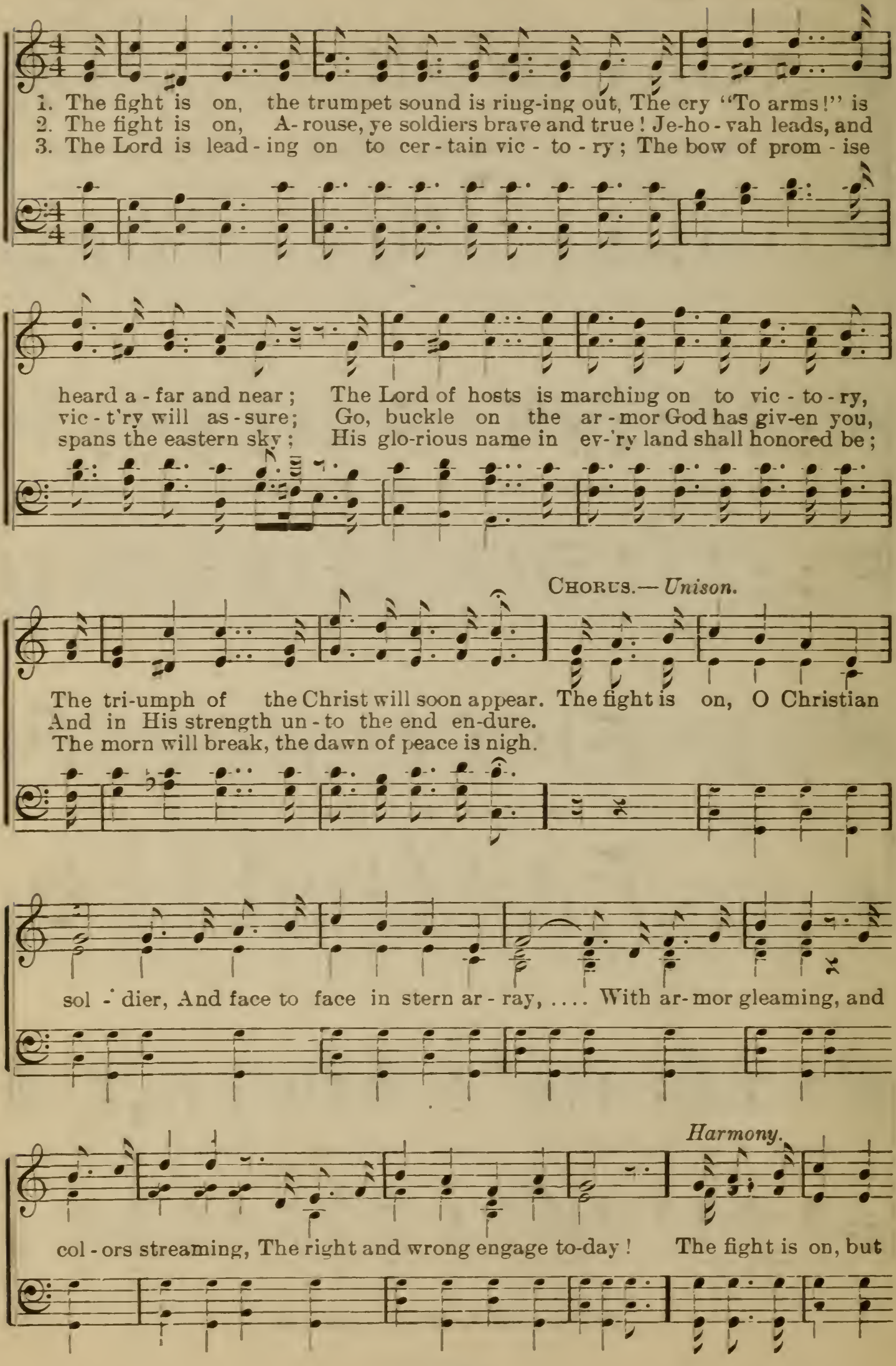
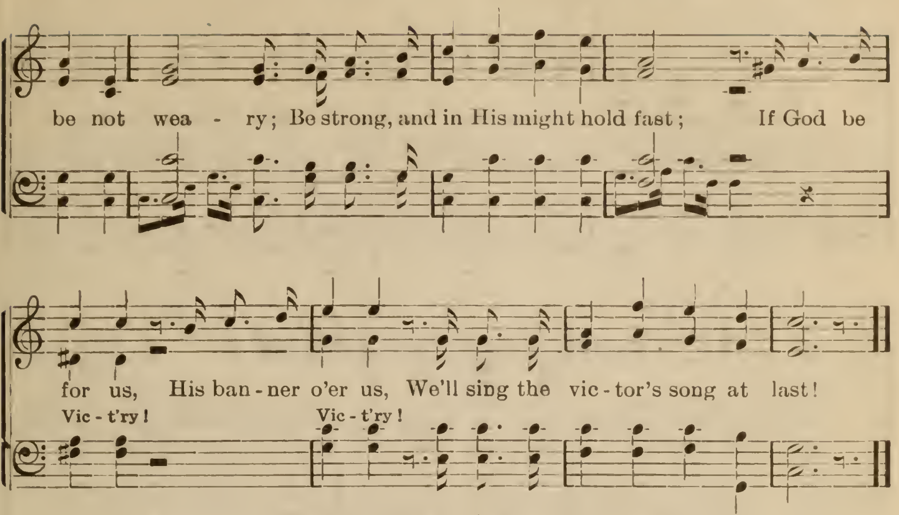
No. 103 The Fight Is On

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms!" is
2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of prom-ise
heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry,
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buckle on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,
spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be;
The tri-umph of the Christ will soon appear.
And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS.—Unison.
The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, ... With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!
Harmony.
The fight is on, but

The Fight Is On—Concluded


be not wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry!

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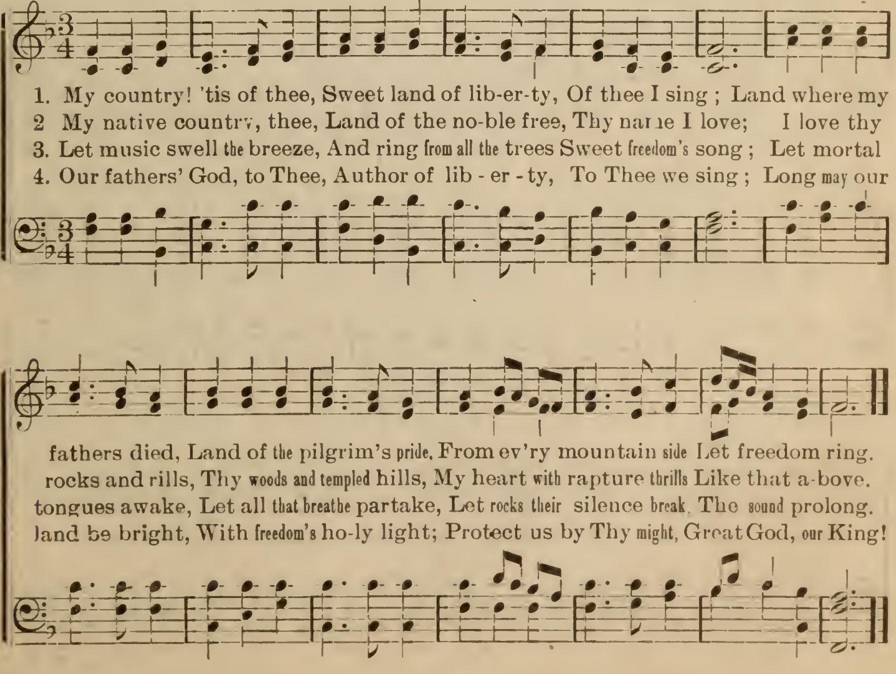
No. 104

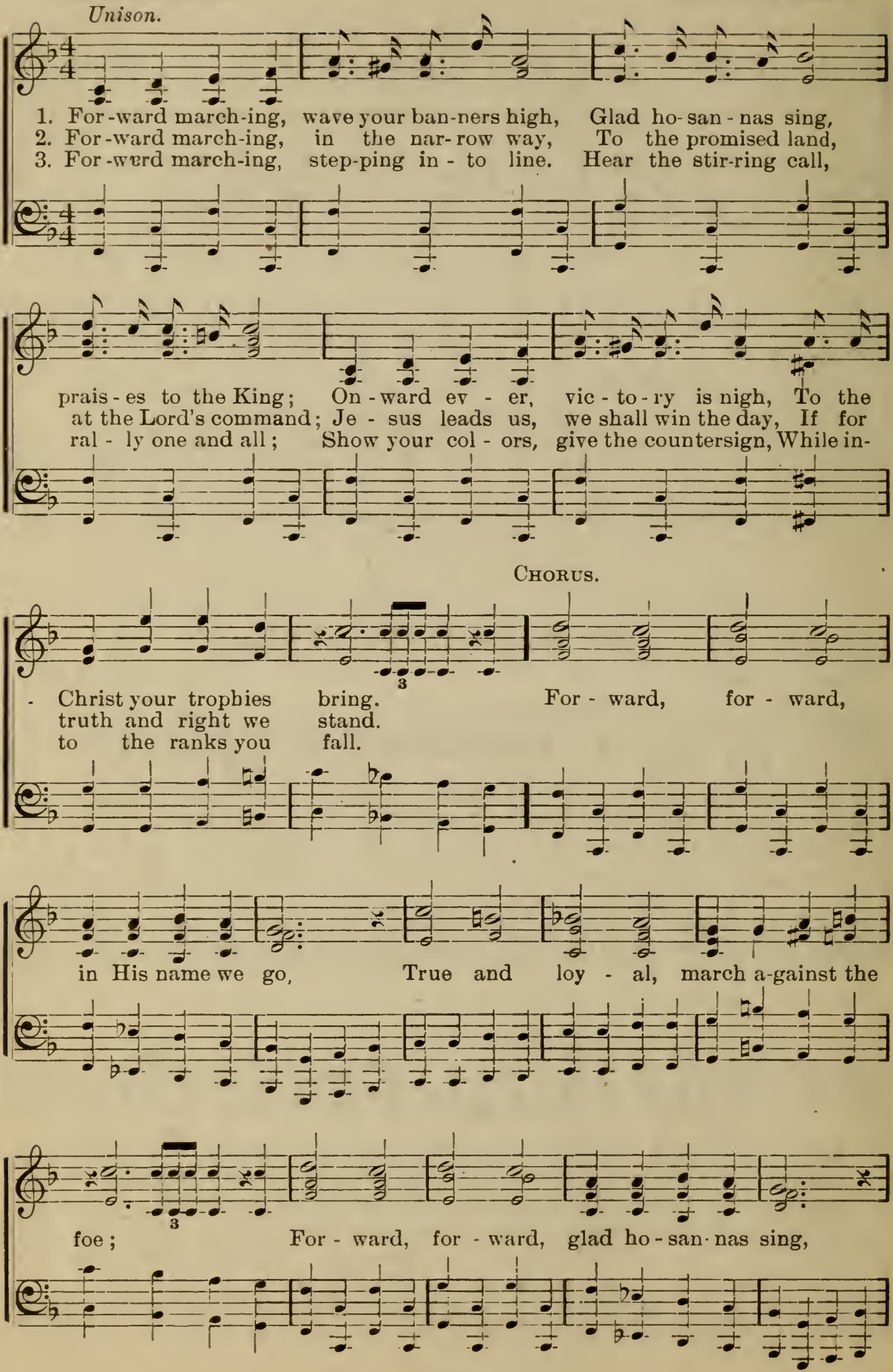
My Country! 'Tis of Thee

Samuel F. Smith. Henry Carey.

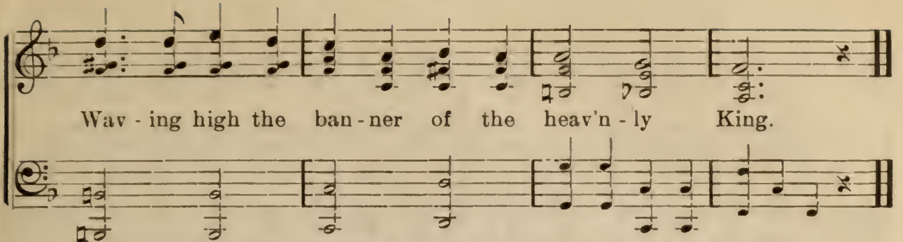

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
2 My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's ho-ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 105 Forward March

Lizzie DeArmond. Ira B. Wilson.


Unison.
1. For-ward march-ing, wave your ban-ners high, Glad ho-san-nas sing,
2. For-ward march-ing, in the nar-row way, To the promised land,
3. For-wrrd march-ing, step-ping in-to line. Hear the stir-ring call,
prais-es to the King; On-ward ev-er, vic-to-ry is nigh, To the
at the Lord's command; Je-sus leads us, we shall win the day, If for
ral-ly one and all; Show your col-ors, give the countersign, While in-
Christ your trophies bring.
truth and right we stand.
to the ranks you fall.
3
Chorus.
For-ward, for-ward,
in His name we go, True and loy-al, march a-gainst the
foe;
3
For-ward, for-ward, glad ho-san-nas sing,

Forward March—Concluded



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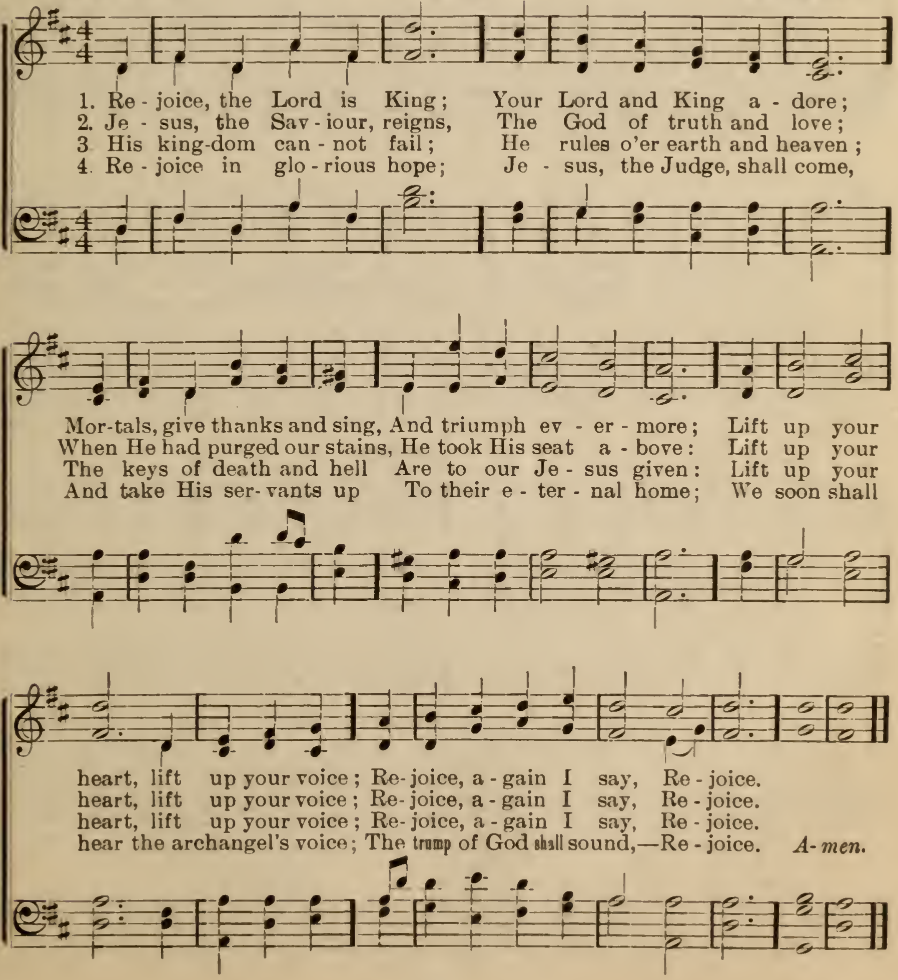
No. 106

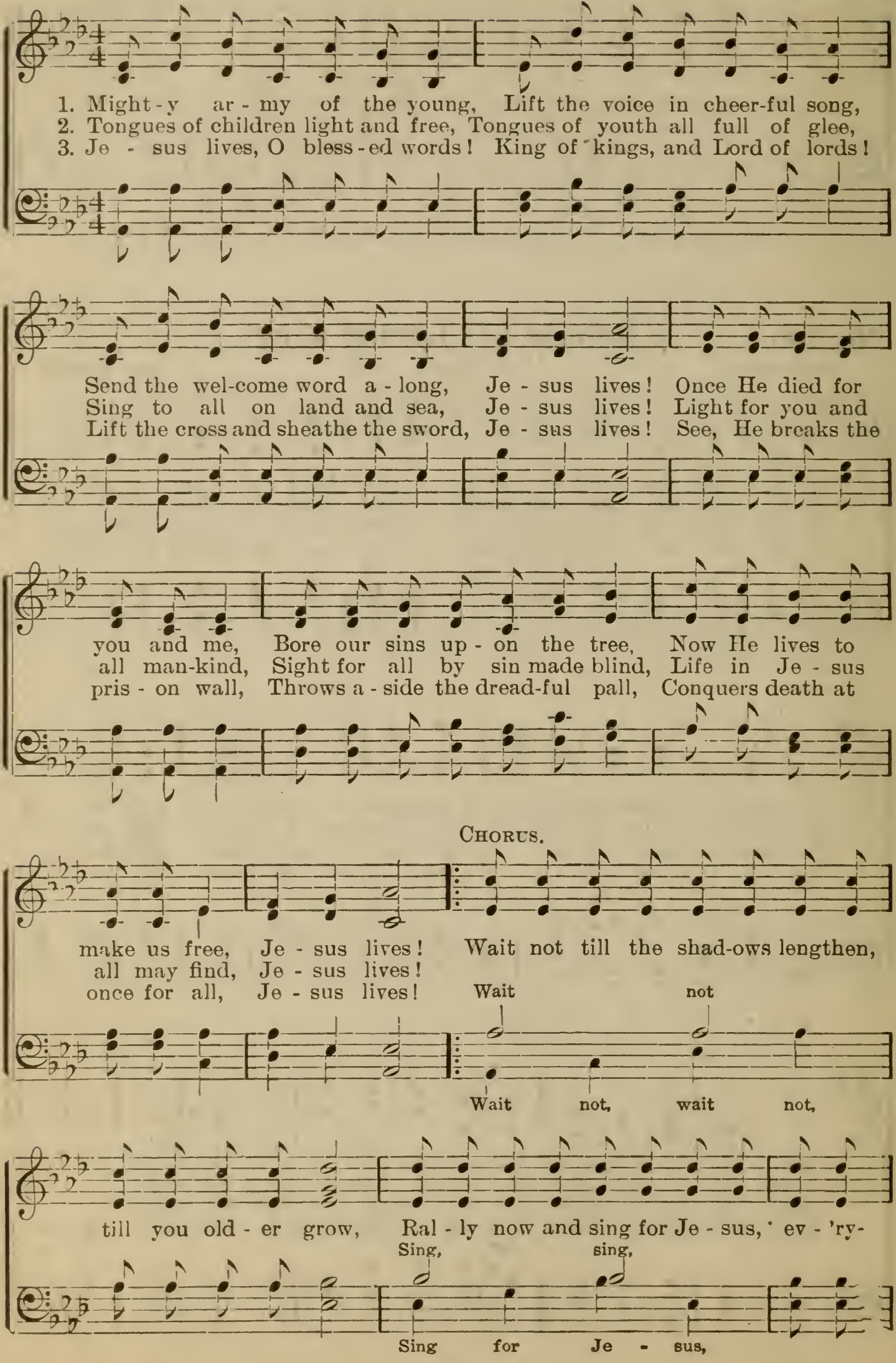
Rejoice, the Lord is King!

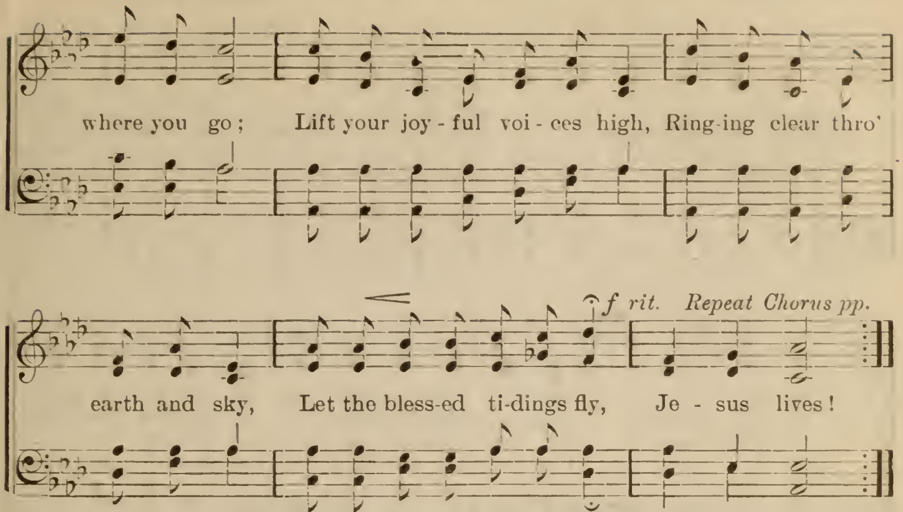
Charles Wesley. (Darwall.) John Darwall.


1. Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore;
2. Je - sus, the Sav - iour, reigns, The God of truth and love;
3 His king-dom can - not fail; He rules o'er earth and heaven;
4. Re - joice in glo - rious hope; Je - sus, the Judge, shall come,
Mor-tals, give thanks and sing, And triumph ev - er - more; Lift up your
When He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove: Lift up your
The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given: Lift up your
And take His ser-vants up To their e - ter - nal home; We soon shall
heart, lift up your voice; Re-joice, a - gain I say, Re - joice.
heart, lift up your voice; Re-joice, a - gain I say, Re - joice.
heart, lift up your voice; Re-joice, a - gain I say, Re - joice.
hear the archangel's voice; The trump of God shall sound,—Re - joice. A-men.

No. 107 Mighty Army of the Young

John R. Colgan. A. F. Myers.


1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives, O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Send the wel-come word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and
Lift the cross and sheathe the sword, Je-sus lives! See, He breaks the
you and me, Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now He lives to
all man-kind, Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je-sus
pris-on wall, Throws a-side the dread-ful pall, Conquers death at
make us free, Je-sus lives!
all may find, Je-sus lives!
once for all, Je-sus lives!
Chorus.
Wait not till the shad-ows lengthen,
Wait not
Wait not, wait not,
till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now and sing for Je-sus, ev-'ry-
Sing, sing,
Sing for Je-sus,


where you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high, Ring-ing clear thro'
earth and sky, Let the bless-ed ti-dings fly, Je-sus lives!
f rit. Repeat Chorus pp.

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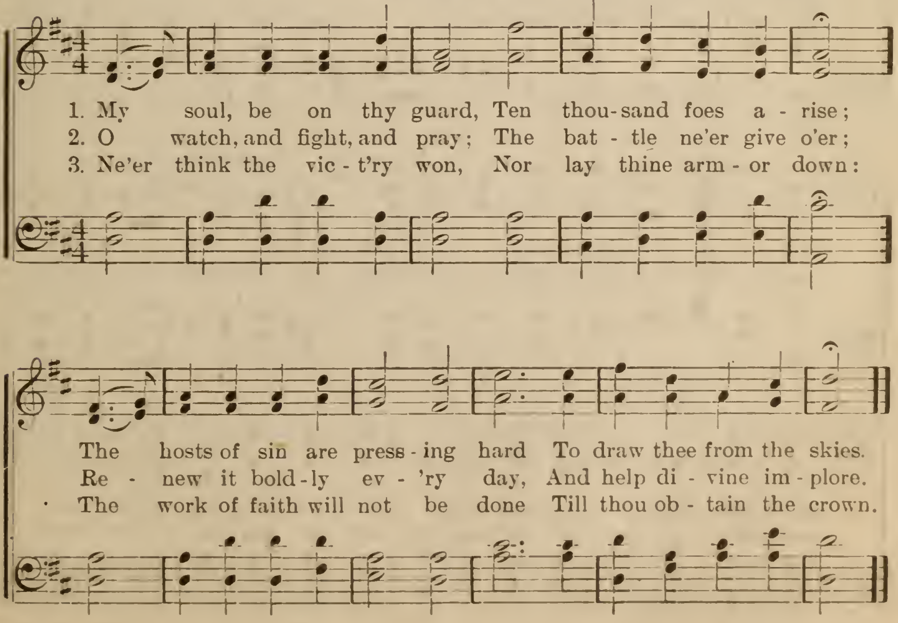
No. 108

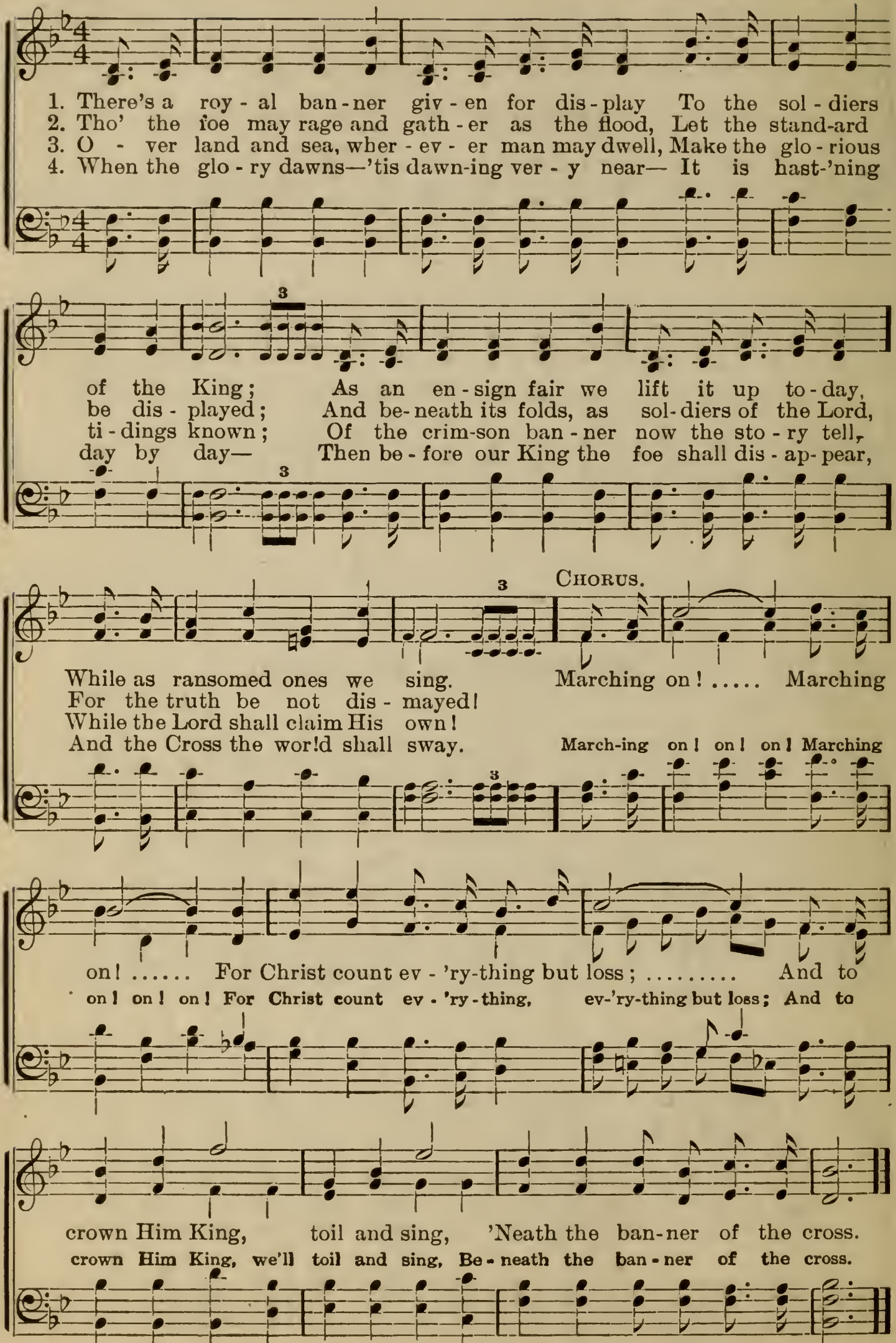
My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

Geo. Heath. (Laban. S. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a-rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm-or down:
The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob-tain the crown.

No. 109 The Banner of the Cross

El Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day, While as ransomed ones we sing.
2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand-ard be dis - played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord, For the truth be not dis - mayed!
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell, While the Lord shall claim His own!
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis dawn - ing ver - y near— It is hast-'ning day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear, And the Cross the world shall sway.
Chorus.
Marching on! ..... Marching on! ...... For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss; .... And to crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross.
March - ing on! on! on! Marching on! on! on! For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss; And to crown Him King, we'll toil and sing, Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross.

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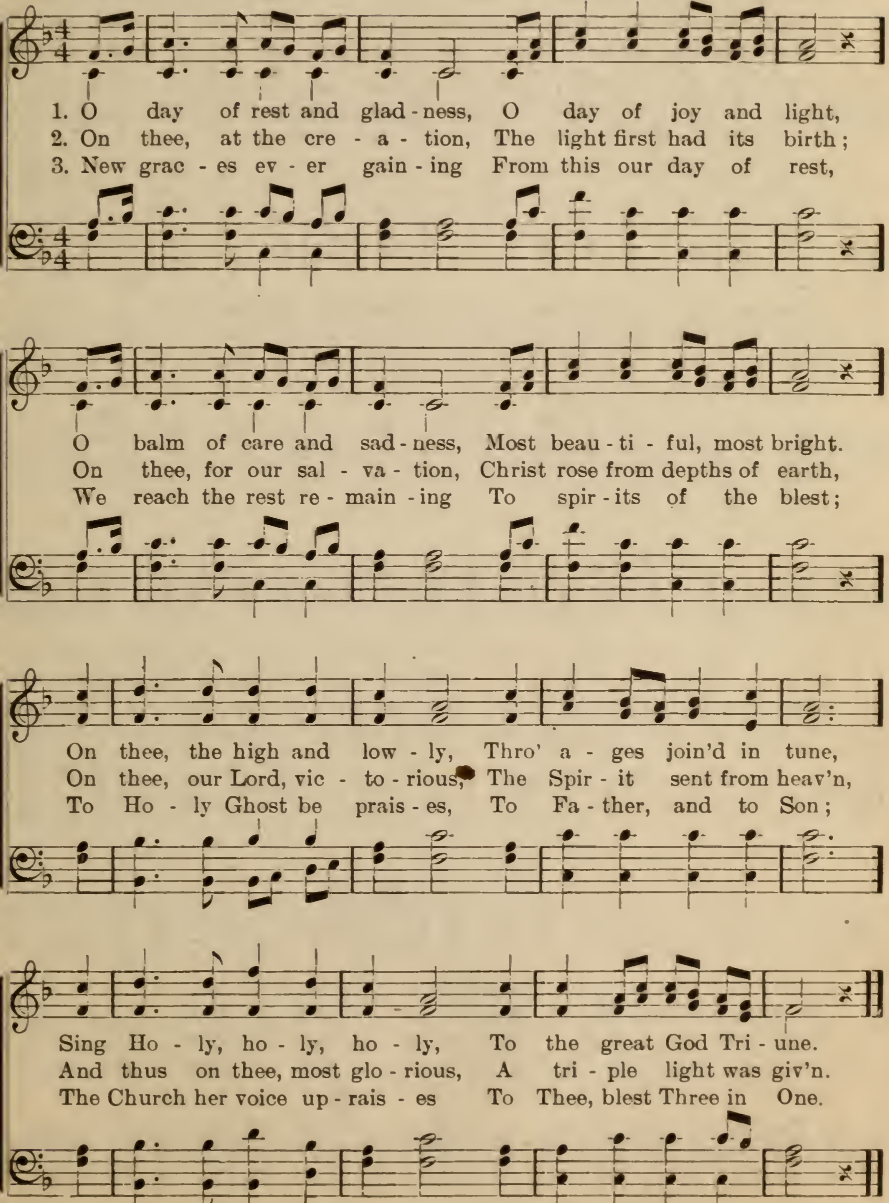
VIII. LORD'S DAY

No. 110 O Day of Rest

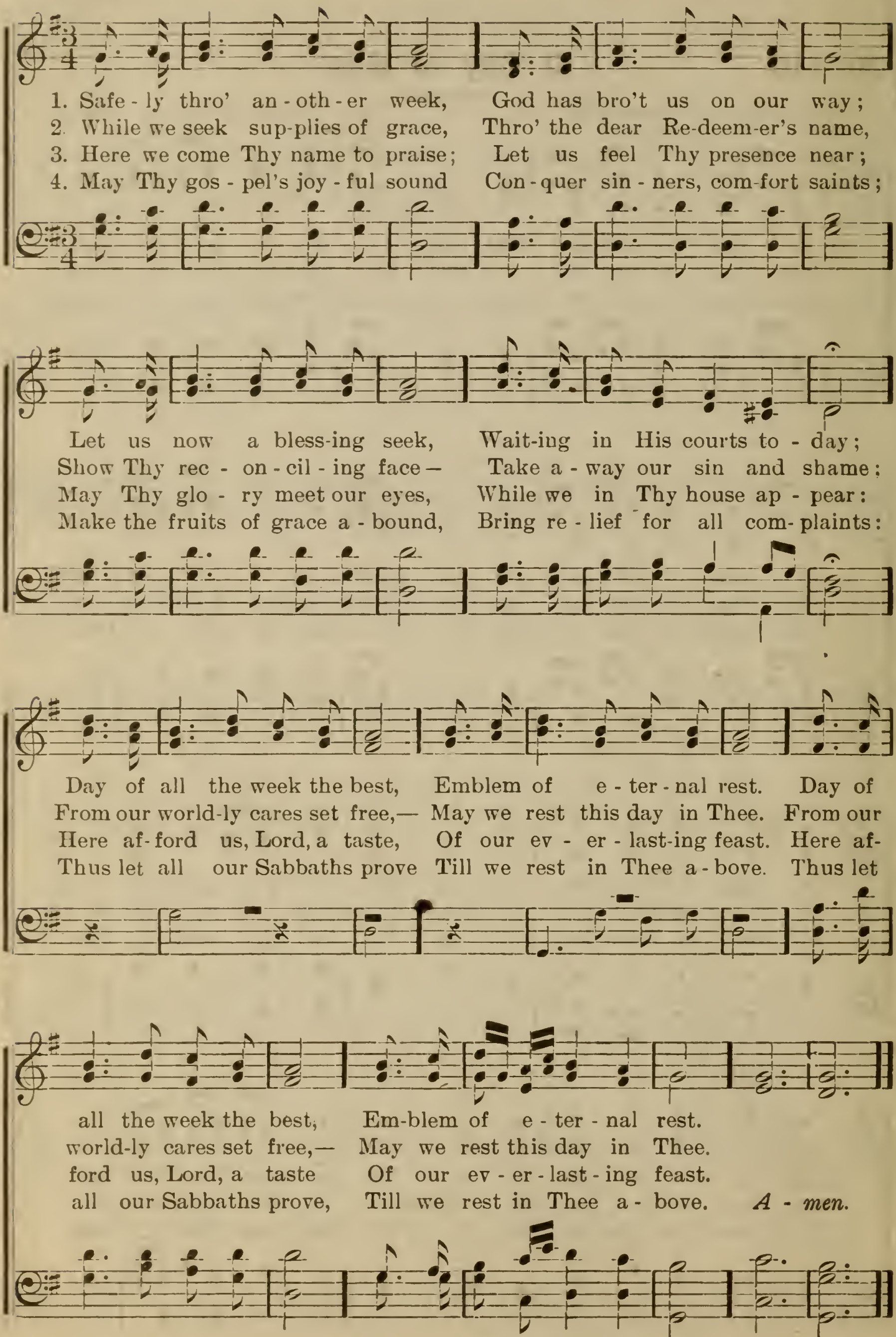
Sabbath.

Christopher Wordsworth. Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright.
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest;
On thee, the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges join'd in tune,
On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heav'n,
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;
Sing Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.
And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was giv'n.
The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.

No. 111 Safely Through Another Week

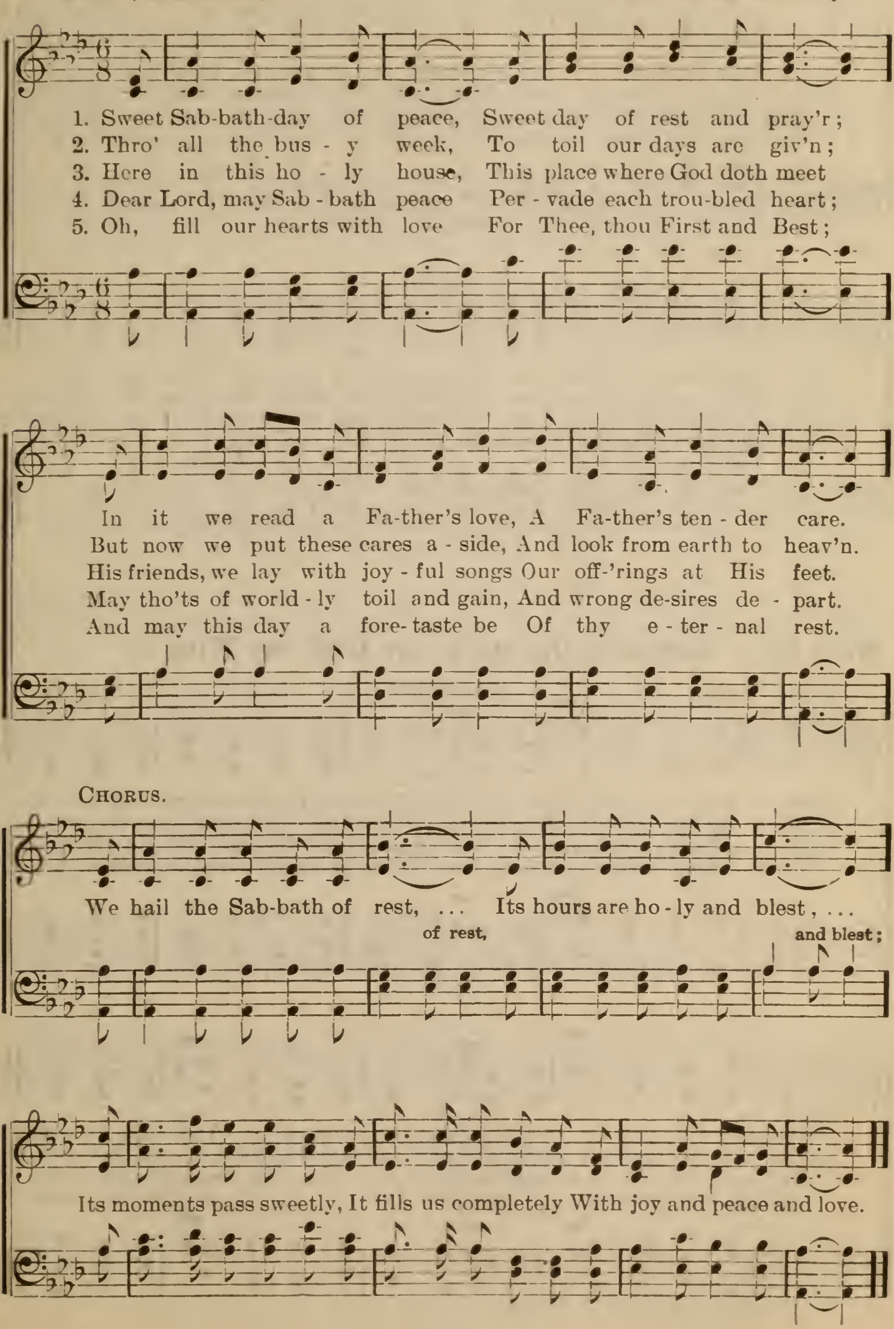
John Newton. Lowell Mason.


1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way;
2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face — Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com- plaints:
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest. Day of
From our world-ly cares set free,— May we rest this day in Thee. From our
Here af- ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er - last-ing feast. Here af-
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove Till we rest in Thee a - bove. Thus let
all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world-ly cares set free,— May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove. A - men.

No. 112 Sweet Sabbath-Day of Peace

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—Isa. 58: 13.

Maud (Anna Share). Rev. W. M. Weekley.



1. Sweet Sabbath-day of peace, Sweet day of rest and pray'r;
In it we read a Father's love, A Father's tender care.

2. Thro' all the busy week, To toil our days are giv'n;
But now we put these cares aside, And look from earth to heav'n.

3. Here in this holy house, This place where God doth meet
His friends, we lay with joyful songs Our off'rings at His feet.

4. Dear Lord, may Sabbath peace Pervade each troubled heart;
May tho'ts of worldly toil and gain, And wrong desires depart.

5. Oh, fill our hearts with love For Thee, thou First and Best;
And may this day a foretaste be Of thy eternal rest.

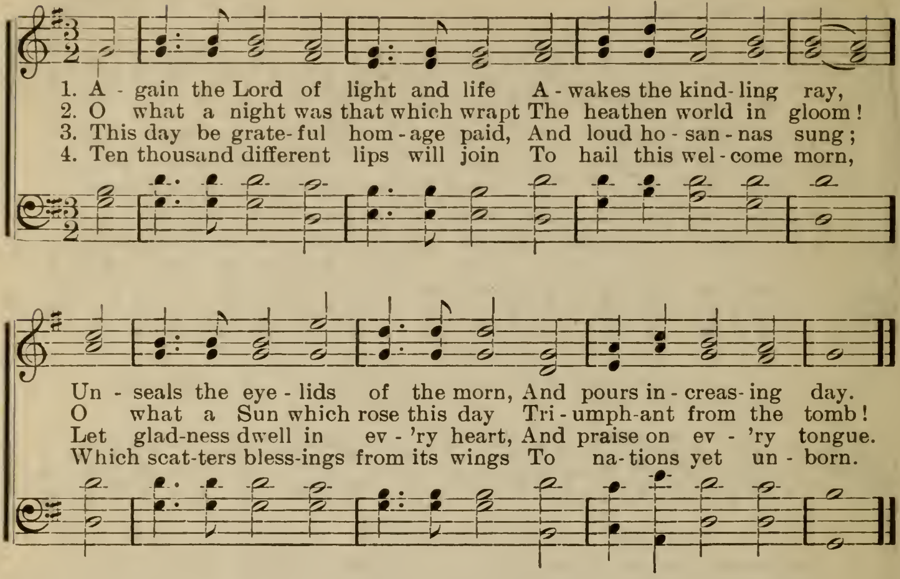
CHORUS.

We hail the Sabbath of rest, ... of rest,
Its hours are holy and blest, ... and blest;
Its moments pass sweetly, It fills us completely
With joy and peace and love.

No. 113 Again the Lord of Light and Life

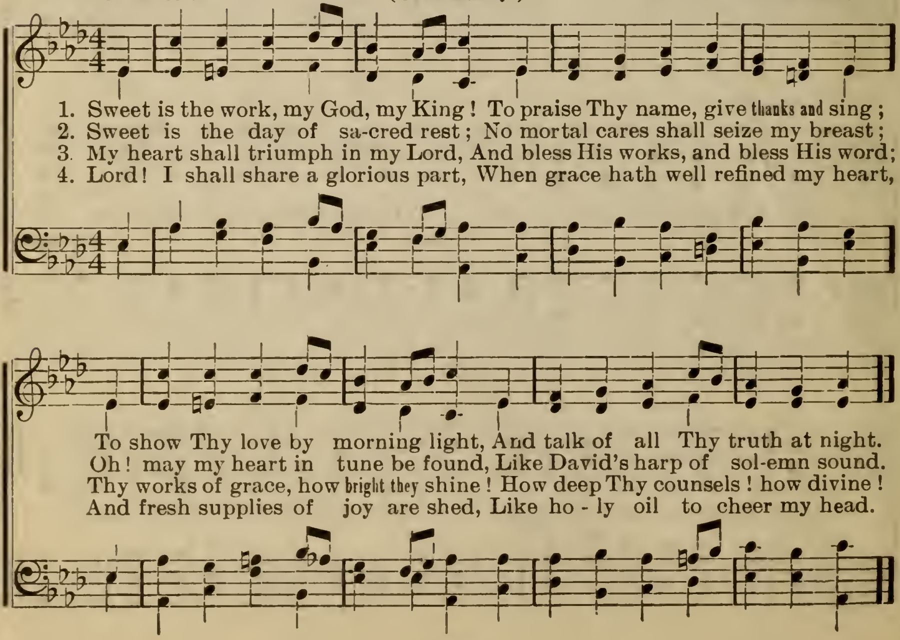
Arlington.

Anna L. Barbauld. Thomas A. Arne.


1. A - gain the Lord of light and life A - wakes the kind- ling ray,
2. O what a night was that which wrapt The heathen world in gloom!
3. This day be grate- ful hom - age paid, And loud ho - san - nas sung;
4. Ten thousand different lips will join To hail this wel - come morn,
Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours in - creas- ing day.
O what a Sun which rose this day Tri - umph-ant from the tomb!
Let glad-ness dwell in ev - 'ry heart, And praise on ev - 'ry tongue.
Which scat-ters bless-ings from its wings To na- tions yet un - born.

No. 114 Sweet is the work, my God, my King!

Isaac Watts. (Canonbury.) Arr. fr. Schumann.

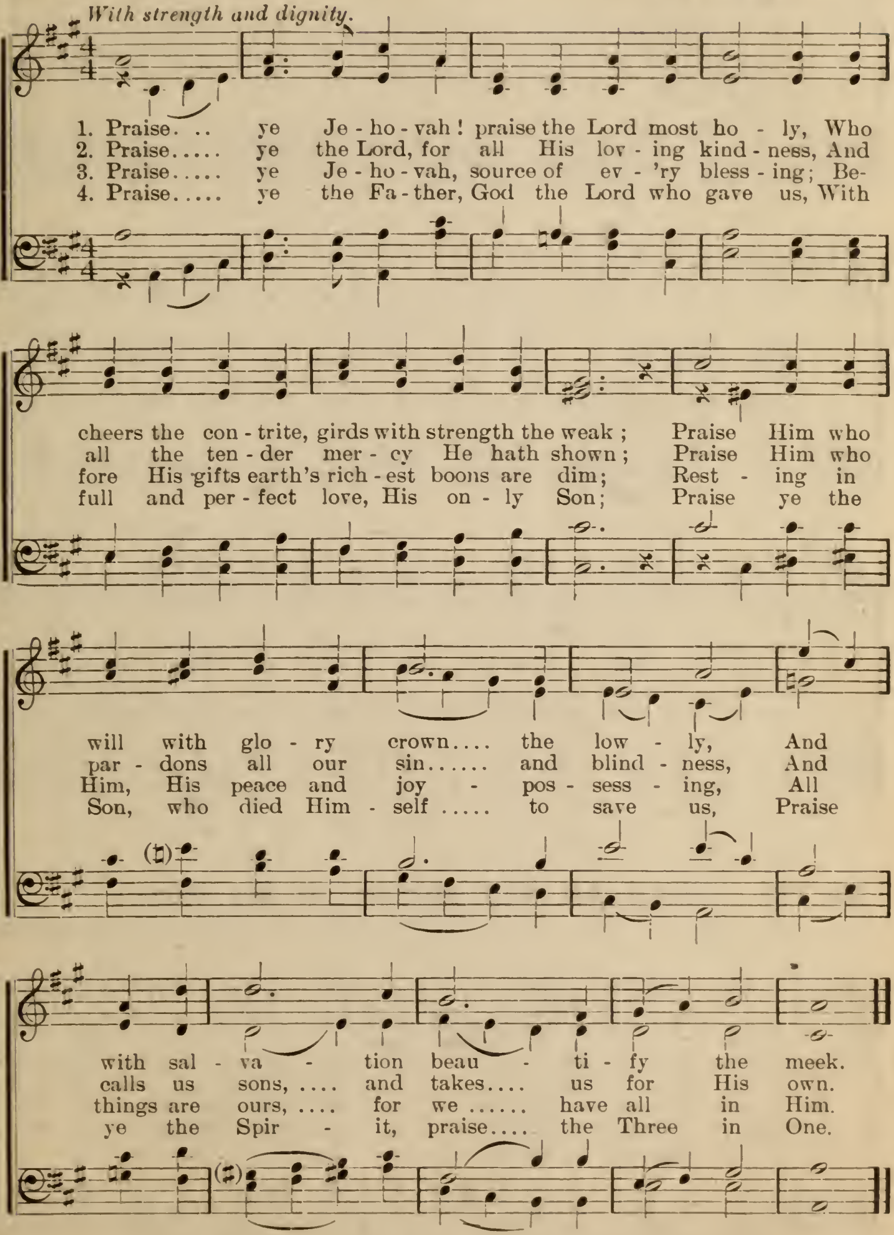

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King! To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;
4. Lord! I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart,
To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol-emn sound.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil to cheer my head.

IX. WORSHIP

No. 115

A Hymn of Praise

M. Cockburn-Campbell. H. L. Baumgartner.


With strength and dignity.
1. Praise. .. ye Je - ho - vah! praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who
2. Praise..... ye the Lord, for all His lov - ing kind - ness, And
3. Praise..... ye Je - ho - vah, source of ev - 'ry bless - ing; Be-
4. Praise..... ye the Fa - ther, God the Lord who gave us, With
cheers the con - trite, girds with strength the weak; Praise Him who
all the ten - der mer - cy He hath shown; Praise Him who
fore His gifts earth's rich - est boons are dim; Rest - ing in
full and per - fect love, His on - ly Son; Praise ye the
will with glo - ry crown.... the low - ly, And
par - dons all our sin...... and blind - ness, And
Him, His peace and joy - pos - sess - ing, All
Son, who died Him - self ..... to save us, Praise
with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek.
calls us sons, ... and takes.... us for His own.
things are ours, ... for we ...... have all in Him.
ye the Spir - it, praise.... the Three in One.

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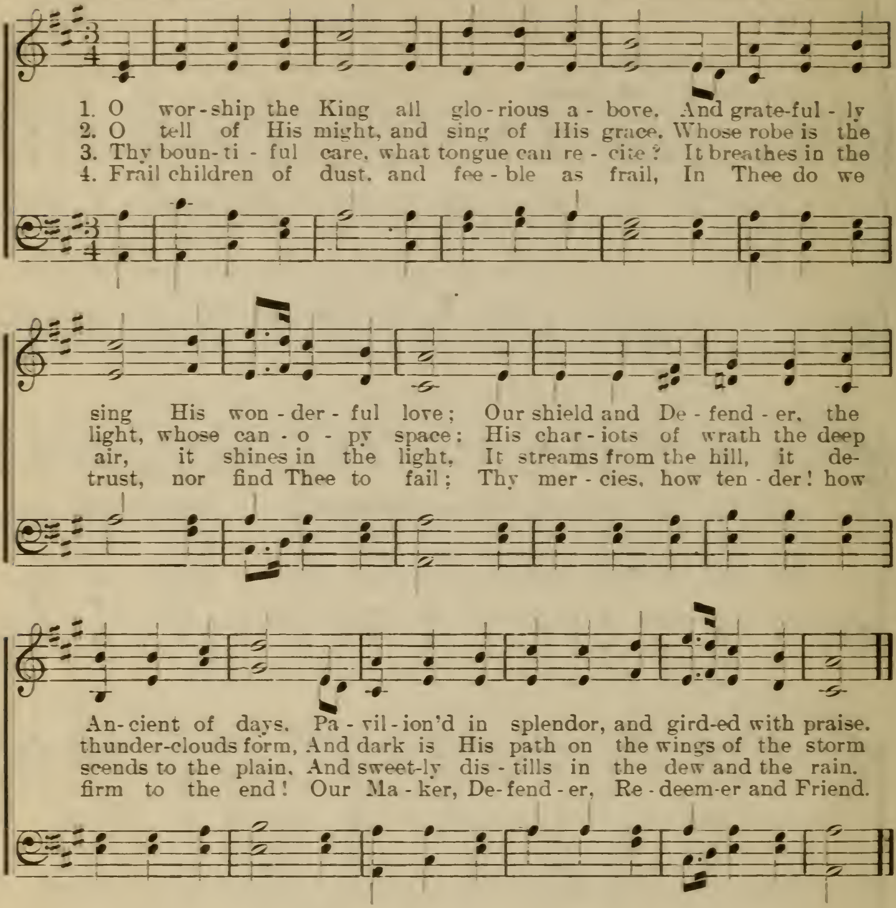
No. 116 O Worship the King

Introit.

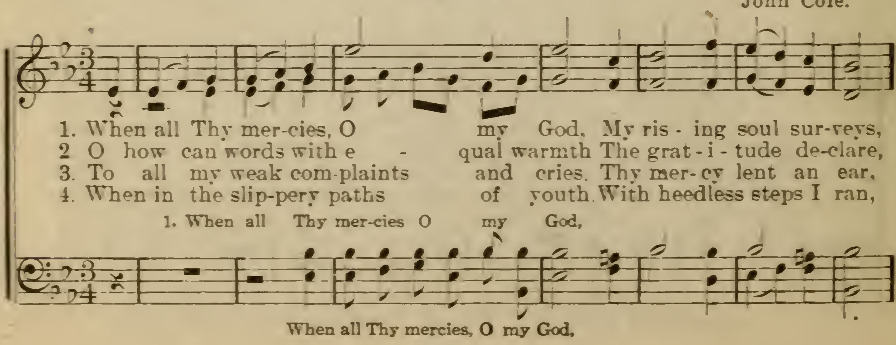
Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.

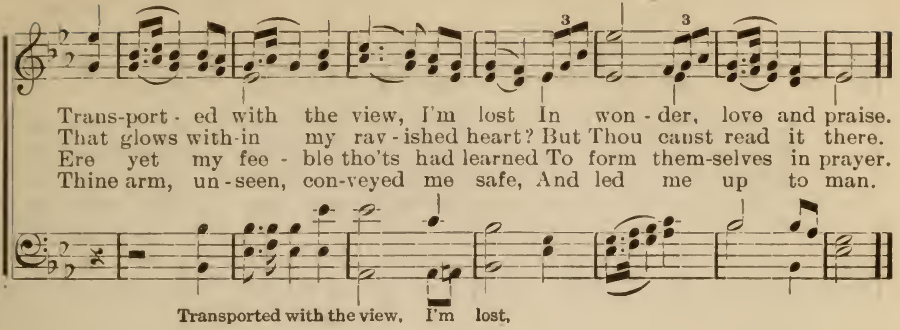

1. O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a-bove. And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace. Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der-ful love; Our shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space: His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hill, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der! how
An-cient of days. Pa-vil-ion'd in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm
scends to the plain. And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma-ker, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er and Friend.

No. 117 When All Thy Mercies, O My God

Geneva.

John Cole.

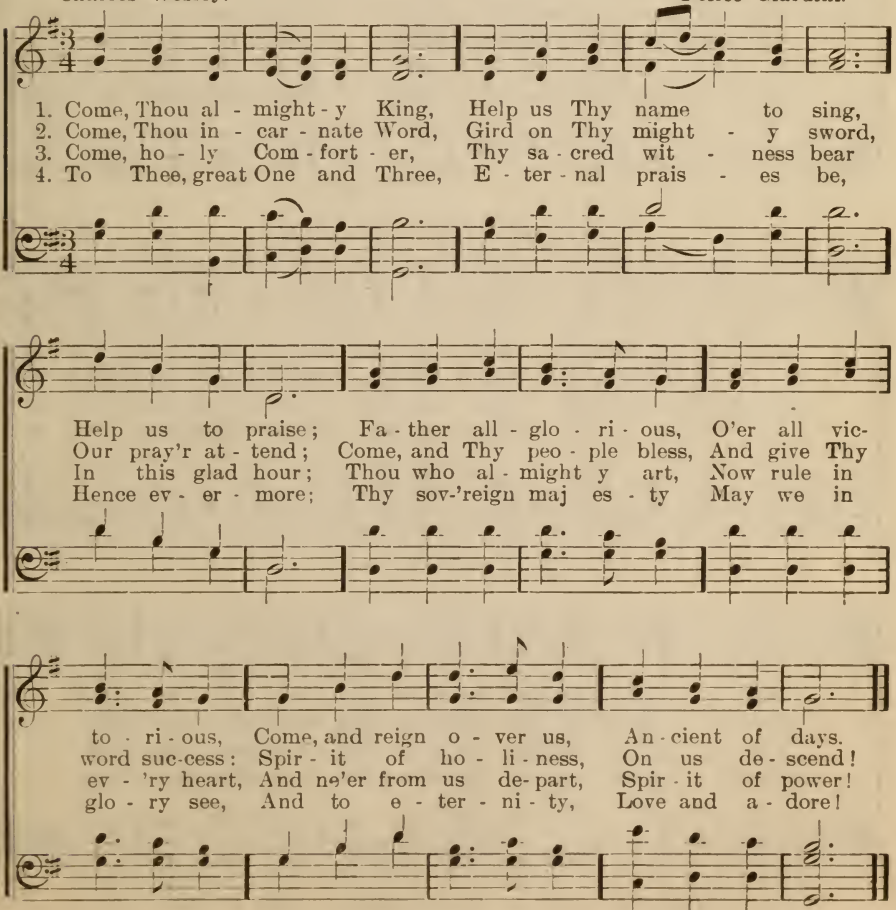

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
2 O how can words with e-qual warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare,
3. To all my weak com-plaints and cries, Thy mer-cy lent an ear,
4. When in the slip-pery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran,
1. When all Thy mer-cies O my God,
When all Thy mercies, O my God,


Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
That glows with-in my rav - ished heart? But Thou canst read it there.
Ere yet my fee - ble tho'ts had learned To form them-selves in prayer.
Thine arm, un - seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
3
3

No. 118

Italian Hymn

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

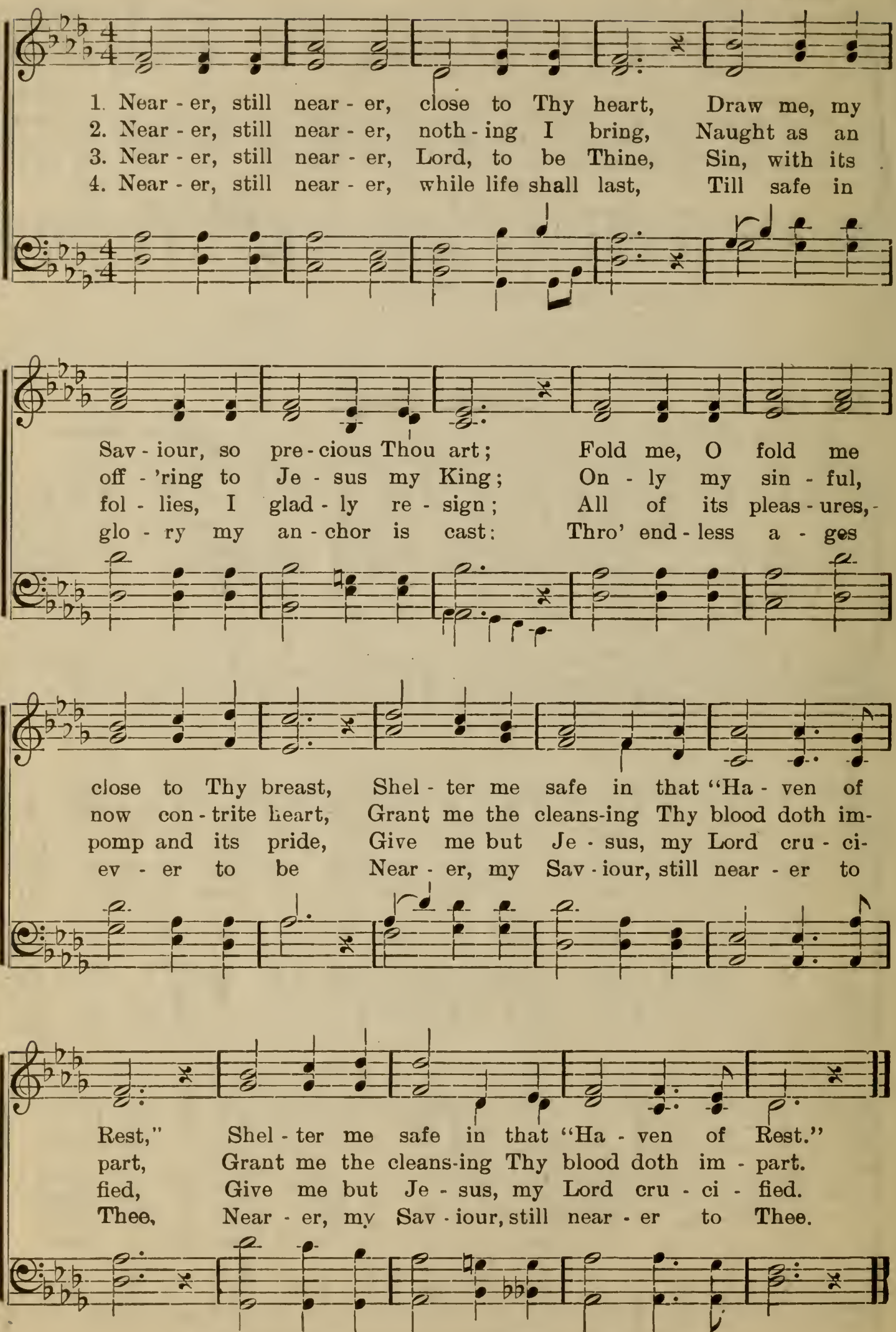

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To Thee, great One and Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be,
Help us to praise; Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour; Thou who al - might y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov-'reign maj es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore!

No. 119

Nearer, Still Nearer

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in
Sav - iour, so pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me
off - 'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures,-
glo - ry my an - chor is cast: Thro' end - less a - ges
close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of
now con - trite heart, Grant me the cleans-ing Thy blood doth im-
pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci-
ev - er to be Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to
Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
part, Grant me the cleans-ing Thy blood doth im - part.
fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Thee, Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee.

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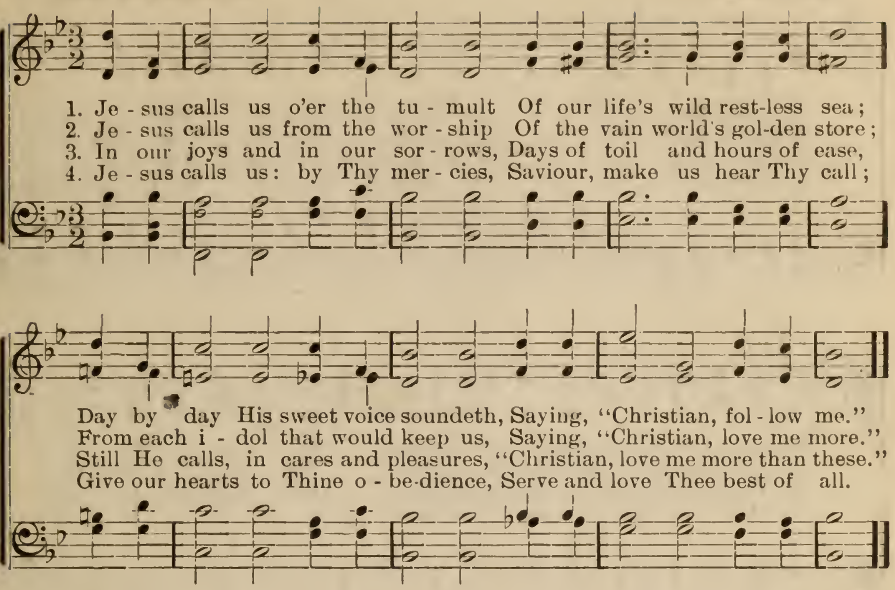
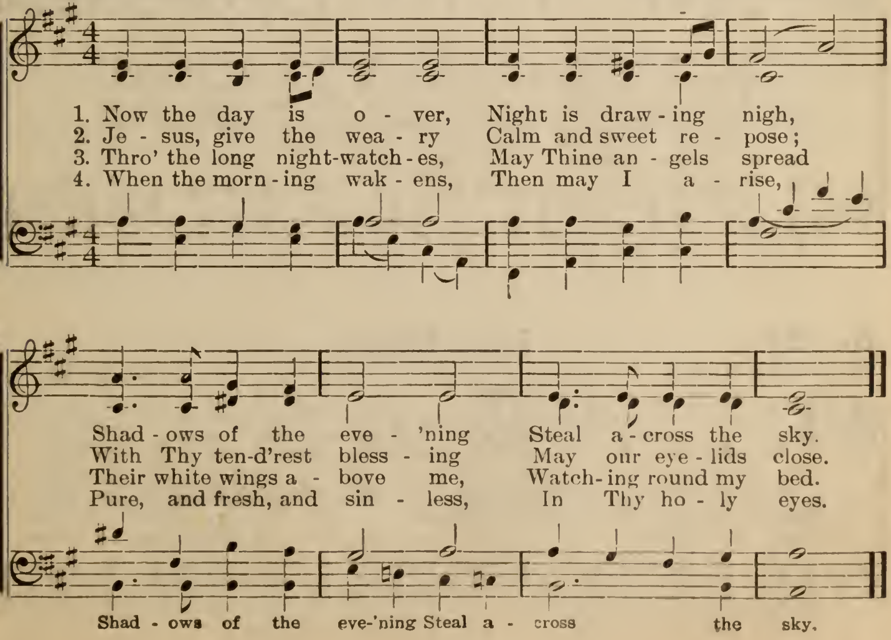
No. 120 Jesus Calls Us

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.


1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gol-den store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Saviour, make us hear Thy call;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol - low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

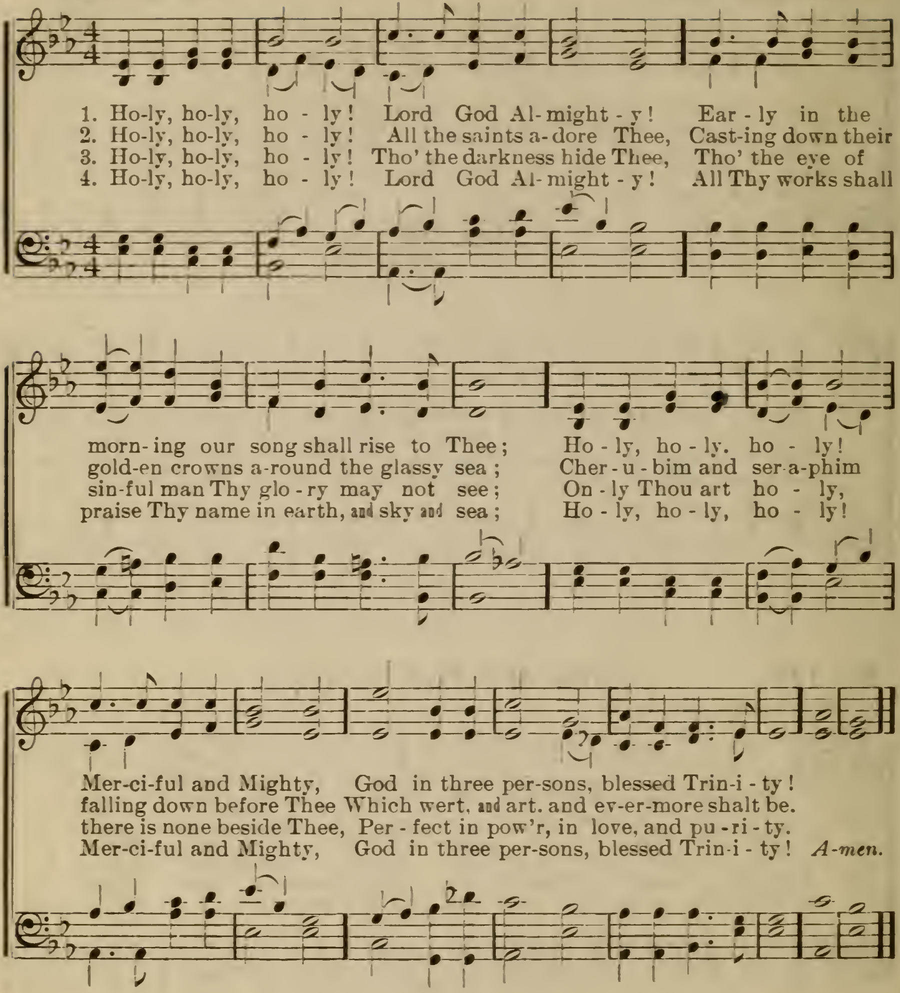
No. 121 Now the Day Is Over

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.
Shad - ows of the eve-'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

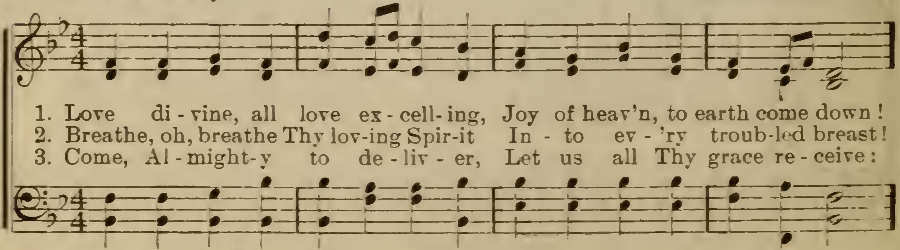
No. 122 Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber. J. B. Dykes.

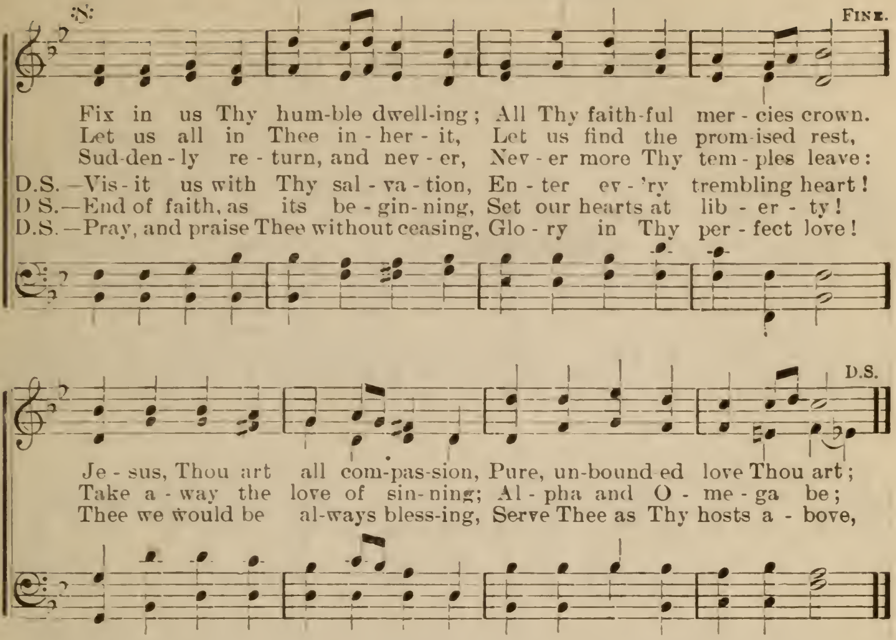

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glassy sea; Cher - u - bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
Mer-ci-ful and Mighty, God in three per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
falling down before Thee Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer-ci-ful and Mighty, God in three per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-men.

No. 123 Love Divine

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell- ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al - might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive:

Love Divine — Concluded

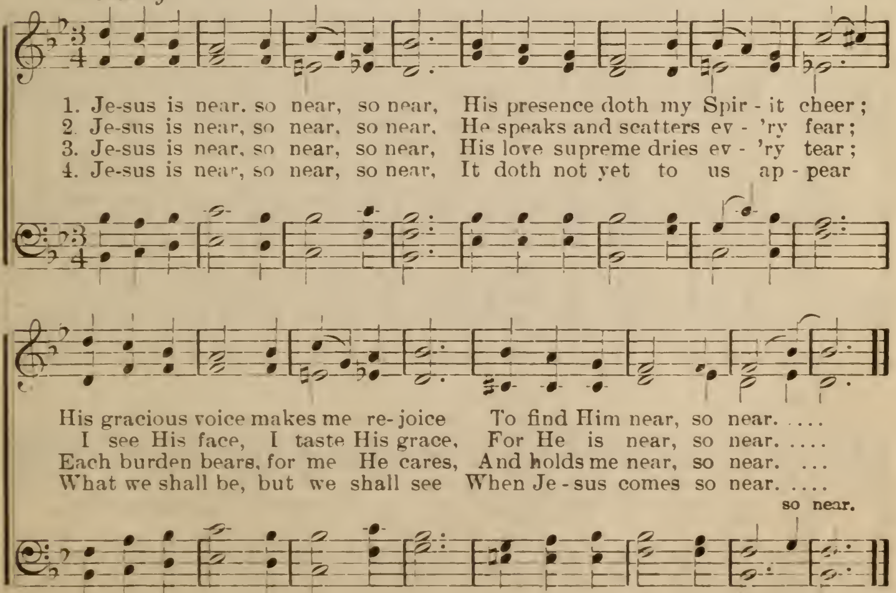

Fine.
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom-ised rest,
Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave:
D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!
D.S.—End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
D.S.—Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love!
D.S.
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,

No. 124

Jesus Near

Wm. H. Clark. Powell G. Fithian.

Tenderly.


1. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, His presence doth my Spir - it cheer;
2. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, He speaks and scatters ev - 'ry fear;
3. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, His love supreme dries ev - 'ry tear;
4. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, It doth not yet to us ap - pear
His gracious voice makes me re-joice To find Him near, so near. ....
I see His face, I taste His grace, For He is near, so near. ....
Each burden bears, for me He cares, And holds me near, so near. ...
What we shall be, but we shall see When Je - sus comes so near. ....
so near.

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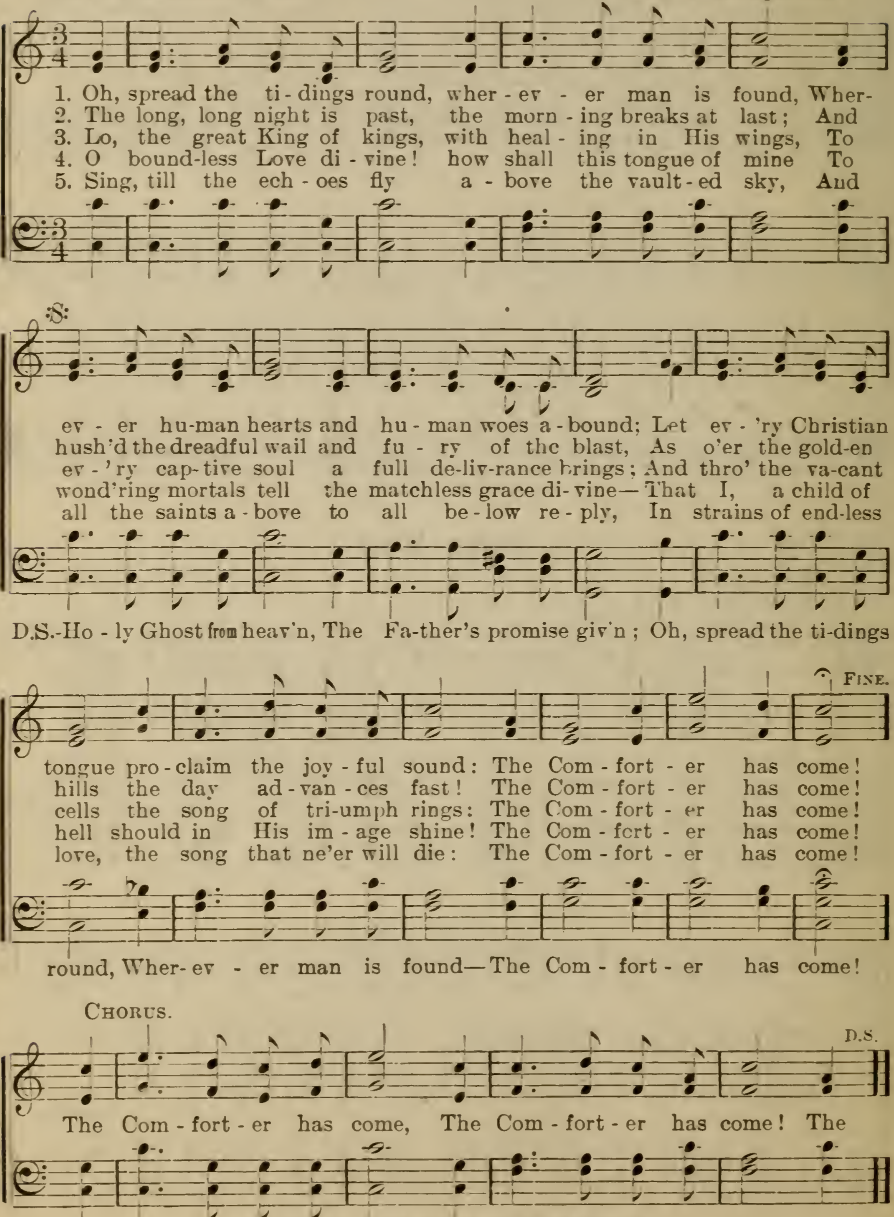
X. HOLY SPIRIT

No. 125 The Comforter Has Come!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And
ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine— That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less
D.S.-Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings
tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!
round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!
Fine.
Chorus.
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The
D.S.

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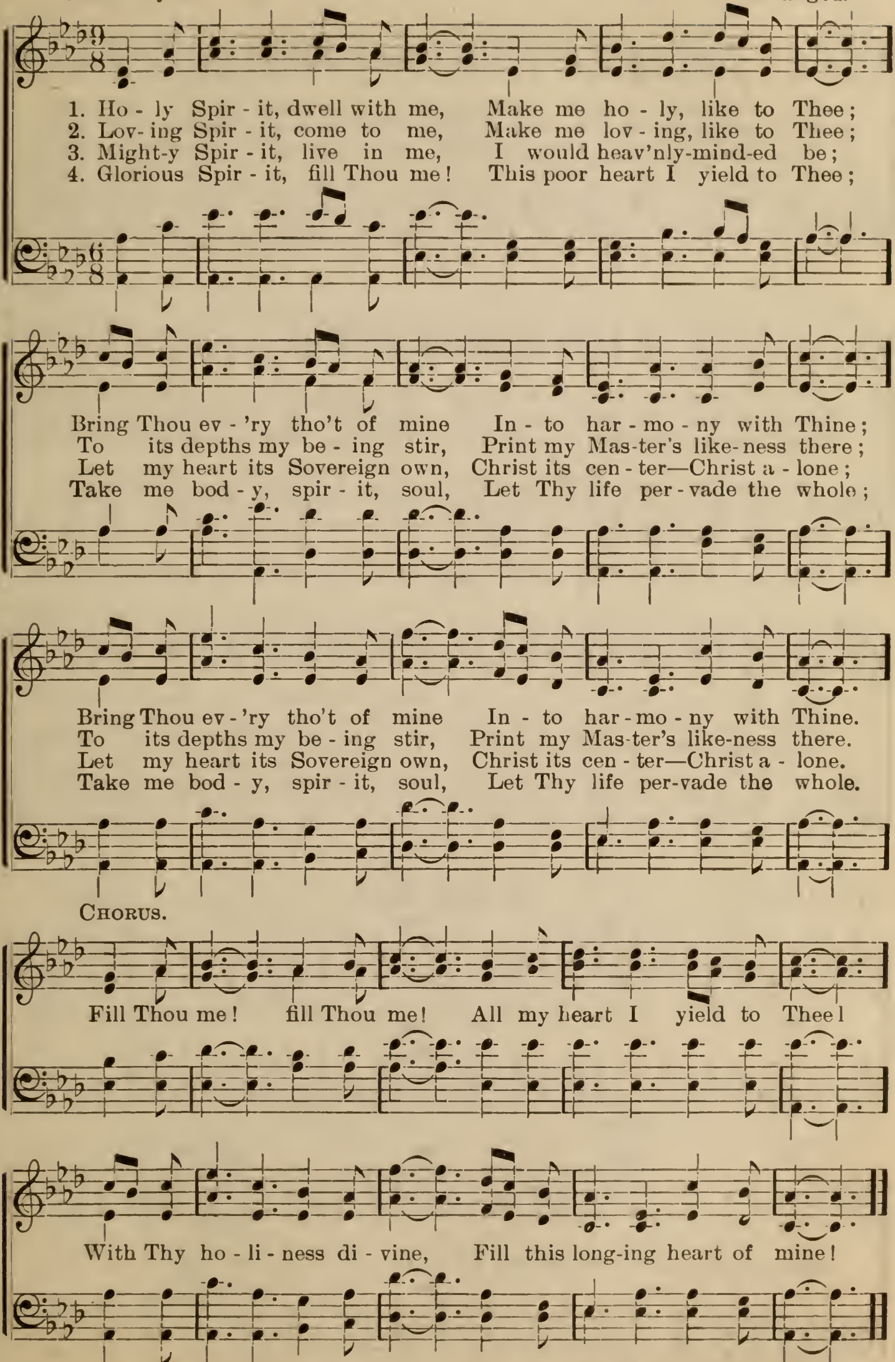
No. 126 The Fullness of Blessing

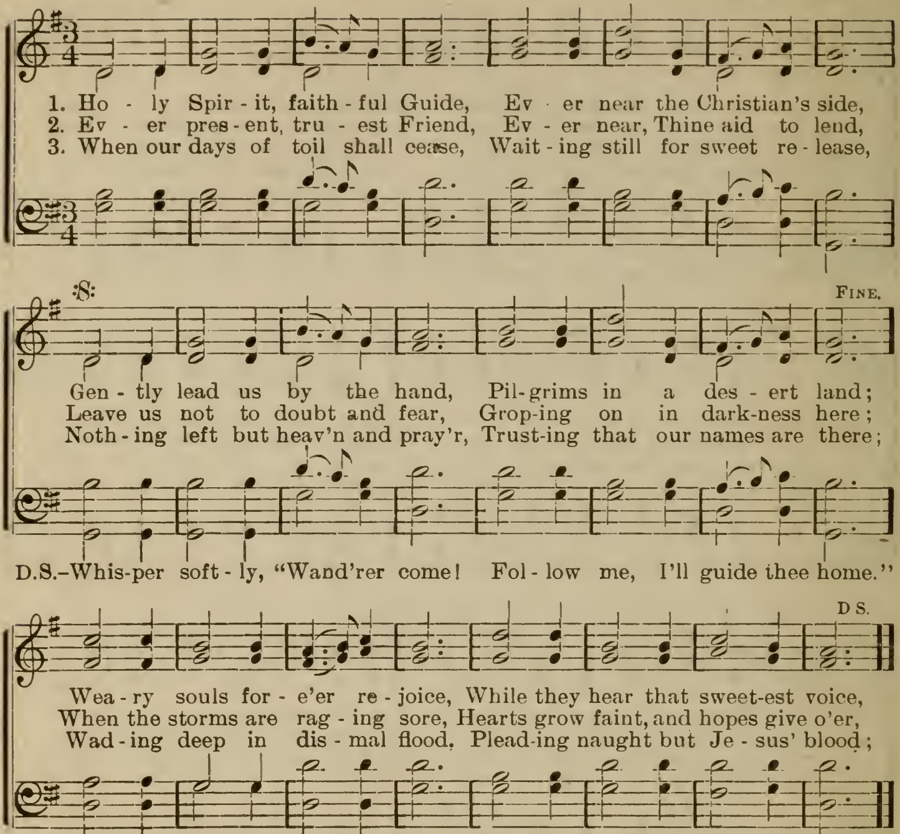
Chorus by E. A. H. Arranged.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me, Make me ho - ly, like to Thee;
2. Lov- ing Spir - it, come to me, Make me lov - ing, like to Thee;
3. Might-y Spir - it, live in me, I would heav'nly-mind-ed be;
4. Glorious Spir - it, fill Thou me! This poor heart I yield to Thee;
Bring Thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with Thine;
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas-ter's like-ness there;
Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone;
Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per - vade the whole;
Bring Thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with Thine.
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas-ter's like-ness there.
Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone.
Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per-vade the whole.
CHORUS.
Fill Thou me! fill Thou me! All my heart I yield to Thee!
With Thy ho - li - ness di - vine, Fill this long-ing heart of mine!

Copyright, 1885, by E. A. Hoffman.

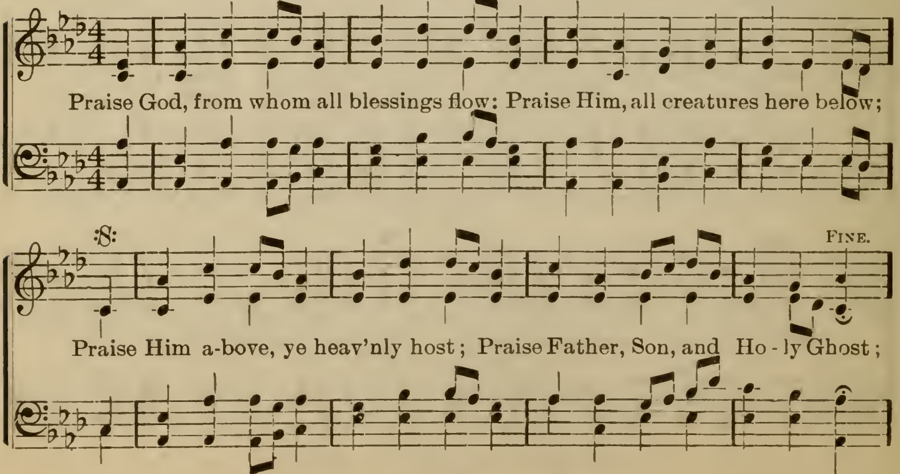
No. 127 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

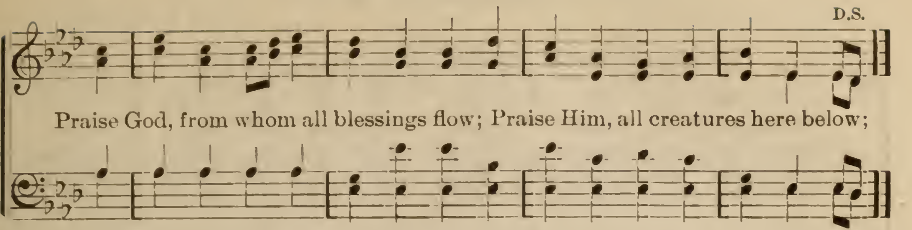

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness here;
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trust - ing that our names are there;
Fine.
D.S.–Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep in dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood;
D.S.

No. 128 Praise God

Arr. by P. Bilhorn.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;
Fine.

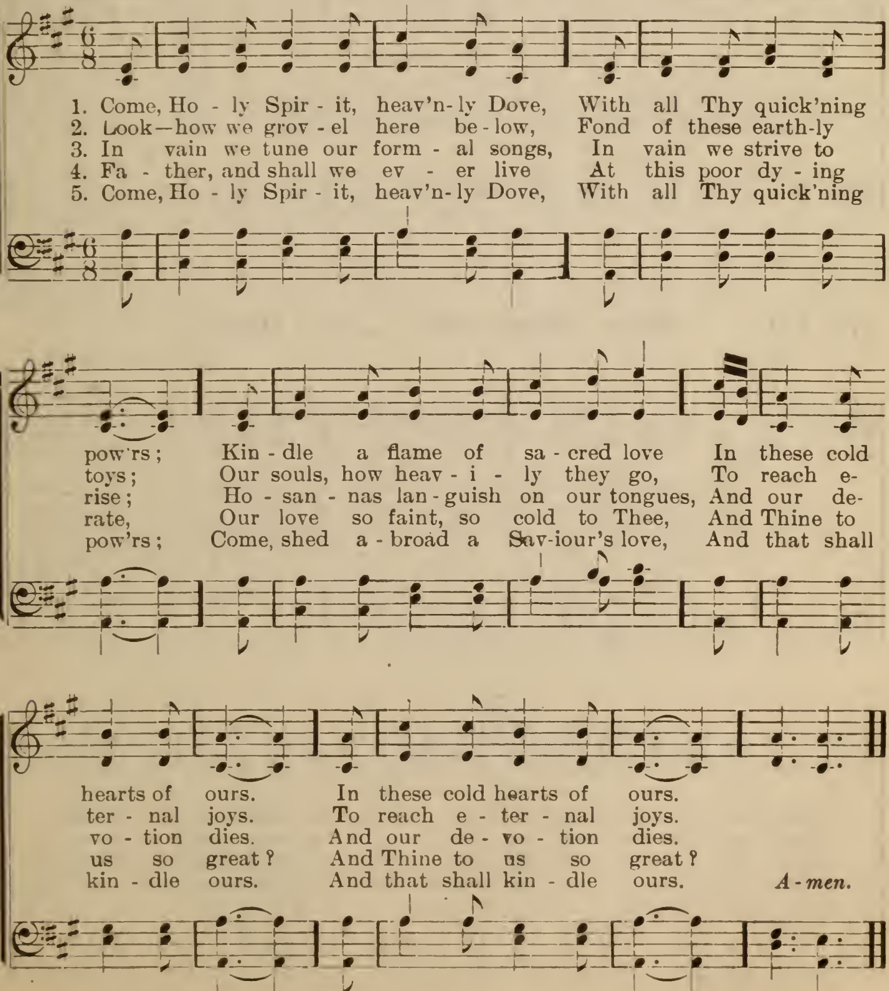
Praise God—Concluded


D.S.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

No. 129 Come, Holy Spirit

Isaac Watts.

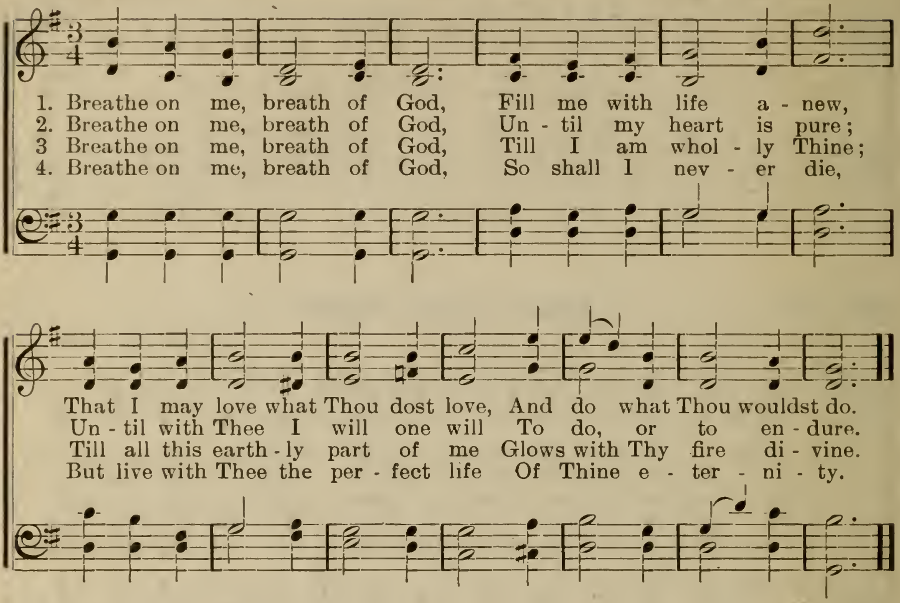
Thomas Hastings.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning
2. Look—how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth-ly
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning
pow'rs; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold
toys; Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e-
rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de-
rate, Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to
pow'rs; Come, shed a - broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall
hearts of ours. In these cold hearts of ours.
ter - nal joys. To reach e - ter - nal joys.
vo - tion dies. And our de - vo - tion dies.
us so great? And Thine to us so great?
kin - dle ours. And that shall kin - dle ours.
A - men.

No. 130 Breathe On Me, Breath of God

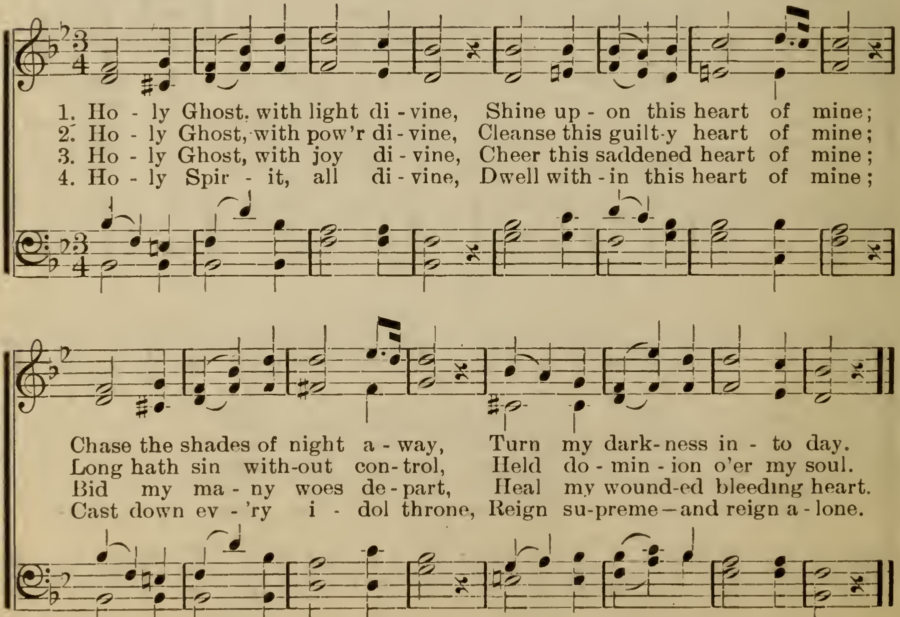
(Greenwood, S. M.)

Edwin Hatch, D. D. Joseph E. Sweetser.


1. Breathe on me, breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
2. Breathe on me, breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure;
3 Breathe on me, breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine;
4. Breathe on me, breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,
That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
Un - til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure.
Till all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 131 Holy Ghost, with Love Divine

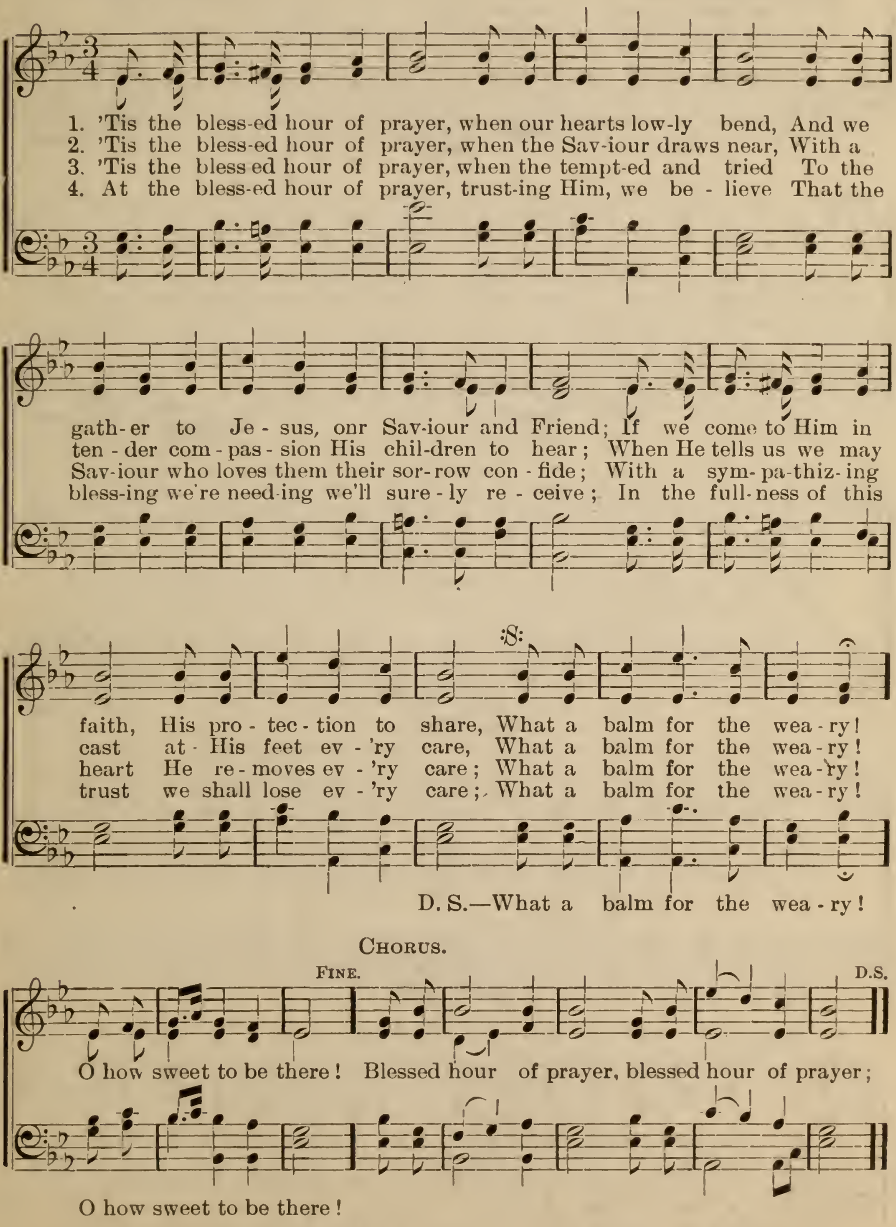
A. Reed. Gottschalk.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con-trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a - lone.

XI. PRAYER

No. 132 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the
gath-er to Je - sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav-iour who loves them their sor-row con - fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wea - ry!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea - ry!
heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry!
D. S.—What a balm for the wea - ry!
CHORUS.
FINE.
D.S.
O how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer, blessed hour of prayer;
O how sweet to be there!

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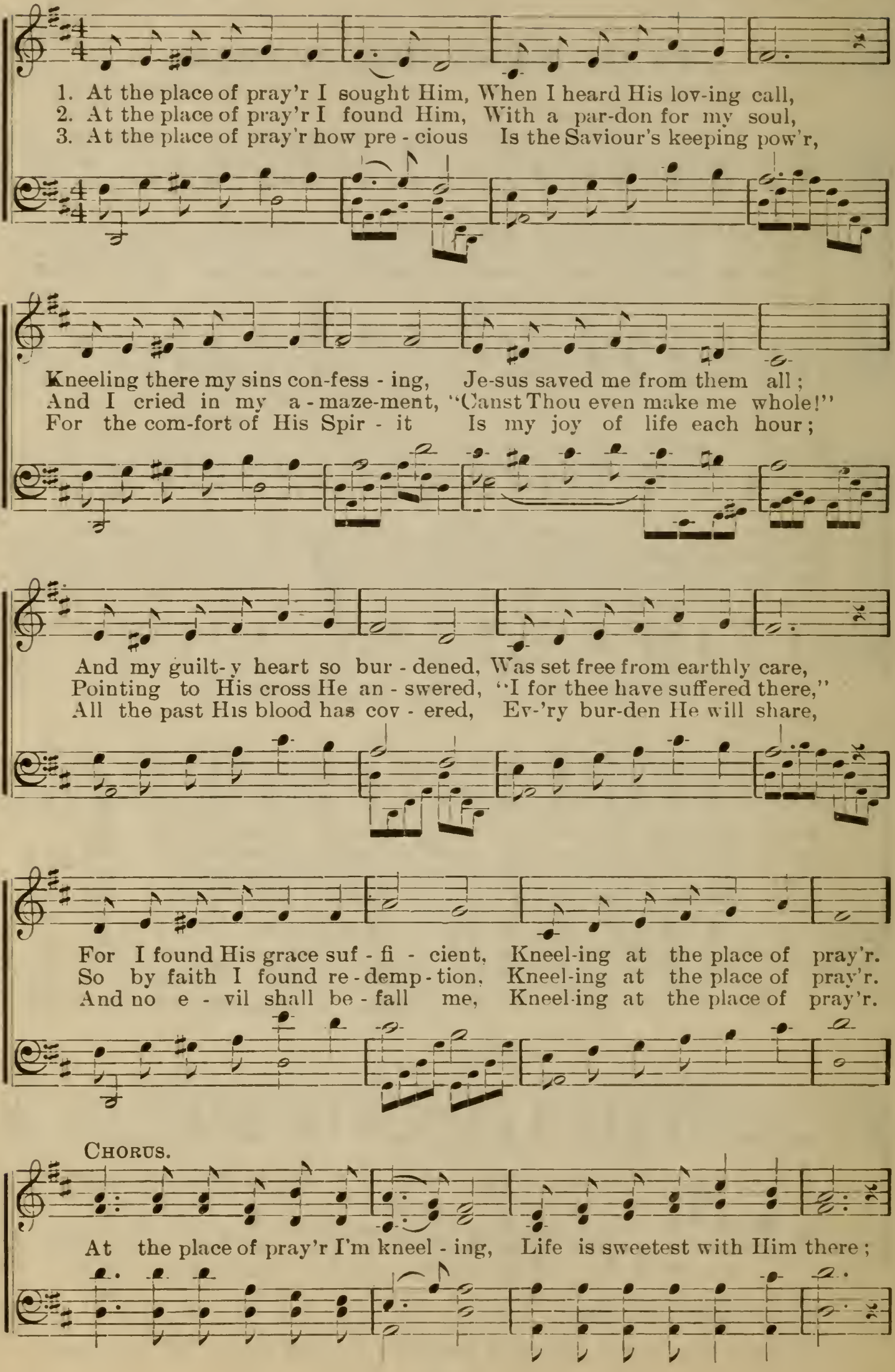
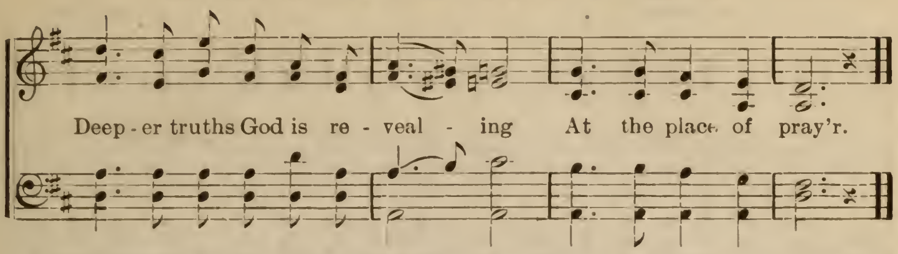
No. 133 At the Place of Prayer

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. At the place of pray'r I sought Him, When I heard His lov-ing call,
2. At the place of pray'r I found Him, With a par-don for my soul,
3. At the place of pray'r how pre-cious Is the Saviour's keeping pow'r,
Kneeling there my sins con-fess-ing, Je-sus saved me from them all;
And I cried in my a-maze-ment, "Canst Thou even make me whole!"
For the com-fort of His Spir-it Is my joy of life each hour;
And my guilt-y heart so bur-dened, Was set free from earthly care,
Pointing to His cross He an-swered, "I for thee have suffered there,"
All the past His blood has cov-ered, Ev-'ry bur-den He will share,
For I found His grace suf-fi-cient, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
So by faith I found re-demp-tion, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
And no e-vil shall be-fall me, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
Chorus.
At the place of pray'r I'm kneel-ing, Life is sweetest with Him there;

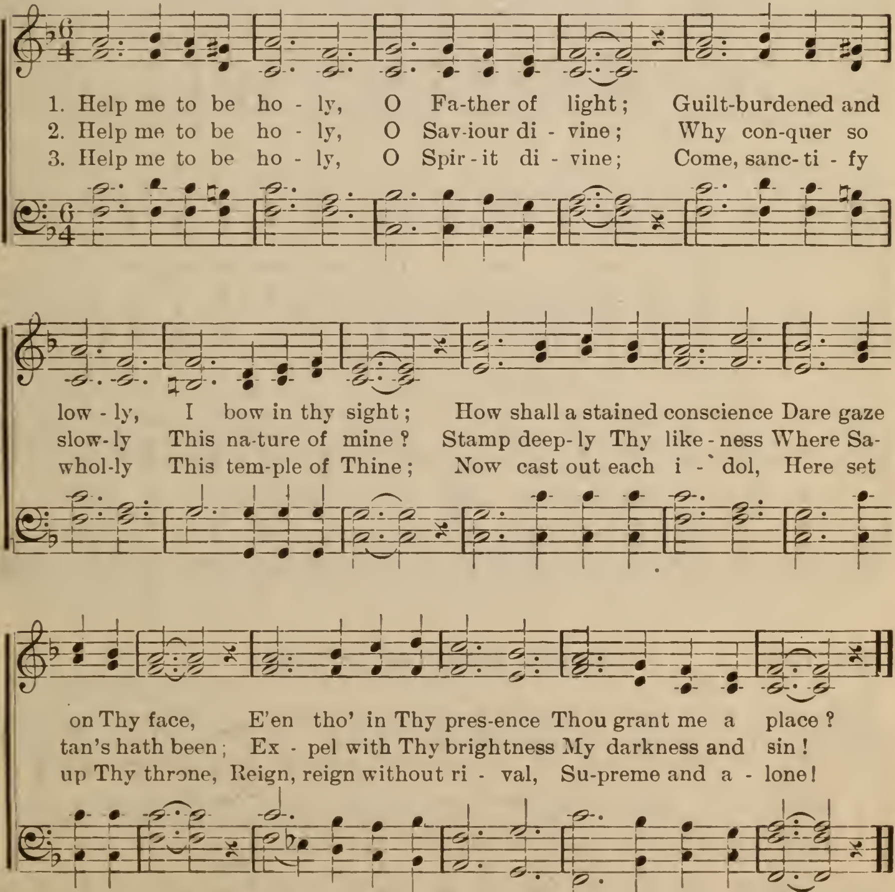
At the Place of Prayer—Concluded


Deep - er truths God is re - veal - ing At the place of pray'r.

Copyright, 1911, by Rodeheaver-Ackley Co. Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

No. 134 Help Me to Be Holy!

Adoniram J. Gordon. D. B. Towner.


1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa-ther of light; Guilt-burdened and
2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Saviour di - vine; Why con-quer so
3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine; Come, sanc- ti - fy
low - ly, I bow in thy sight; How shall a stained conscience Dare gaze
slow- ly This na-ture of mine? Stamp deep- ly Thy like - ness Where Sa-
whol-ly This tem-ple of Thine; Now cast out each i - dol, Here set
on Thy face, E'en tho' in Thy pres-ence Thou grant me a place?
tan's hath been; Ex - pel with Thy brightness My darkness and sin!
up Thy throne, Reign, reign without ri - val, Su-preme and a - lone!

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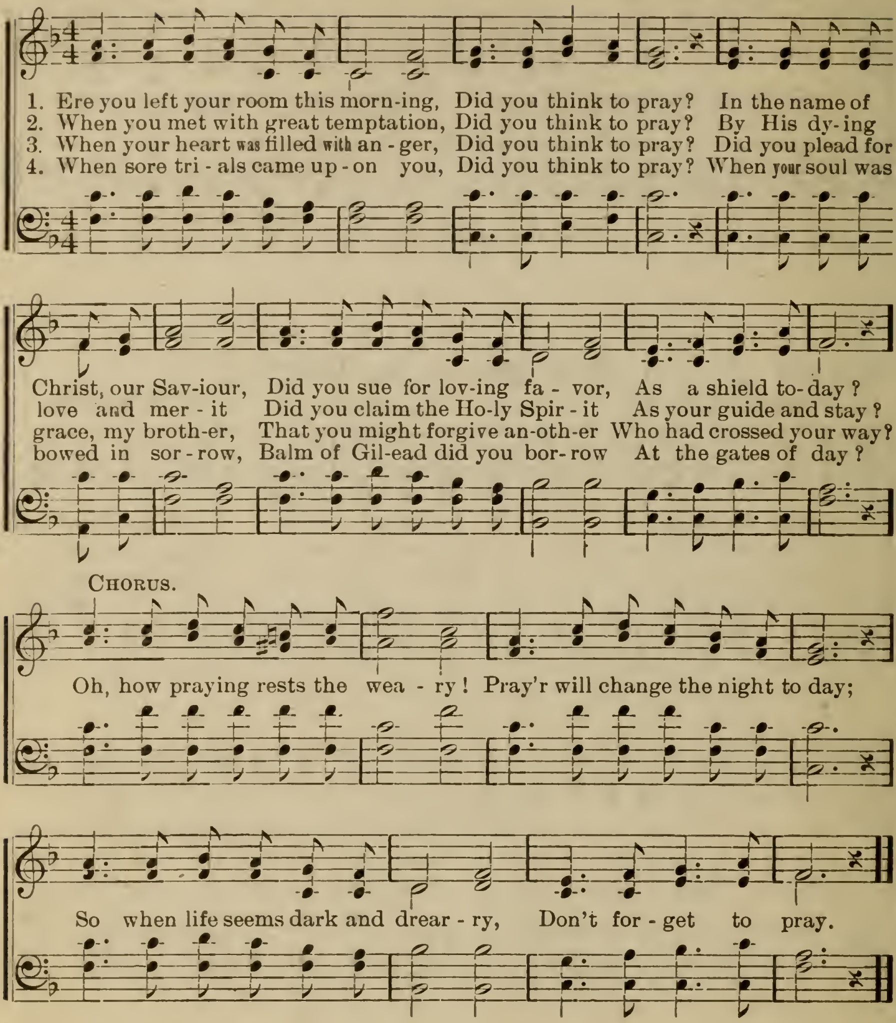
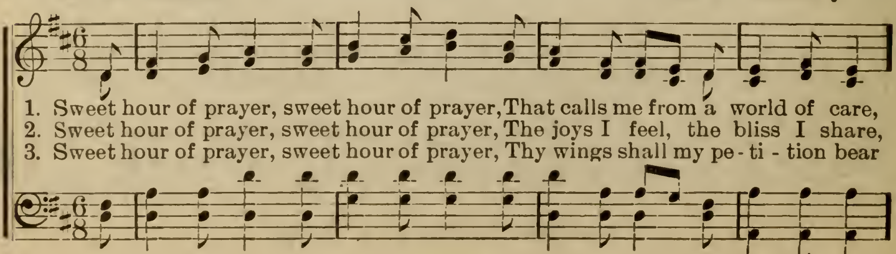
No. 135 Did You Think to Pray?

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. O. Perkins.

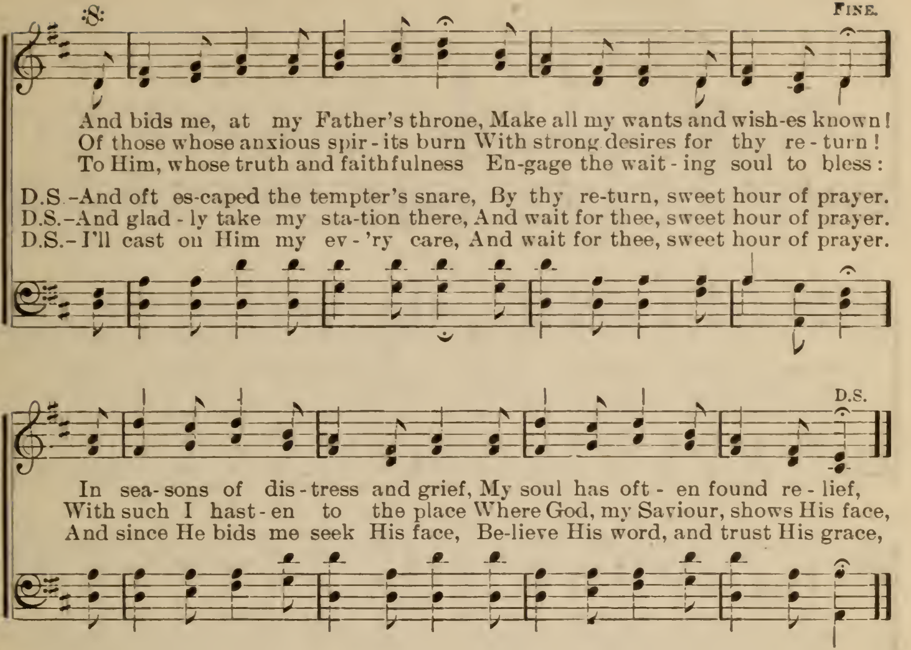

1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray? In the name of Christ, our Sav-iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor, As a shield to-day?
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing love and mer - it Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for grace, my broth-er, That you might forgive an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor - row At the gates of day?
CHORUS.
Oh, how praying rests the wea - ry! Pray'r will change the night to day;
So when life seems dark and drear - ry, Don't for - get to pray.

No. 136 Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

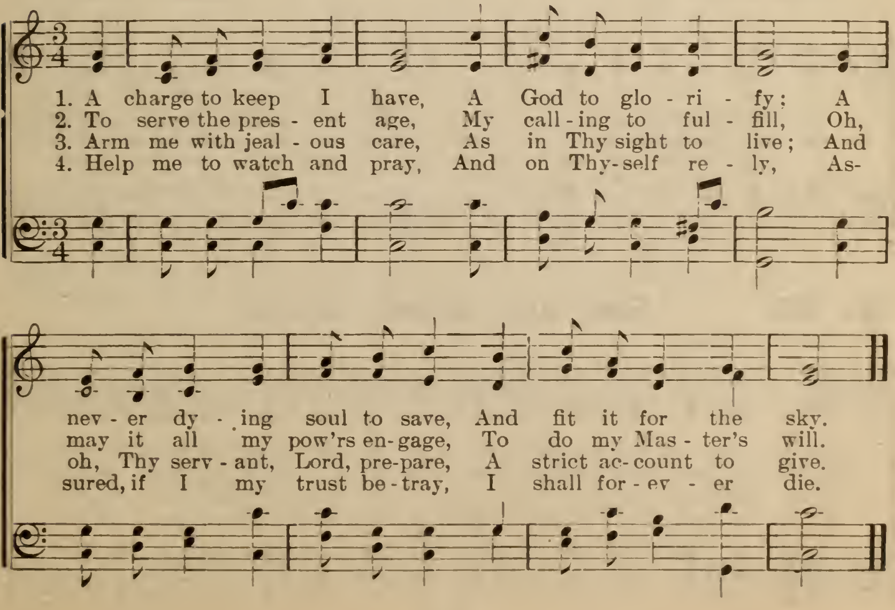
Sweet Hour of Prayer — Concluded



Fine.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!
Of those whose anxious spir-its burn With strong desires for thy re-turn!
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:
D.S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.-And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.-I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
With such I hast-en to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,

No. 137 A Charge to Keep

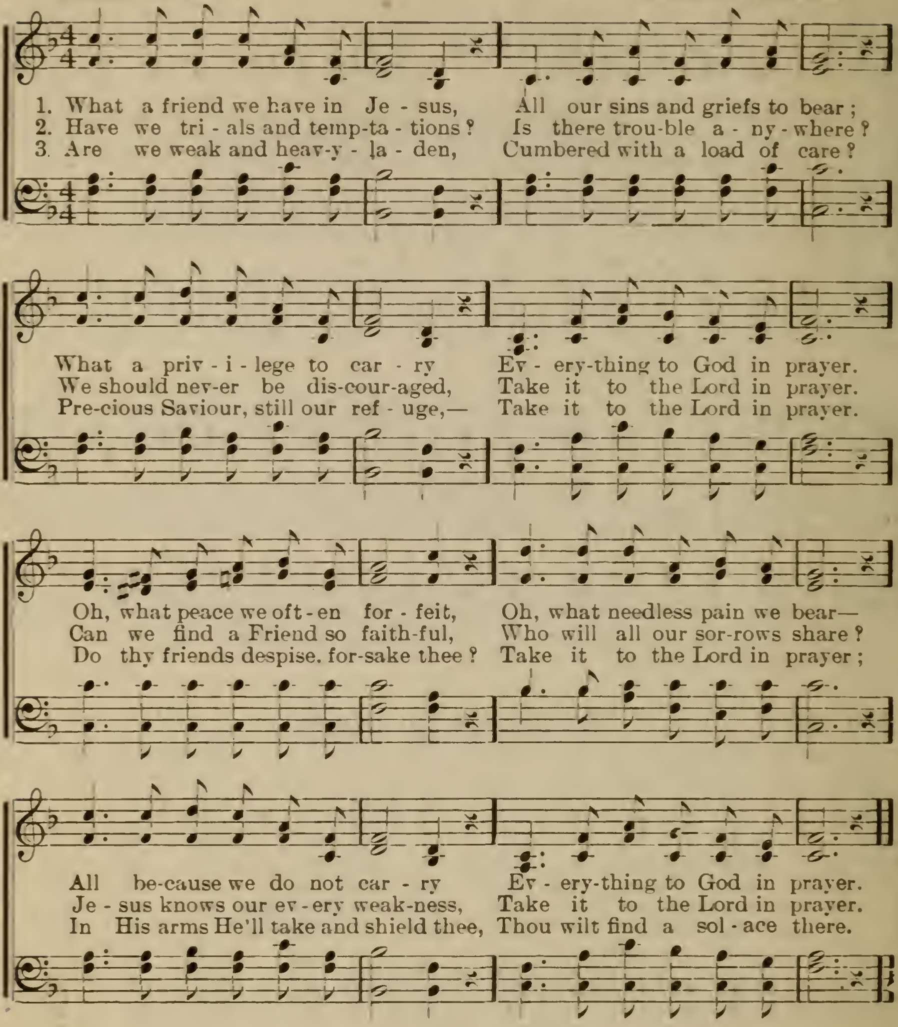
Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; A
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fill, Oh,
3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in Thy sight to live; And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re-ly, As-
nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
may it all my pow'rs en-gage, To do my Mas-ter's will.
oh, Thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give.
sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for-ev-er die.

No. 138 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Joseph Scriven. Charles C. Converse.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

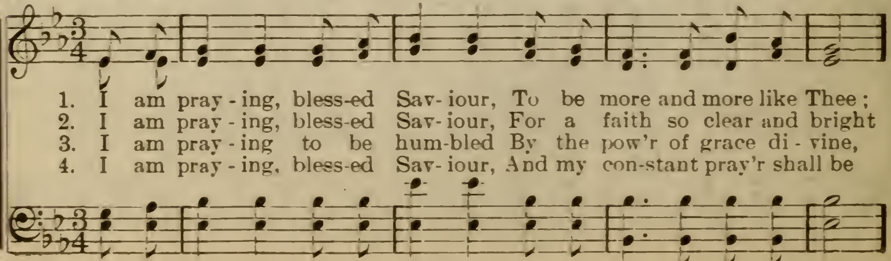
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise. for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

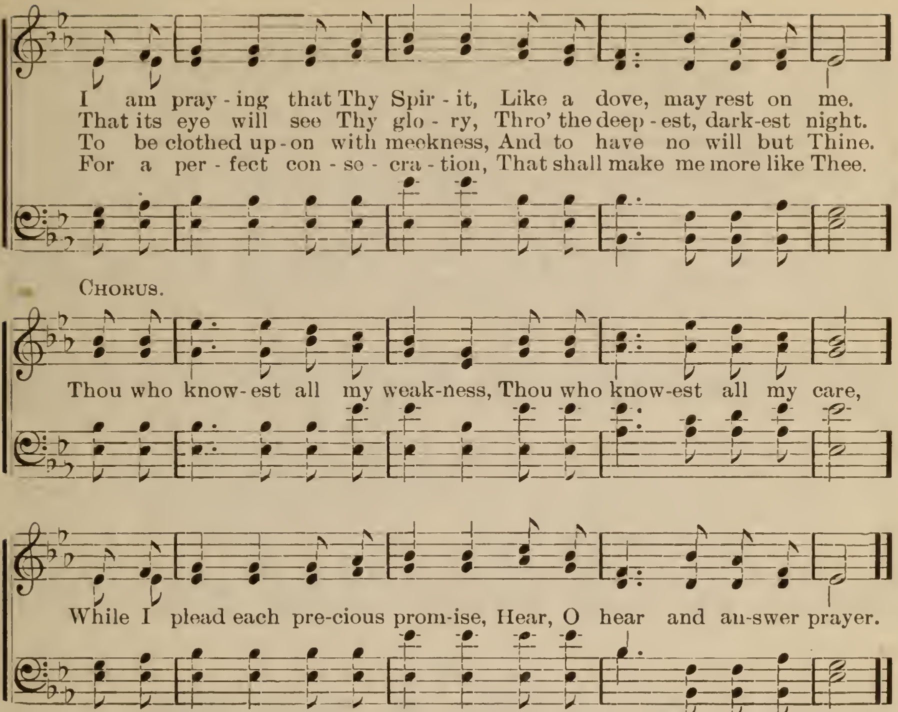
No. 139 Hear and Answer Prayer

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. I am pray - ing, bless-ed Sav- iour, To be more and more like Thee;
2. I am pray - ing, bless-ed Sav- iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray - ing to be hum-bled By the pow'r of grace di - vine,
4. I am pray - ing, bless-ed Sav- iour, And my con-stant pray'r shall be

Hear and Answer Prayer—Concluded


I am pray - ing that Thy Spir - it, Like a dove, may rest on me.
That its eye will see Thy glo - ry, Thro' the deep - est, dark-est night.
To be clothed up - on with meekness, And to have no will but Thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like Thee.
Chorus.
Thou who know-est all my weak-ness, Thou who know-est all my care,
While I plead each pre-cious prom-ise, Hear, O hear and an-swer prayer.

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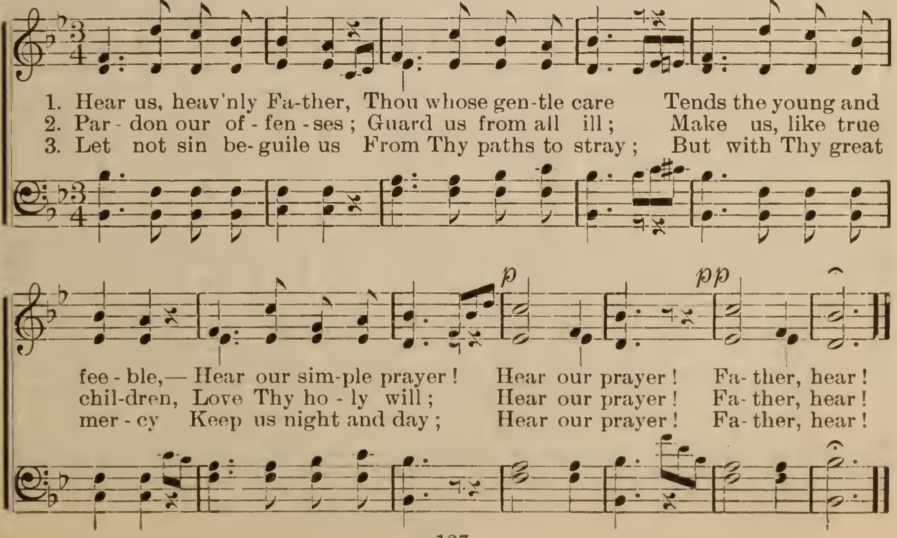
No. 140

Hear Our Prayer

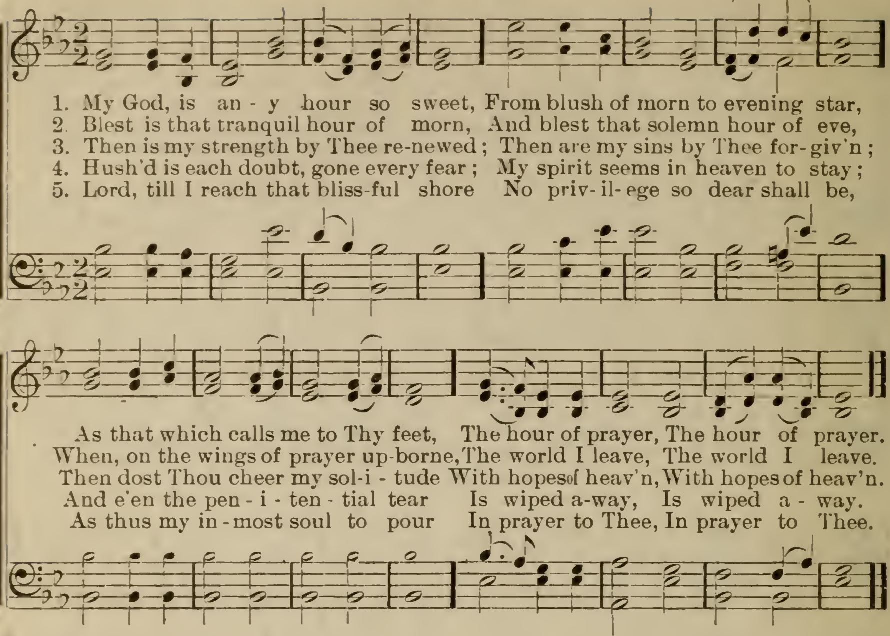
Anon.

John Adcock.


3
4
1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gen-tle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ses; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be- guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great
p
pp
fee - ble,— Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa- ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho - ly will; Hear our prayer! Fa- ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day; Hear our prayer! Fa- ther, hear!

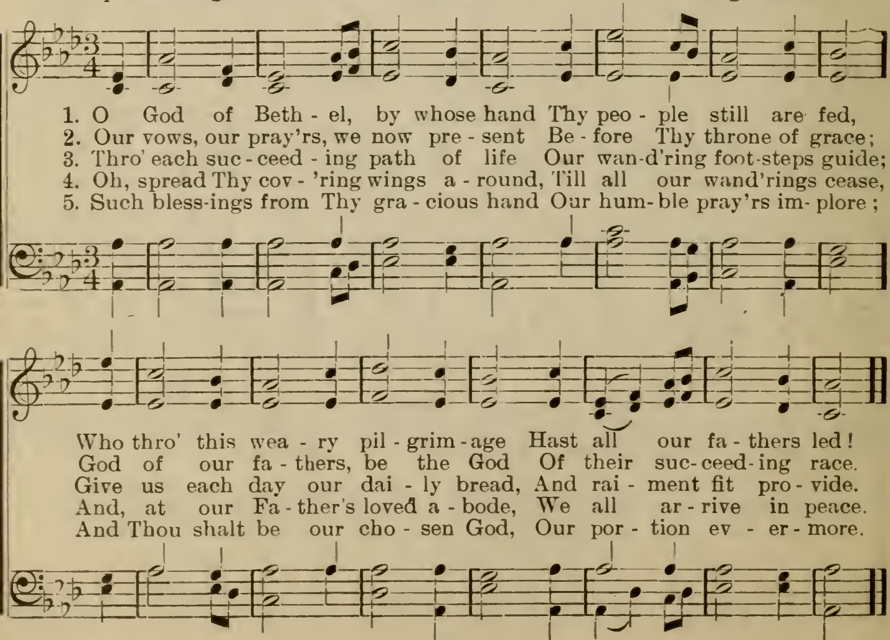
No. 141 The Hour of Prayer

Bera. L. M. J. E. Gould.


1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star,
2. Blest is that tranquil hour of morn, And blest that solemn hour of eve,
3. Then is my strength by Thee re-newed; Then are my sins by Thee for-giv'n;
4. Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear; My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
5. Lord, till I reach that bliss-ful shore No priv-il-ege so dear shall be,
As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer, The hour of prayer.
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne, The world I leave, The world I leave.
Then dost Thou cheer my sol-i - tude With hopes of heav'n, With hopes of heav'n.
And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is wiped a-way, Is wiped a - way.
As thus my in - most soul to pour In prayer to Thee, In prayer to Thee.

No. 142 O God of Bethel, By Whose Hand

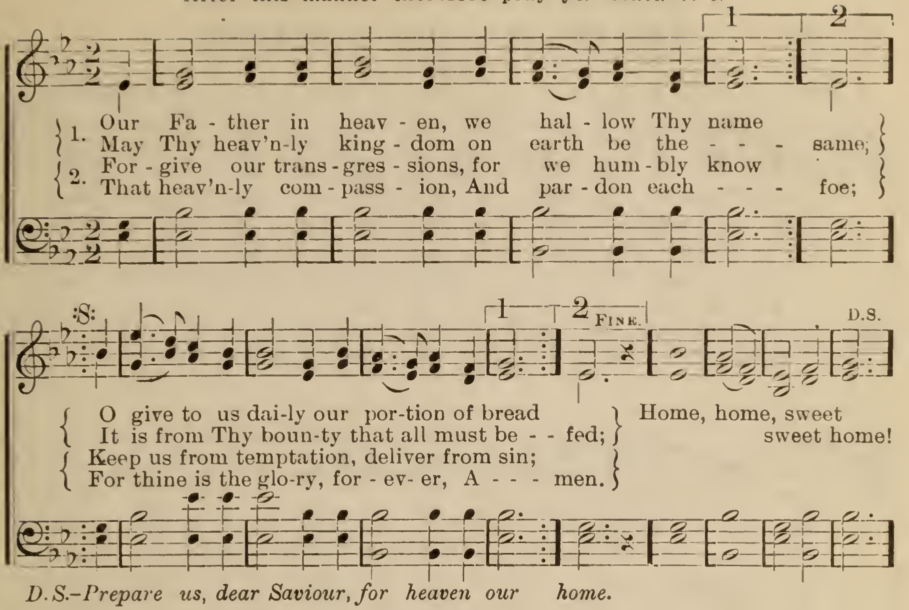
Philip Doddridge. Avon. Hugh Wilson.


1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed,
2. Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace;
3. Thro' each suc - ceed - ing path of life Our wan-d'ring foot-steps guide;
4. Oh, spread Thy cov - 'ring wings a - round, Till all our wand'rings cease,
5. Such bless-ings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum-ble pray'rs im-plore;
Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led!
God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc-ceed-ing race.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And, at our Fa - ther's loved a - bode, We all ar - rive in peace.
And Thou shalt be our cho - sen God, Our por - tion ev - er - more.

No. 143

The Lord's Prayer

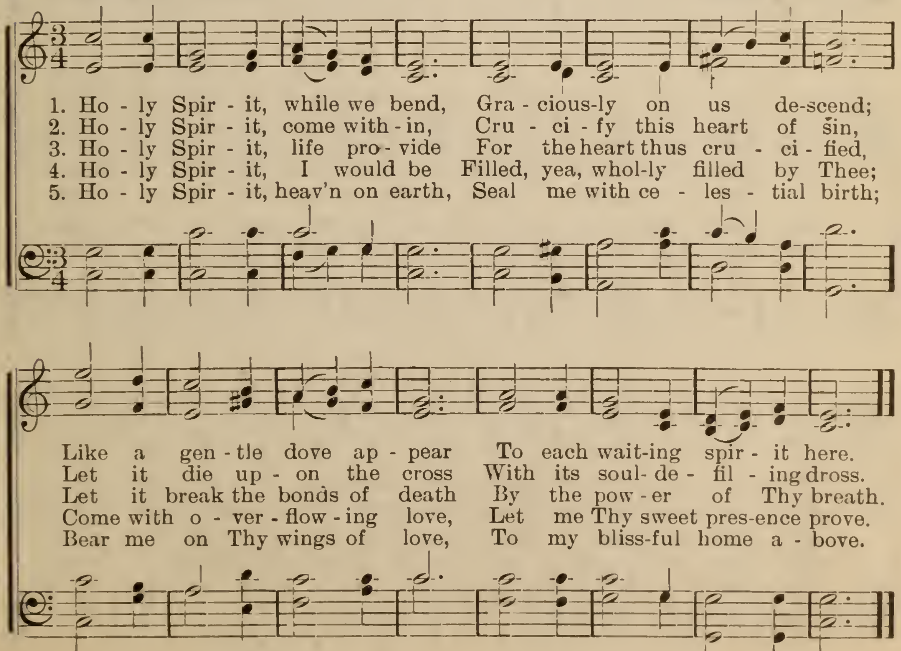
After this manner therefore pray ye.—Matt. 6: 9.


1
2
1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we hal - low Thy name
May Thy heav'n-ly king - dom on earth be the - - - same;
2. For - give our trans - gres - sions, for we hum - bly know
That heav'n-ly com - pass - ion, And par - don each - - - foe;
Fine.
D.S.
O give to us dai-ly our por-tion of bread
It is from Thy boun-ty that all must be - - fed;
Keep us from temptation, deliver from sin;
For thine is the glo-ry, for - ev- er, A - - - men.
Home, home, sweet
sweet home!
D.S.-Prepare us, dear Saviour, for heaven our home.

No. 144

A Prayer

Rev. G. W. Crofts. John P. Hillis.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, while we bend, Gra - cious-ly on us de-scend;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, come with - in, Cru - ci - fy this heart of sin,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, life pro - vide For the heart thus cru - ci - fied,
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, I would be Filled, yea, whol-ly filled by Thee;
5. Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n on earth, Seal me with ce - les - tial birth;
Like a gen - tle dove ap - pear To each wait-ing spir - it here.
Let it die up - on the cross With its soul- de - fil - ing dross.
Let it break the bonds of death By the pow - er of Thy breath.
Come with o - ver - flow - ing love, Let me Thy sweet pres-ence prove.
Bear me on Thy wings of love, To my bliss-ful home a - bove.

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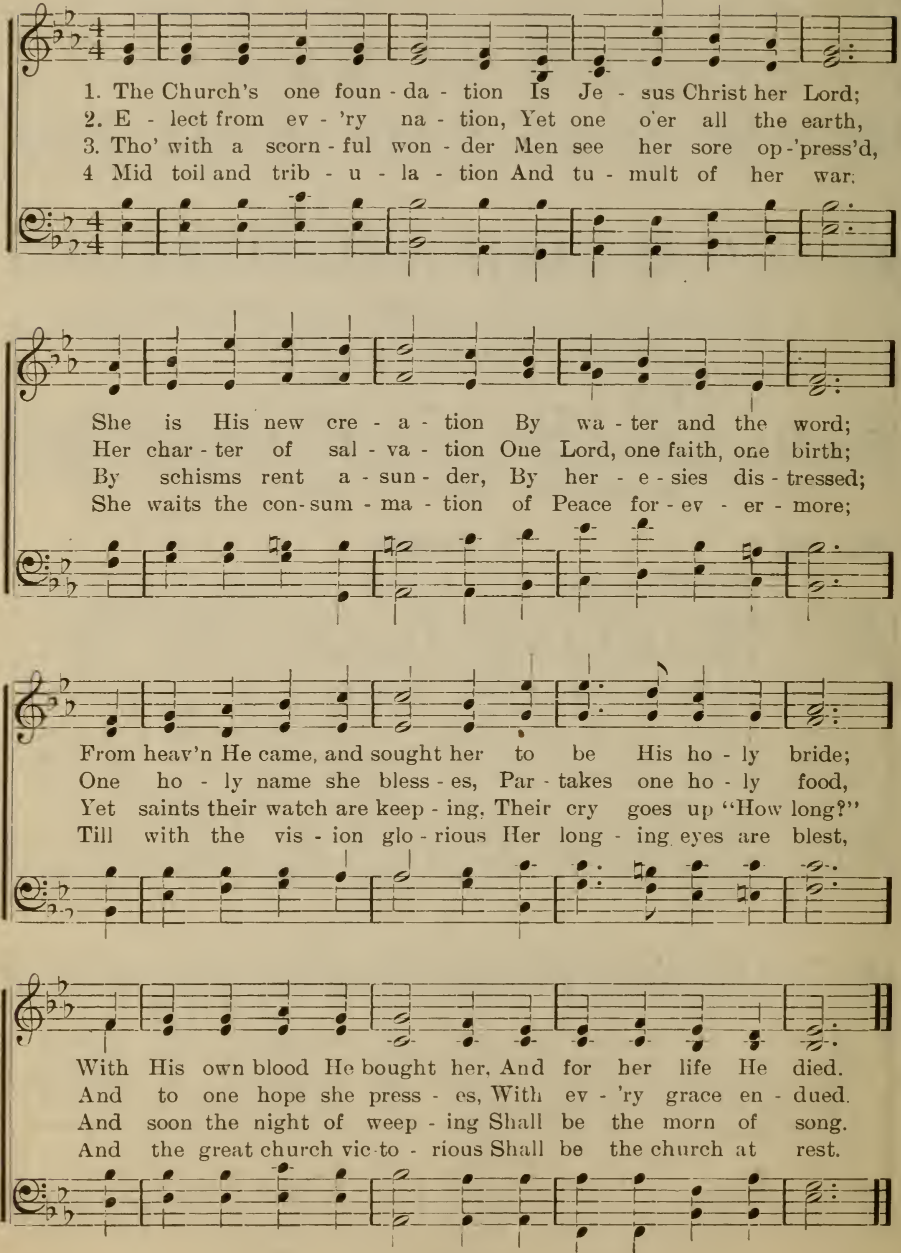
XII. CHURCH

No. 145 The Church's One Foundation

(Aurelia.)

Stone.

S. S. Wesley.

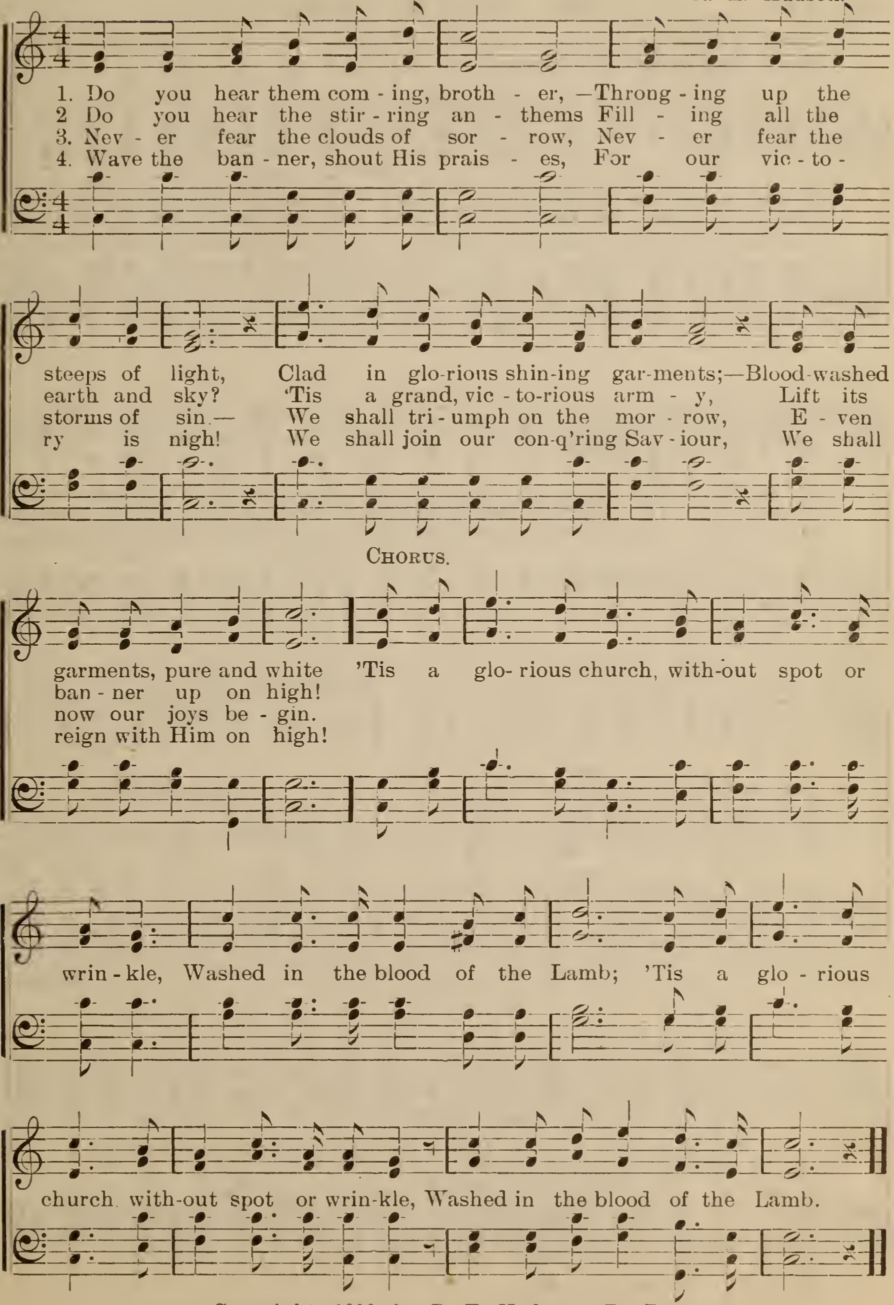

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Tho' with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - 'press'd,
4 Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mult of her war;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed;
She waits the con- sum - ma - tion of Peace for - ev - er - more;
From heav'n He came, and sought her to be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up "How long?"
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great church vic-to - rious Shall be the church at rest.

No. 146

A Glorious Church

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. Joseph H. Smith.

R. E. Hudson.


1. Do you hear them com - ing, broth - er, —Throng - ing up the steeps of light, Clad in glo-rious shin-ing gar-ments;—Blood-washed garments, pure and white
2 Do you hear the stir - ring an - thems Fill - ing all the earth and sky? 'Tis a grand, vic - to-rious arm - y, Lift its ban - ner up on high!
3. Nev - er fear the clouds of sor - row, Nev - er fear the storms of sin.— We shall tri - umph on the mor - row, E - ven now our joys be - gin.
4. Wave the ban - ner, shout His prais - es, For our vic - to - ry is nigh! We shall join our con-q'ring Sav - iour, We shall reign with Him on high!
Chorus.
'Tis a glo- rious church, with-out spot or wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis a glo - rious church with-out spot or wrin-kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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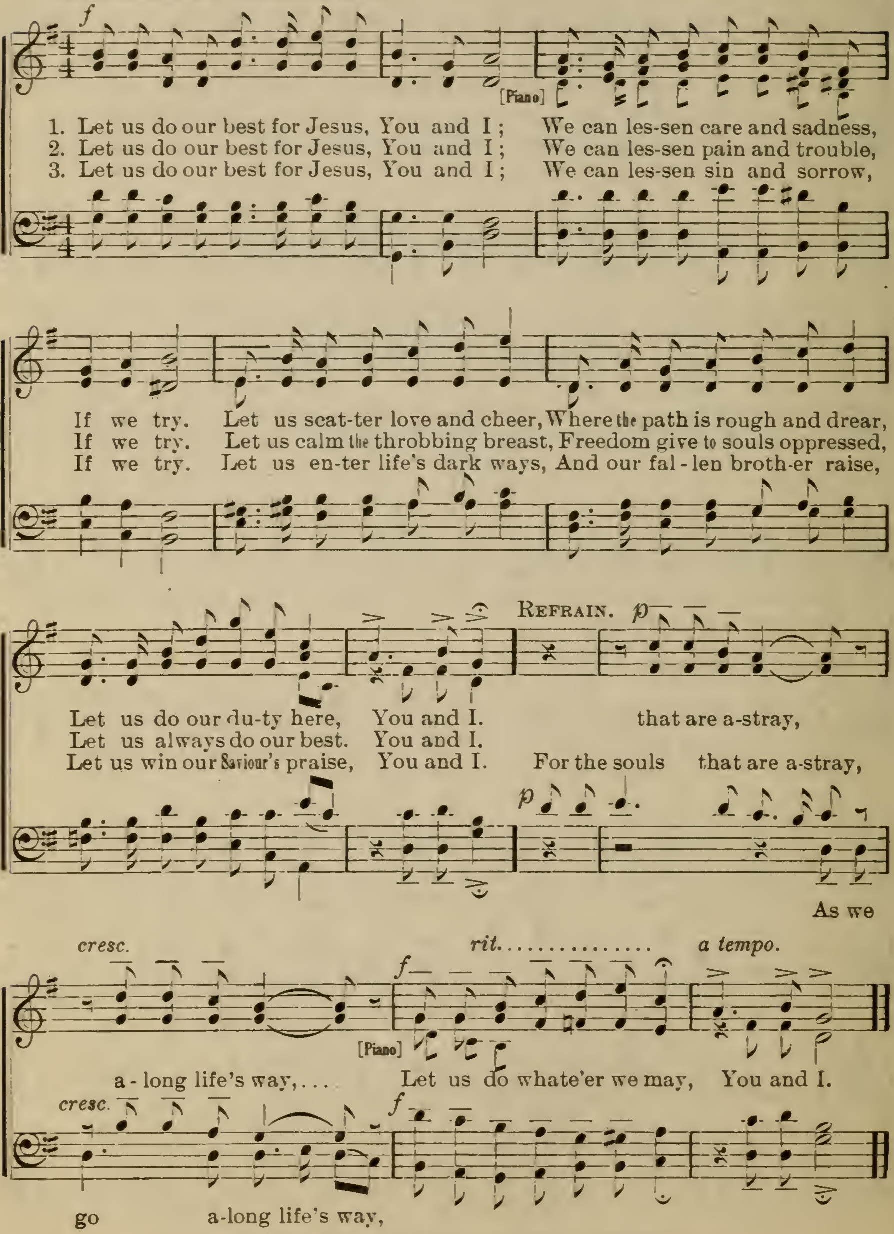
XIII. SERVICE

No. 147

Our Best for Jesus

James Rowe. H. L. Baumgartner.

With animation, but not hurried.


f
[Piano]
1. Let us do our best for Jesus, You and I; We can les-sen care and sadness,
2. Let us do our best for Jesus, You and I; We can les-sen pain and trouble,
3. Let us do our best for Jesus, You and I; We can les-sen sin and sorrow,
If we try. Let us scat-ter love and cheer, Where the path is rough and drear,
If we try. Let us calm the throbbing breast, Freedom give to souls oppressed,
If we try. Let us en-ter life's dark ways, And our fal - len broth-er raise,
Let us do our du-ty here, You and I.
Let us always do our best. You and I.
Let us win our Saviour's praise, You and I.
REFRAIN.
p
For the souls that are a-stray,
As we
cresc.
rit. ....
a tempo.
f
[Piano]
a - long life's way,... Let us do whate'er we may, You and I.
go a-long life's way,

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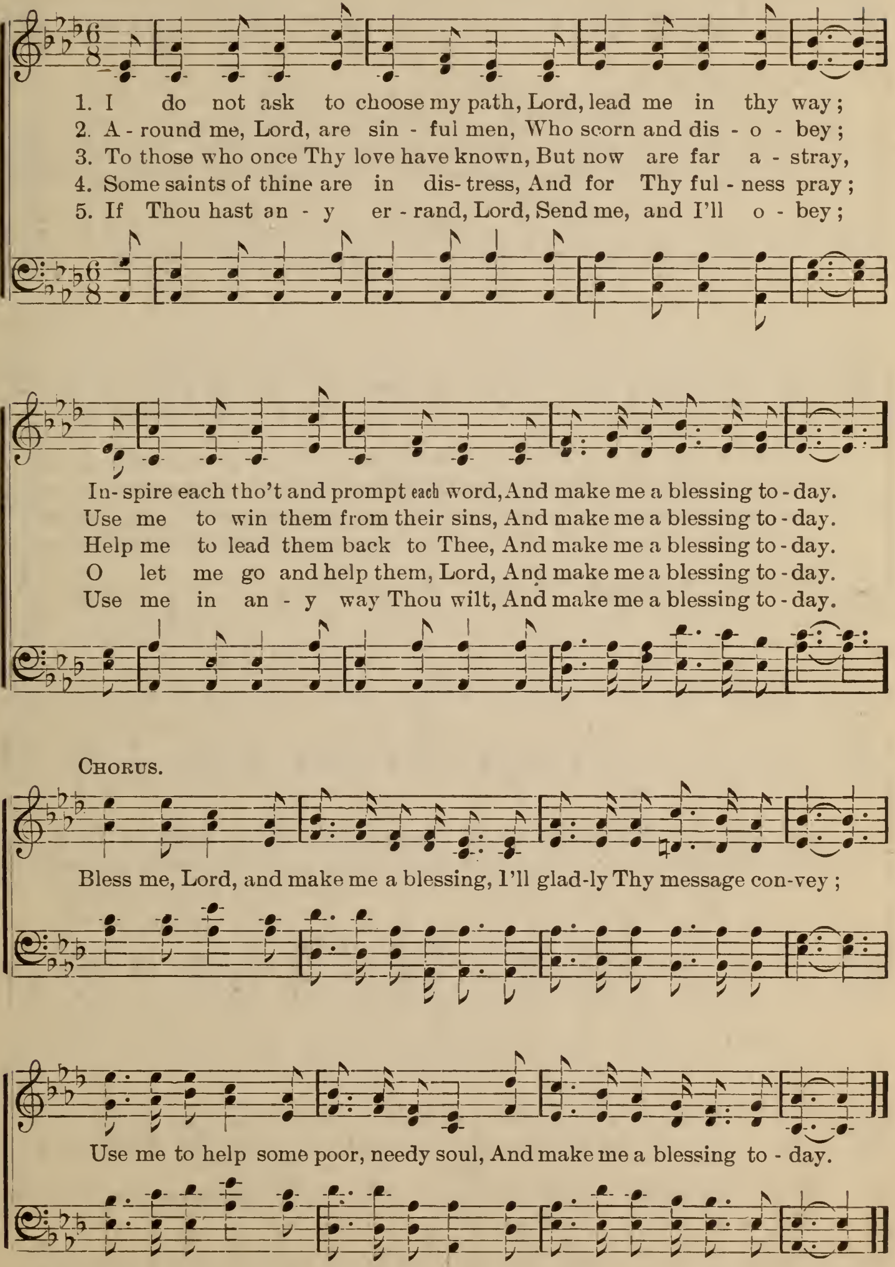
No. 148 Make Me a Blessing To-Day

"Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing."—Rev. D. B. Updegraff.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord, are sin-ful men, Who scorn and dis-o-bey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a-stray,
4. Some saints of thine are in dis-tress, And for Thy ful-ness pray;
5. If Thou hast an-y er-rand, Lord, Send me, and I'll o-bey;
In-spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to-day.
Help me to lead them back to Thee, And make me a blessing to-day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me in an-y way Thou wilt, And make me a blessing to-day.
CHORUS.
Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad-ly Thy message con-vey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day.

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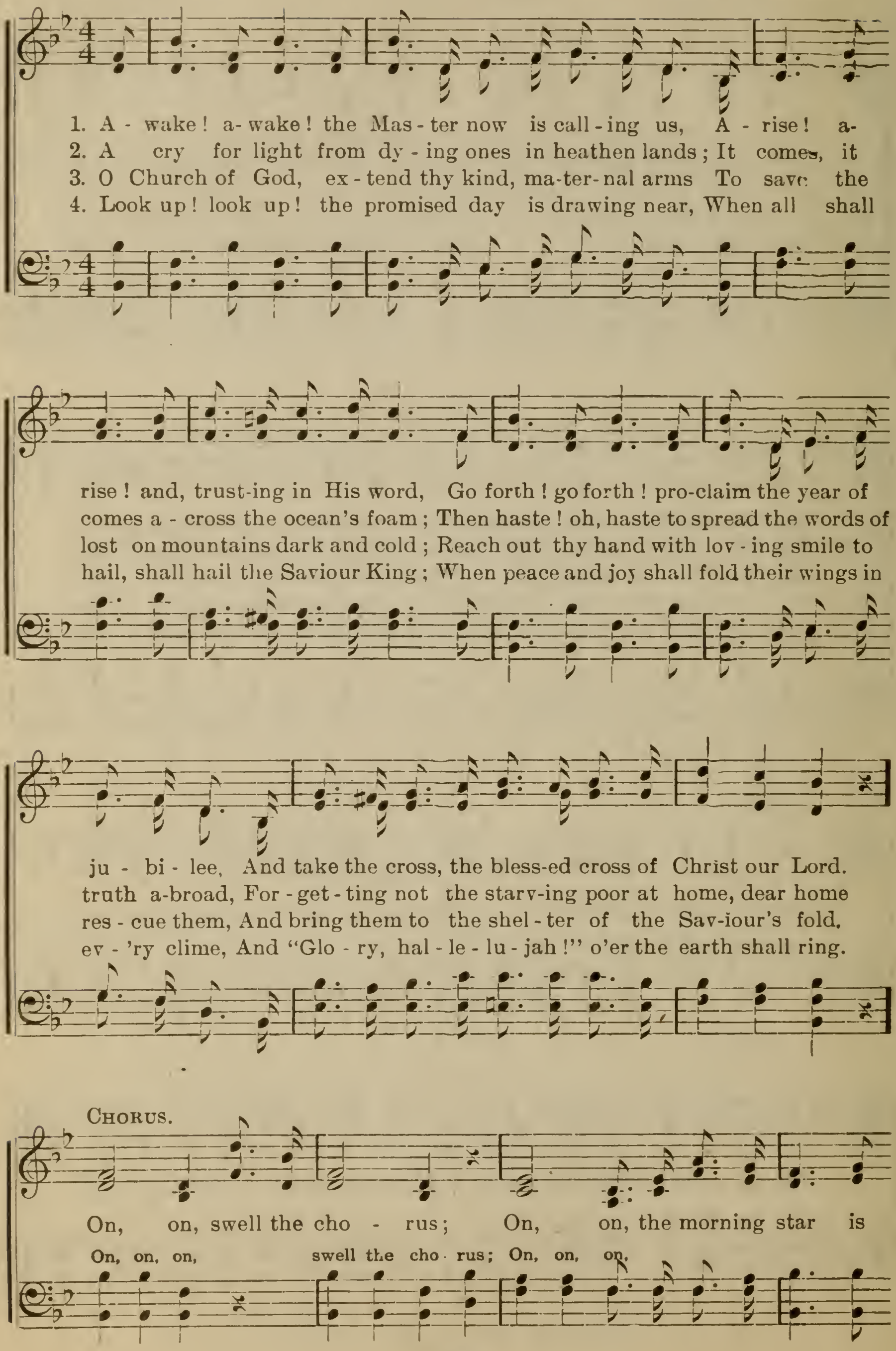
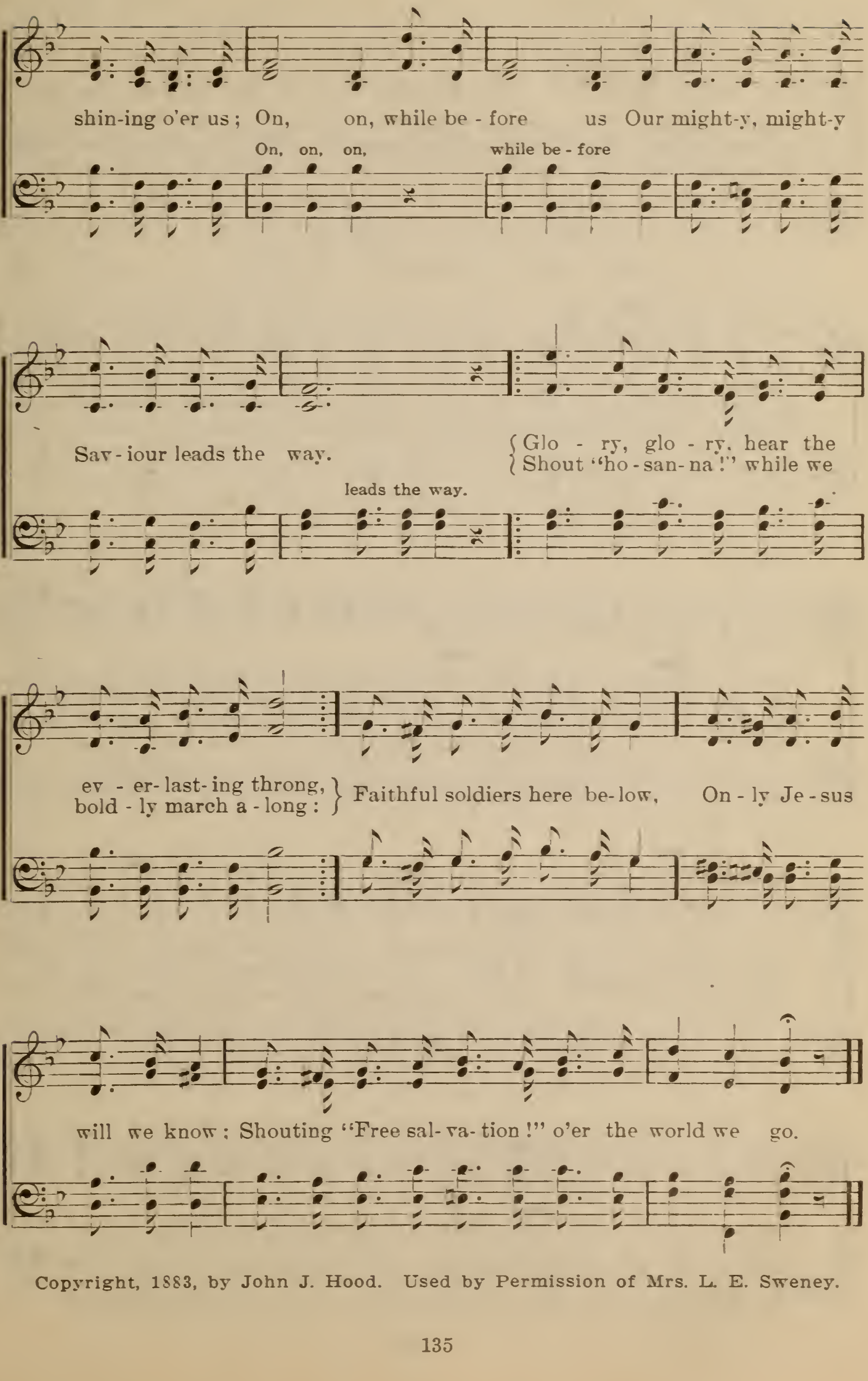
No. 149

Awake! Awake!

Fanny J. Crosby. John R. Sweney.


1. A - wake! a- wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A - rise! a-
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heathen lands; It comes, it
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma-ter- nal arms To save the
4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall
rise! and, trust-ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! pro-claim the year of
comes a - cross the ocean's foam; Then haste! oh, haste to spread the words of
lost on mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with lov - ing smile to
hail, shall hail the Saviour King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in
ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless-ed cross of Christ our Lord.
truth a-broad, For - get - ting not the starv-ing poor at home, dear home
res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav-iour's fold.
ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" o'er the earth shall ring.
Chorus.
On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, on,

Awake! Awake!—Concluded


shin-ing o'er us; On, on, while be-fore us Our might-y, might-y
On, on, on, while be-fore
Sav-iour leads the way.
leads the way.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the
Shout "ho-san-na!" while we
ev - er-last-ing throng,
bold - ly march a - long:
Faithful soldiers here be-low, On-ly Je-sus
will we know: Shouting "Free sal-va-tion!" o'er the world we go.

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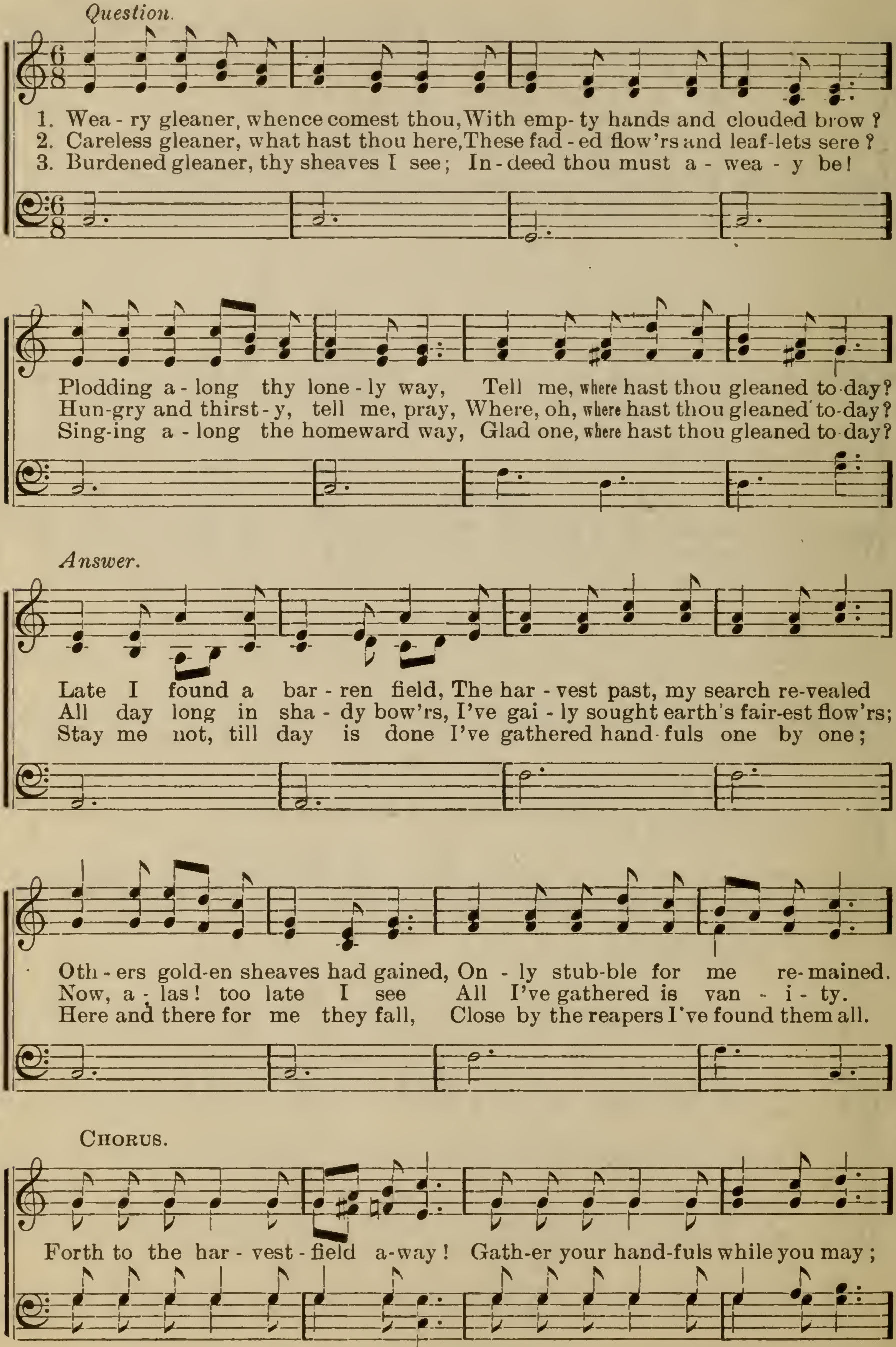
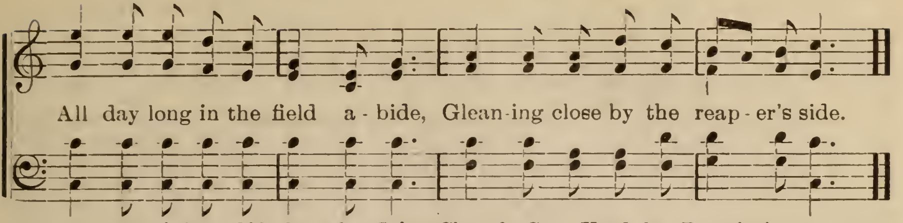
No. 150 Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.


Question.
1. Wea - ry gleaner, whence comest thou, With emp - ty hands and clouded brow?
2. Careless gleaner, what hast thou here, These fad - ed flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?
3. Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see; In - deed thou must a - wea - y be!
Plodding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Hun-gry and thirst - y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Sing-ing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Answer.
Late I found a bar - ren field, The har - vest past, my search re-vealed
All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fair-est flow'rs;
Stay me not, till day is done I've gathered hand-fuls one by one;
Oth - ers gold-en sheaves had gained, On - ly stub-ble for me re-mained.
Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gathered is van - i - ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reapers I've found them all.
Chorus.
Forth to the har - vest - field a-way! Gath-er your hand-fuls while you may;

Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?—Concluded


All day long in the field a - bide, Glean-ing close by the reap - er's side.

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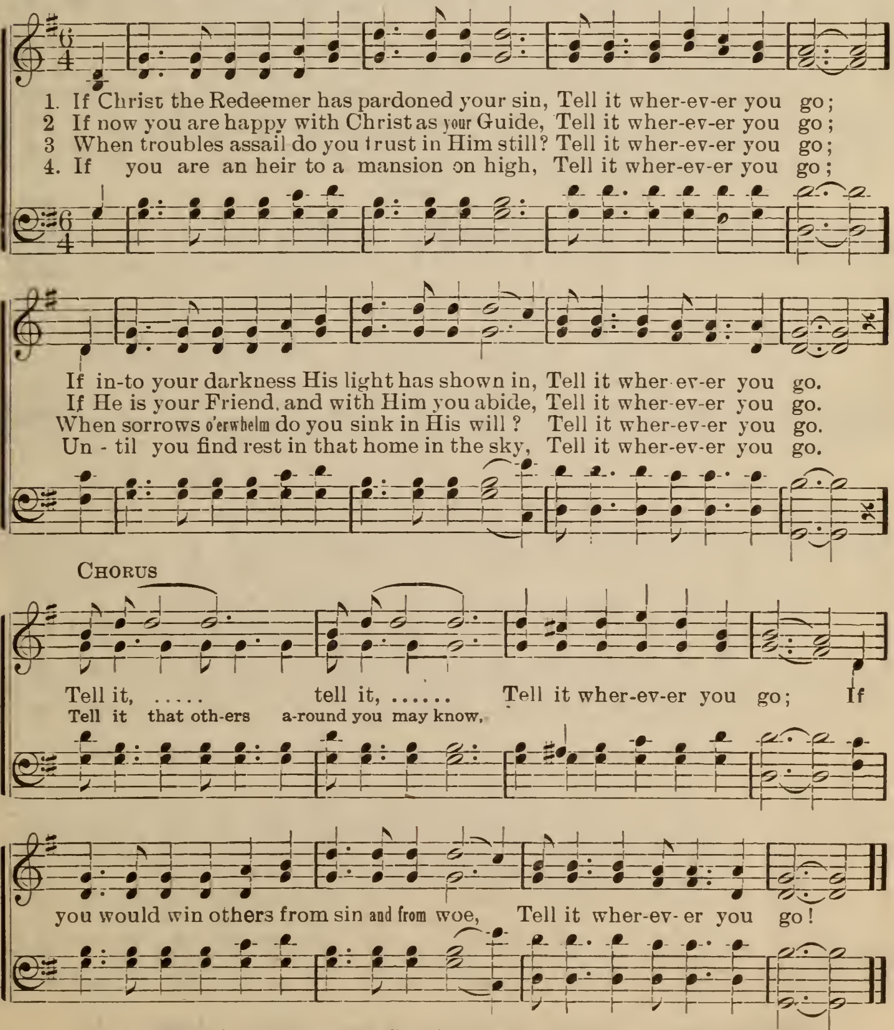
No. 151 Tell It Wherever You Go

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.
Wm. Edie Marks.


1. If Christ the Redeemer has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2 If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3 When troubles assail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a mansion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
If in-to your darkness His light has shown in, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you abide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrows o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Chorus
Tell it, ... tell it, ... Tell it wher-ev-er you go; If
Tell it that oth-ers a-round you may know,
you would win others from sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev- er you go!

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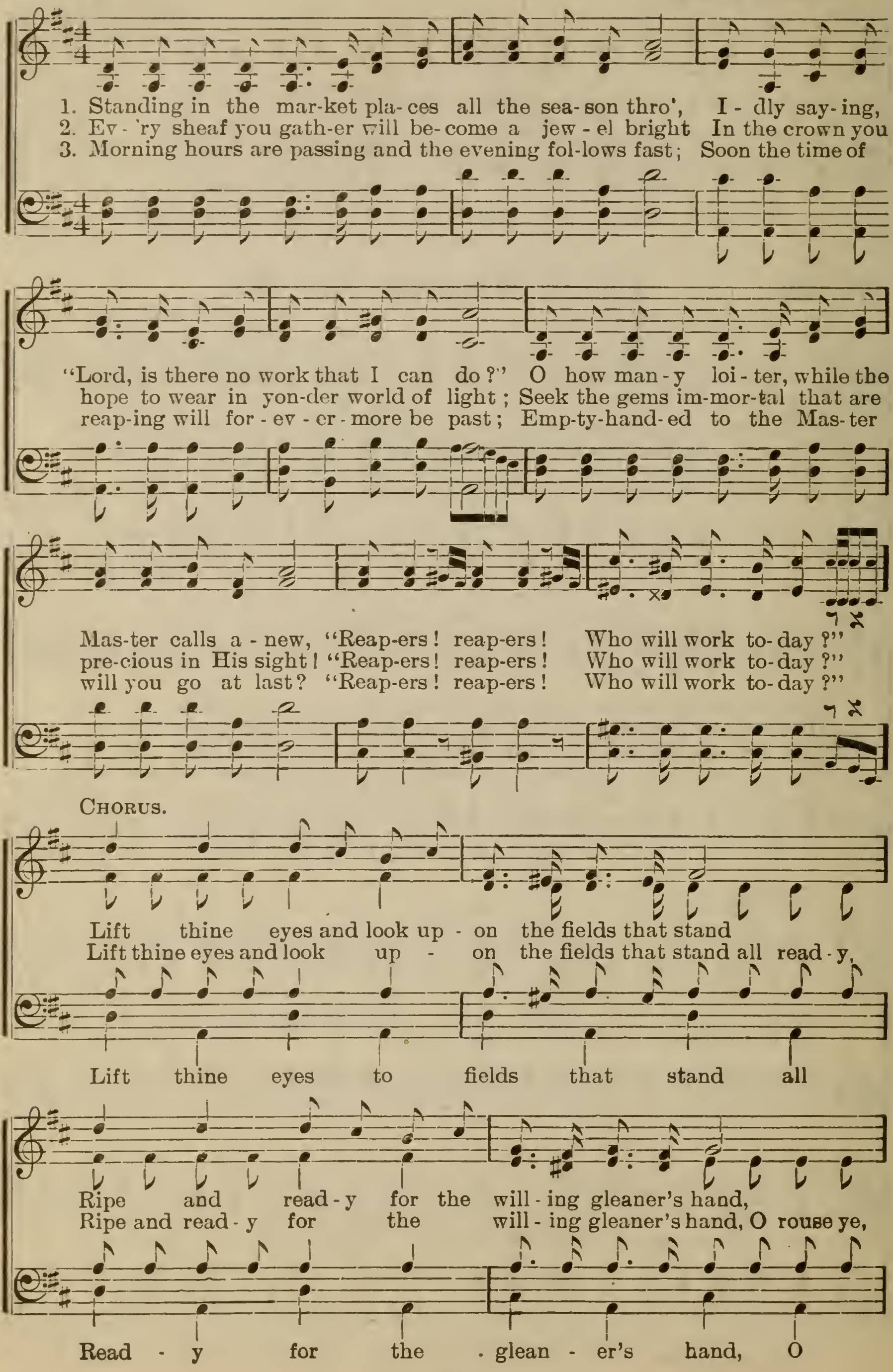
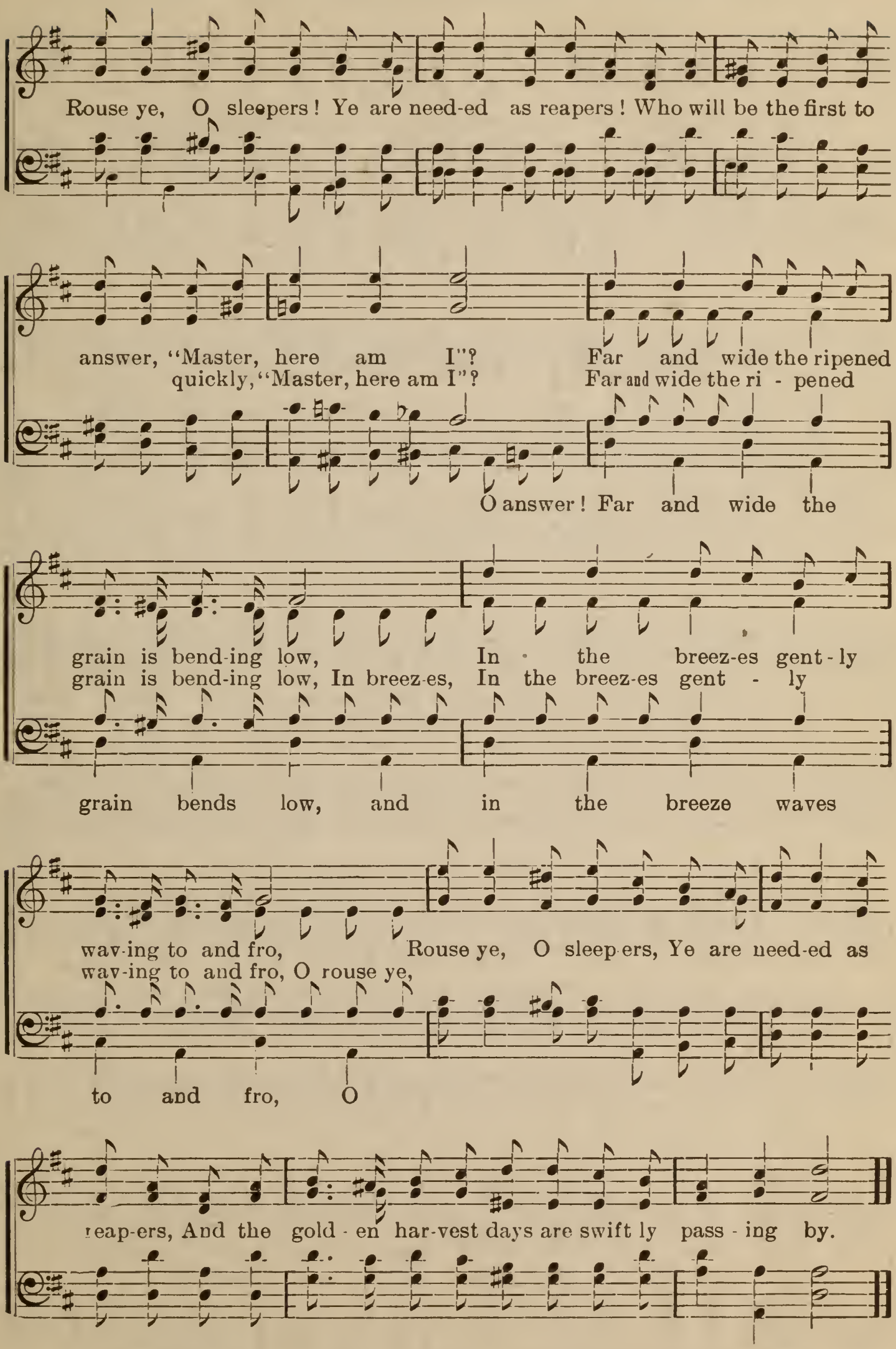
No. 152 Reapers Are Needed

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Standing in the market places all the season thro', Idly saying, "Lord, is there no work that I can do?" O how many loiter, while the Master calls anew, "Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?"
2. Ev'ry sheaf you gather will become a jewel bright In the crown you hope to wear in yonder world of light; Seek the gems immortal that are precious in His sight! "Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?"
3. Morning hours are passing and the evening follows fast; Soon the time of reaping will for-evermore be past; Empty-handed to the Master will you go at last? "Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?"
Chorus.
Lift thine eyes and look upon the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look upon the fields that stand all ready,
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and ready for the willing gleaner's hand,
Ripe and ready for the willing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Ready for the gleaner's hand, O

Reapers Are Needed—Concluded


Rouse ye, O sleepers! Ye are need-ed as reapers! Who will be the first to
answer, "Master, here am I"? Far and wide the ripened
quickly, "Master, here am I"? Far and wide the ri - pened
O answer! Far and wide the
grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gent-ly
grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gent - ly
grain bends low, and in the breeze waves
wav-ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleep-ers, Ye are need-ed as
wav-ing to and fro, O rouse ye,
to and fro, O
reap-ers, And the gold - en har-vest days are swift ly pass - ing by.

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No. 153 Only a Beam of Sunshine

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

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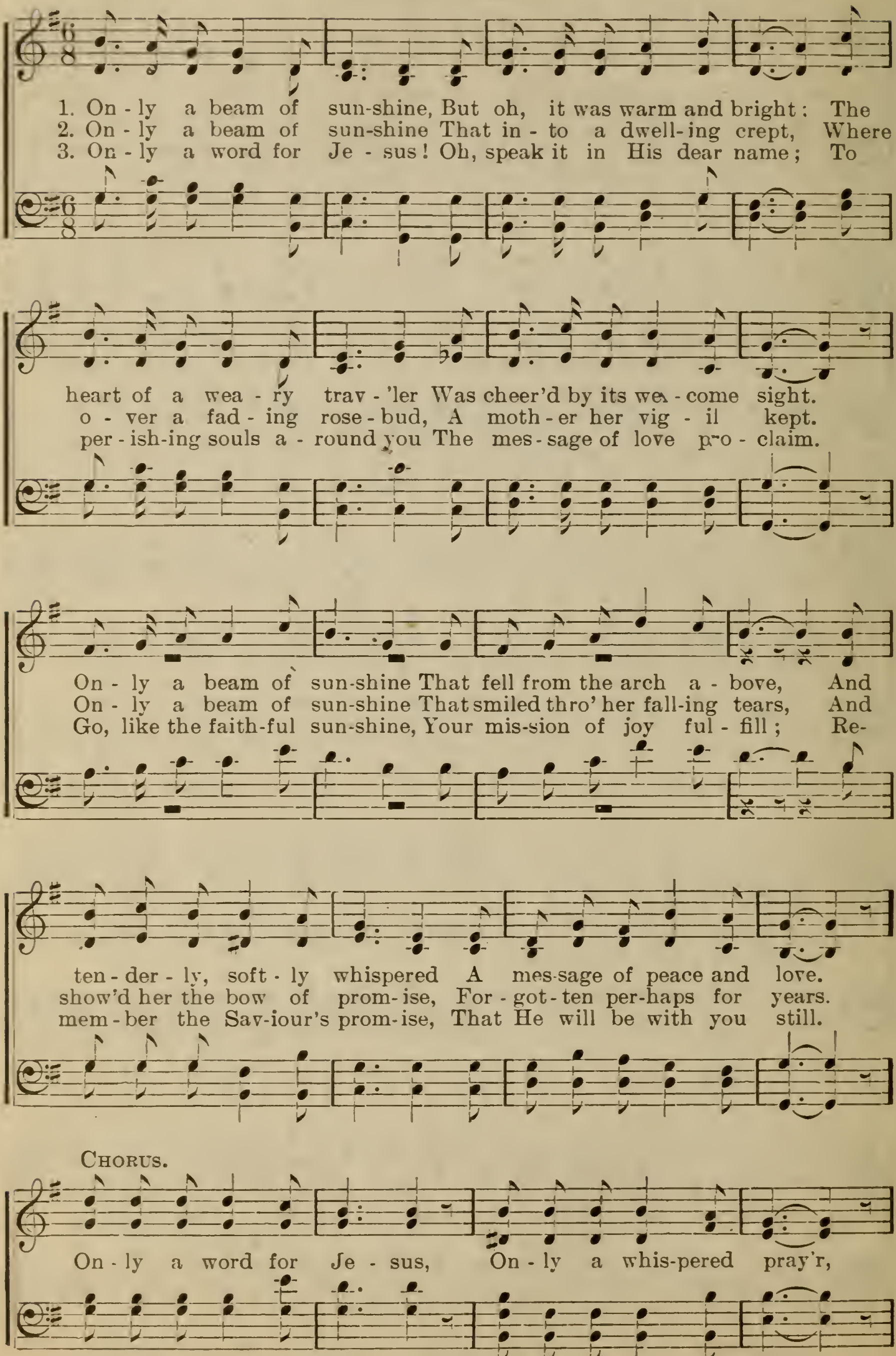
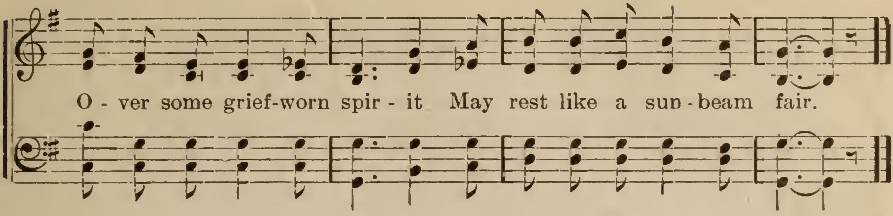
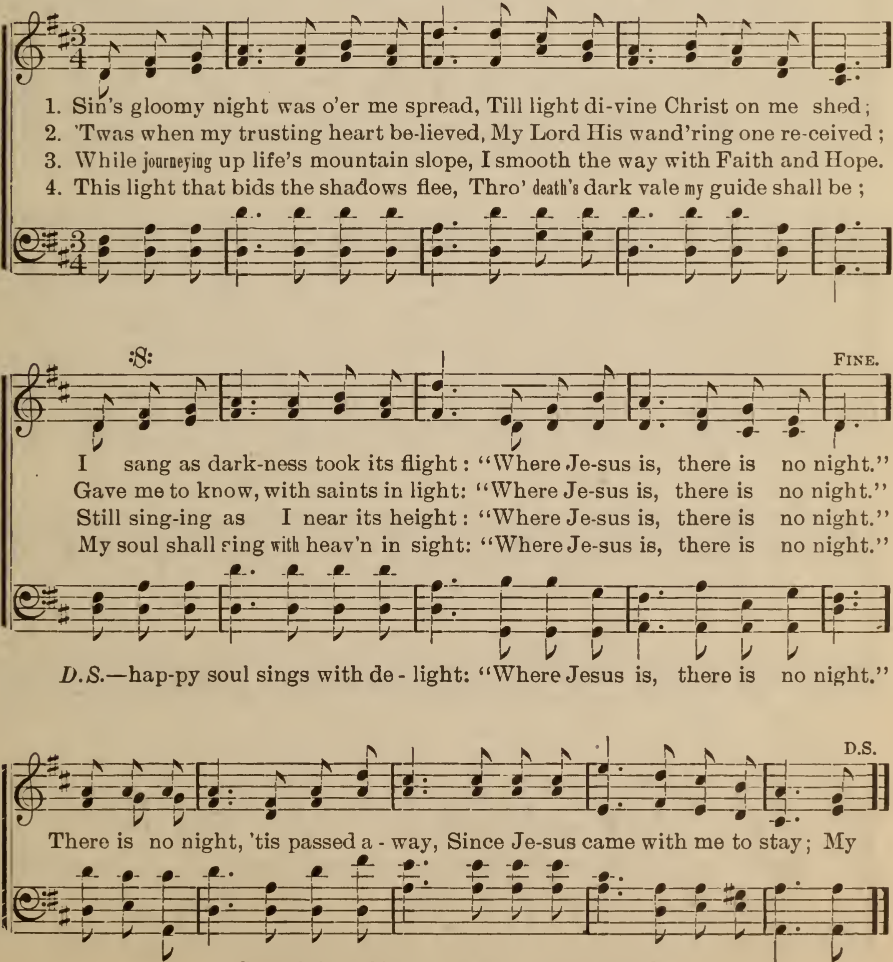

1. On - ly a beam of sun-shine, But oh, it was warm and bright: The
2. On - ly a beam of sun-shine That in - to a dwell-ing crept, Where
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
per - ish-ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.
On - ly a beam of sun-shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sun-shine That smiled thro' her fall-ing tears, And
Go, like the faith-ful sun-shine, Your mis-sion of joy ful - fill; Re-
ten - der - ly, soft - ly whispered A mes-sage of peace and love.
show'd her the bow of prom-ise, For - got - ten per-haps for years.
mem - ber the Sav-iour's prom-ise, That He will be with you still.
Chorus.
On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis-pered pray'r,

Only a Beam of Sunshine—Concluded


O - ver some grief-worn spir - it May rest like a sun - beam fair.

No. 154 Where Jesus Is, There Is No Night

C. J. Butler. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Sin's gloomy night was o'er me spread, Till light di-vine Christ on me shed;
2. 'Twas when my trusting heart be-lieved, My Lord His wand'ring one re-ceived;
3. While journeying up life's mountain slope, I smooth the way with Faith and Hope.
4. This light that bids the shadows flee, Thro' death's dark vale my guide shall be;
:S:
FINE.
I sang as dark-ness took its flight: "Where Je-sus is, there is no night."
Gave me to know, with saints in light: "Where Je-sus is, there is no night."
Still sing-ing as I near its height: "Where Je-sus is, there is no night."
My soul shall sing with heav'n in sight: "Where Je-sus is, there is no night."
D.S.—hap-py soul sings with de - light: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
There is no night, 'tis passed a - way, Since Je-sus came with me to stay; My
D.S.

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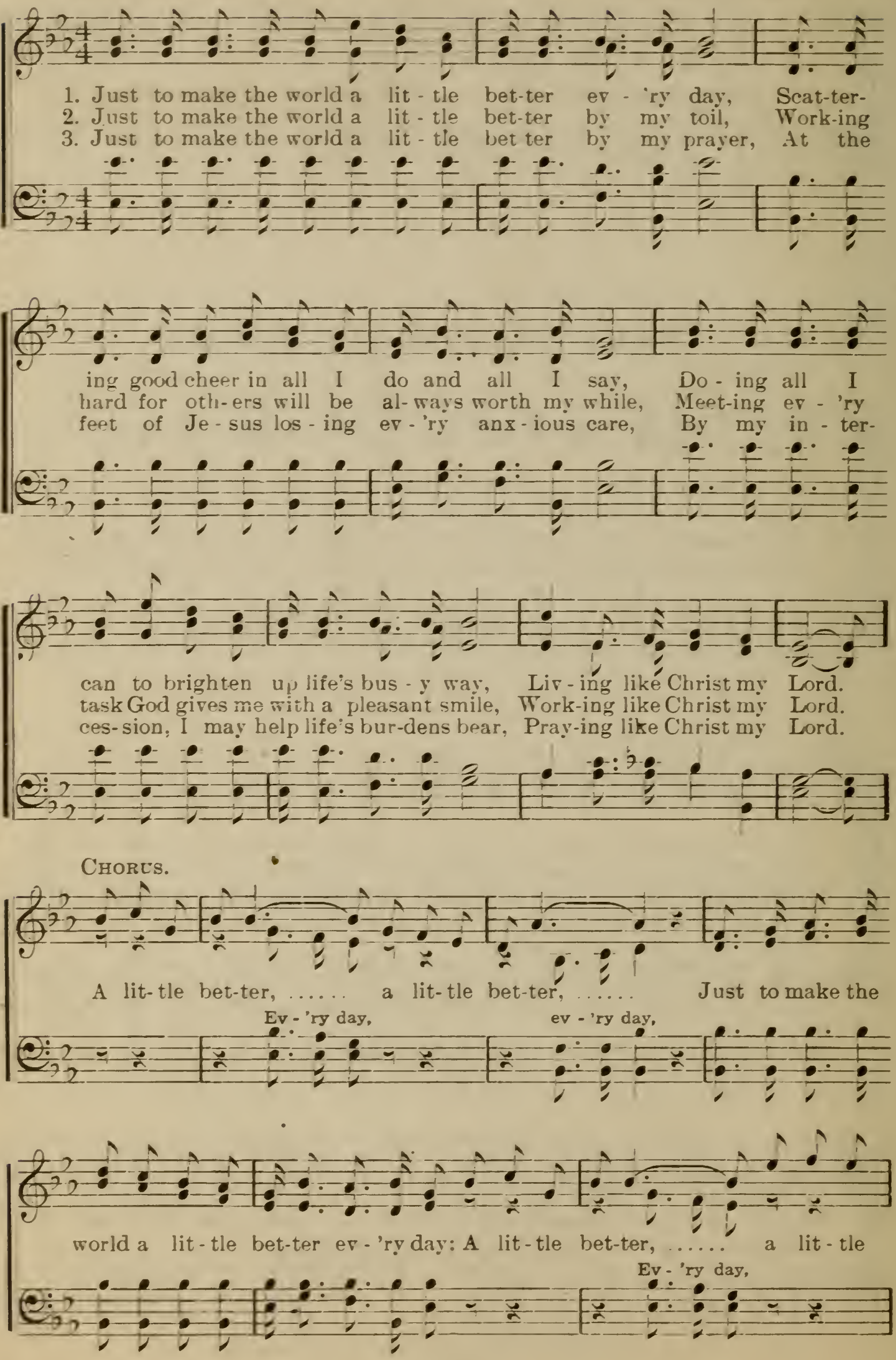
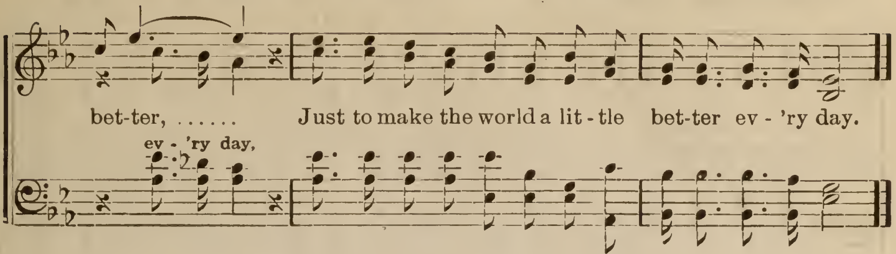
No. 155 Just to Make the World a Little Better

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. Just to make the world a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day, Scat-ter-
2. Just to make the world a lit - tle bet-ter by my toil, Work-ing
3. Just to make the world a lit - tle bet ter by my prayer, At the
ing good cheer in all I do and all I say, Do - ing all I
hard for oth-ers will be al-ways worth my while, Meet-ing ev - 'ry
feet of Je - sus los - ing ev - 'ry anx - ious care, By my in - ter-
can to brighten up life's bus - y way, Liv - ing like Christ my Lord.
task God gives me with a pleasant smile, Work-ing like Christ my Lord.
ces- sion, I may help life's bur-dens bear, Pray-ing like Christ my Lord.
CHORUS.
A lit- tle bet-ter, ... a lit- tle bet-ter, ... Just to make the
Ev - 'ry day,
ev - 'ry day,
world a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day: A lit - tle bet-ter, ... a lit - tle
Ev - 'ry day,

Just to Make the World a Little Better—Concluded



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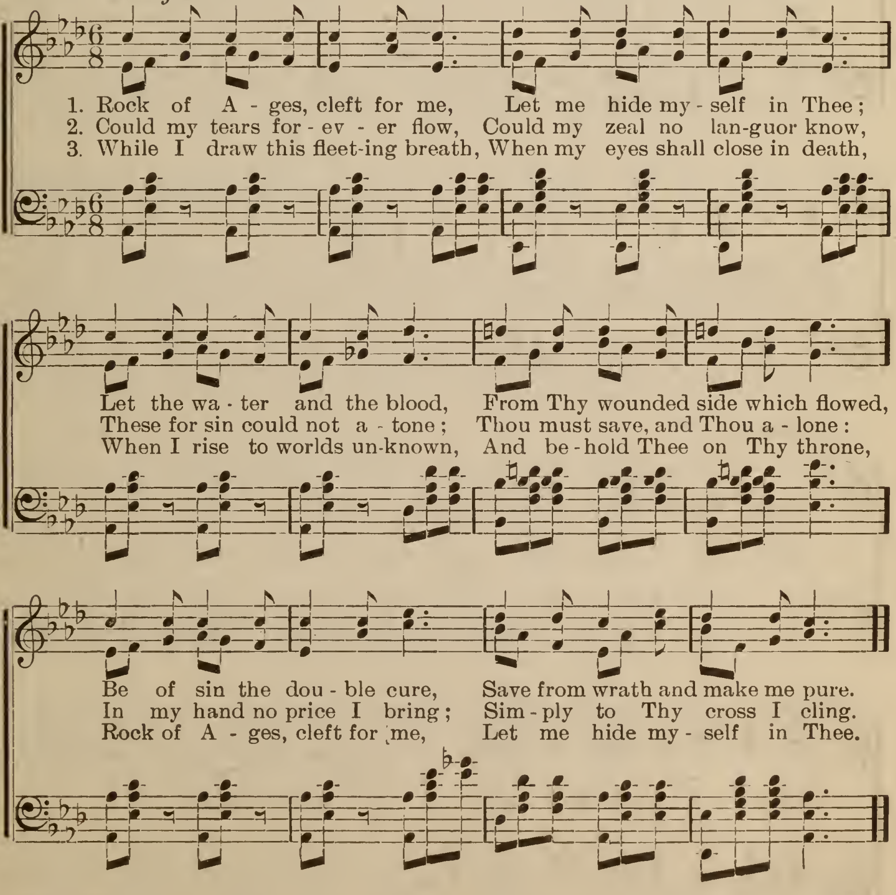
No. 156

Rock of Ages

Augustus Toplady.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Melody in Alto.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

*The upper part should be well sustained by a few selected voices or instrument.

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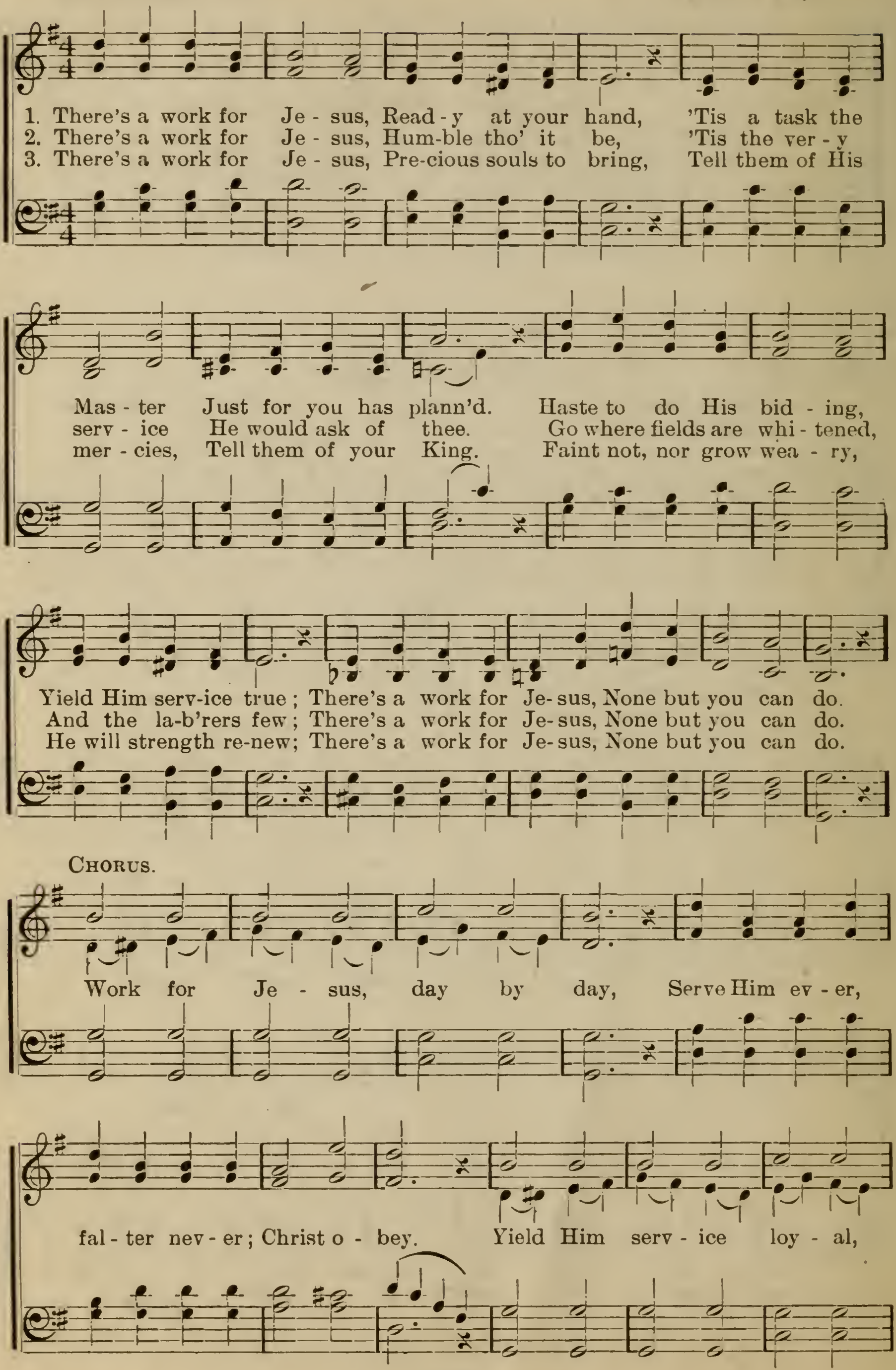
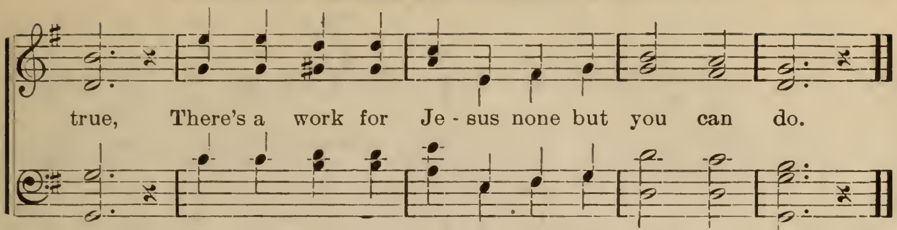
No. 157 There's a Work for Jesus

Elsie Duncan Yale. Wm. T. Meyer.


1. There's a work for Je - sus, Read - y at your hand, 'Tis a task the
2. There's a work for Je - sus, Hum-ble tho' it be, 'Tis the ver - y
3. There's a work for Je - sus, Pre-cious souls to bring, Tell them of His
Mas - ter Just for you has plann'd. Haste to do His bid - ing,
serv - ice He would ask of thee. Go where fields are whi - tened,
mer - cies, Tell them of your King. Faint not, nor grow wea - ry,
Yield Him serv-ice true; There's a work for Je-sus, None but you can do.
And the la-b'rers few; There's a work for Je-sus, None but you can do.
He will strength re-new; There's a work for Je-sus, None but you can do.
Chorus.
Work for Je - sus, day by day, Serve Him ev - er,
fal - ter nev - er; Christ o - bey. Yield Him serv - ice loy - al,



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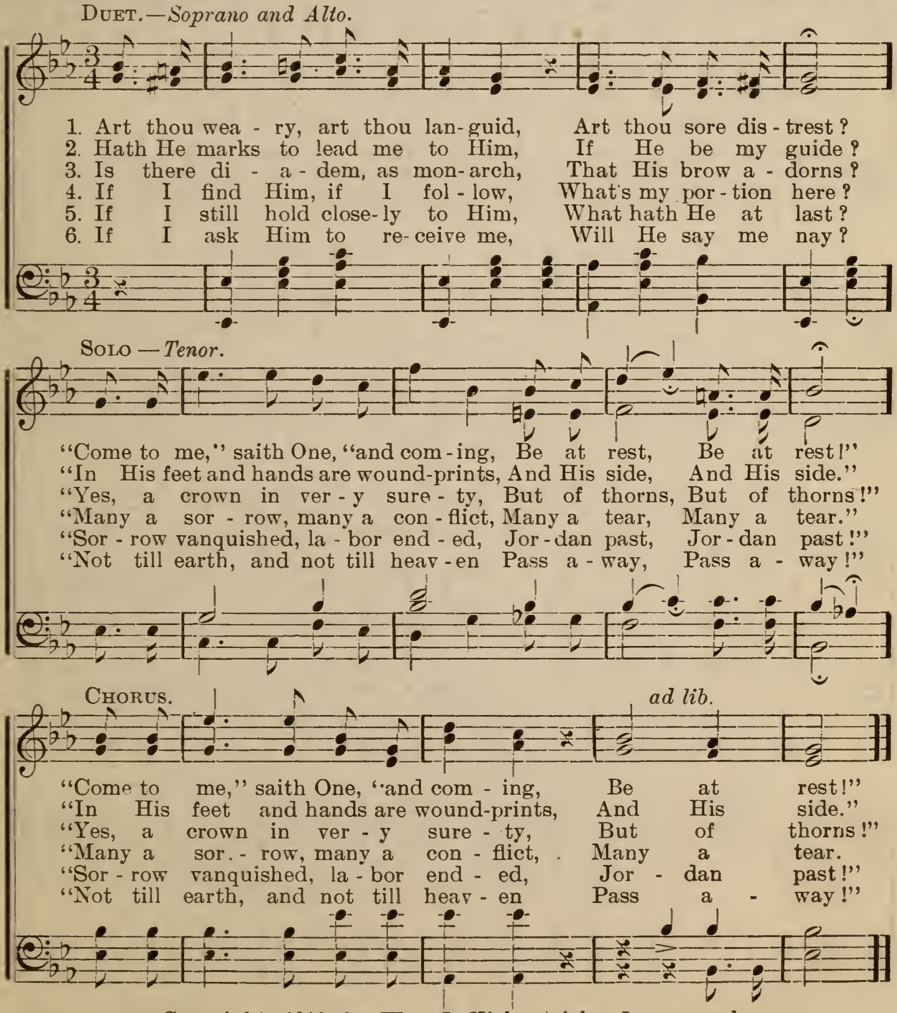
No. 158

Art Thou Weary?

"AH, MY HEART."

Tr. J. M. Neale.
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


Duet.—Soprano and Alto.
1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon-arch, That His brow a - dorns?
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What's my por - tion here?
5. If I still hold close-ly to Him, What hath He at last?
6. If I ask Him to re-ceive me, Will He say me nay?
Solo—Tenor.
"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest, Be at rest!"
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side, And His side."
"Yes, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns, But of thorns!"
"Many a sor - row, many a con - flict, Many a tear, Many a tear."
"Sor - row vanquished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan past, Jor - dan past!"
"Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way, Pass a - way!"
Chorus.
ad lib.
"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yes, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns!"
"Many a sor - row, many a con - flict, Many a tear.
"Sor - row vanquished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan past!"
"Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way!"

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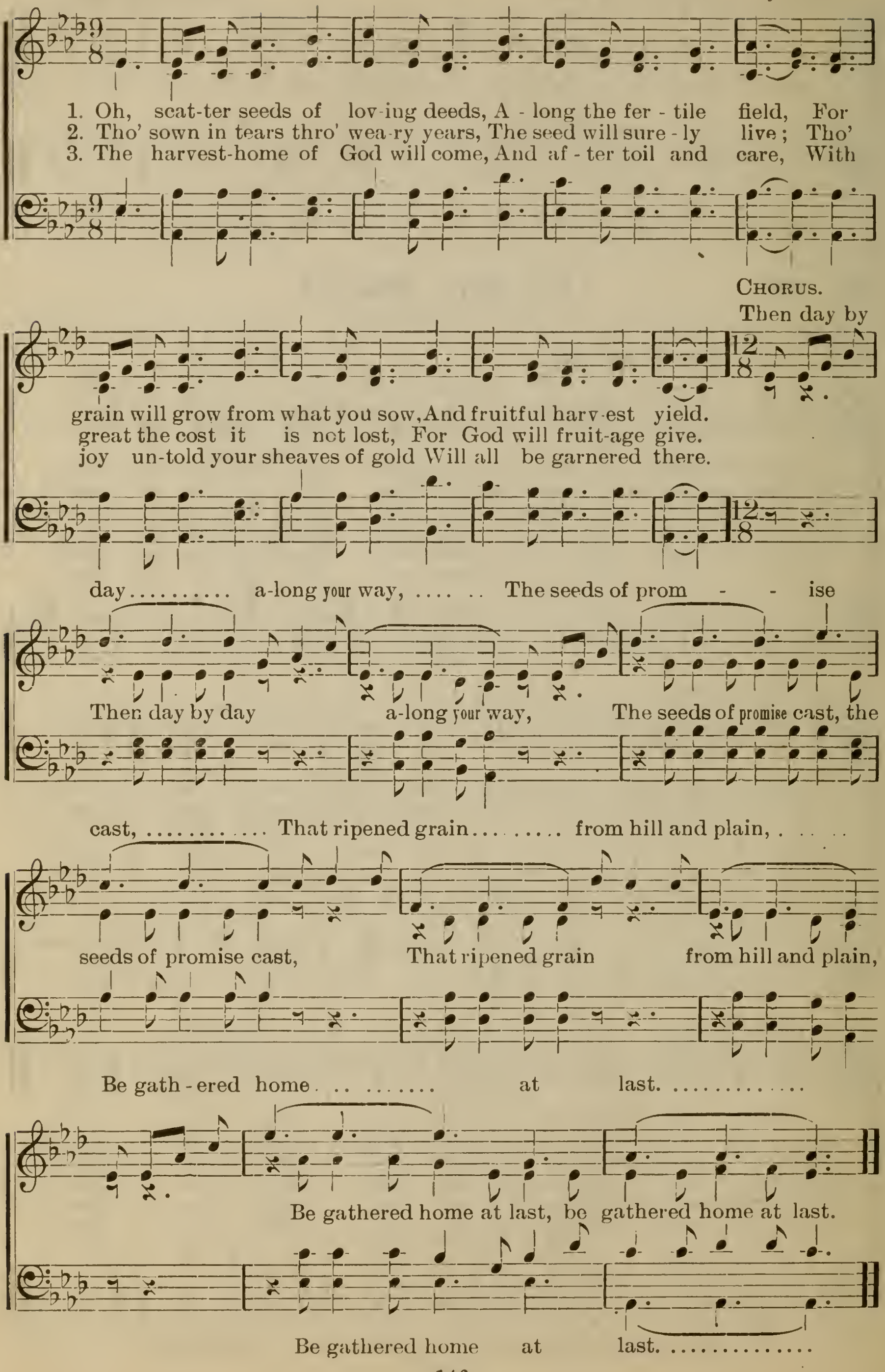
No. 159 Seeds of Promise

Jessie H. Brown. Fred. A. Fillmore. By Per.

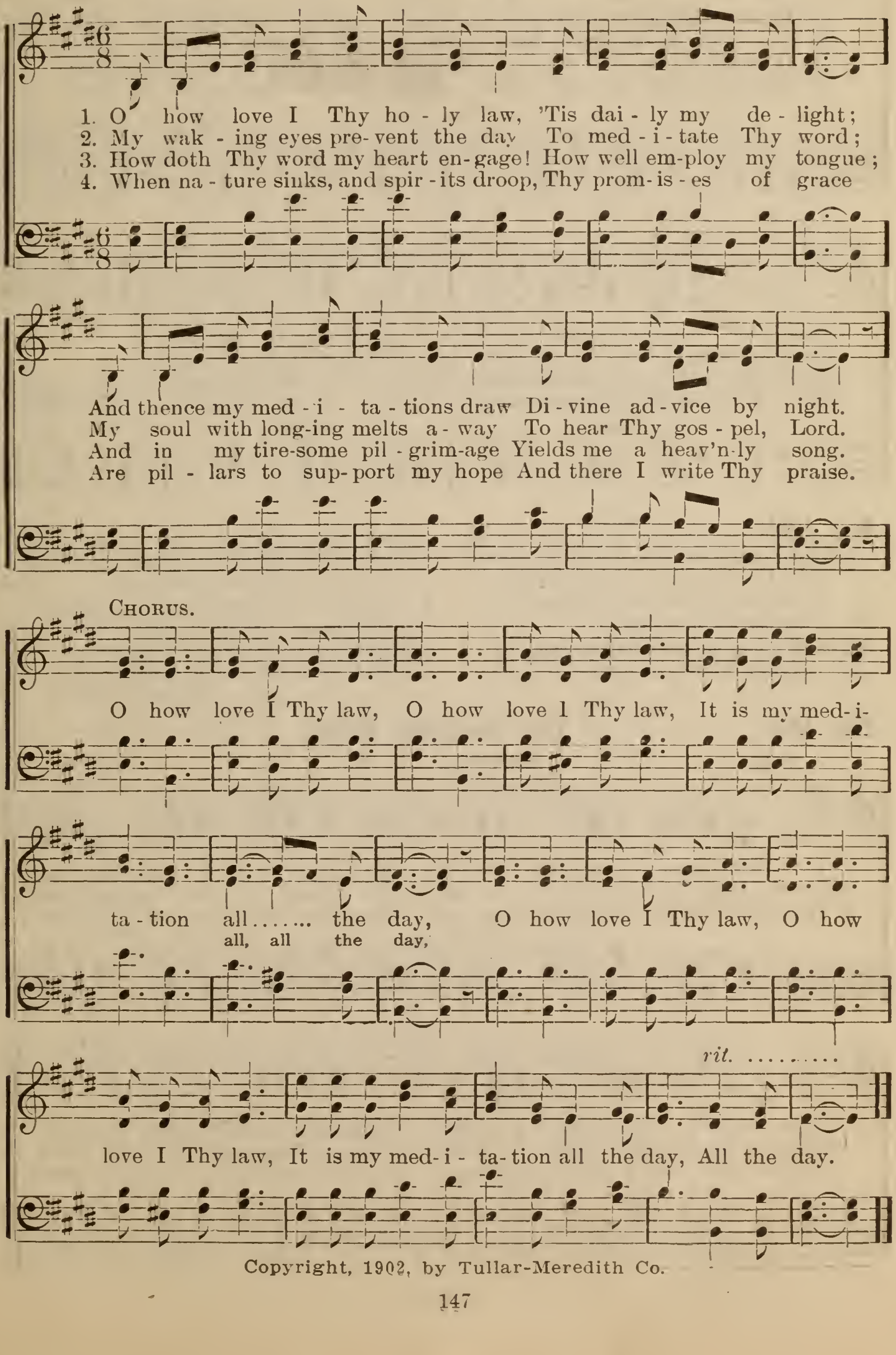

1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field, For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harv-est yield.
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure - ly live; Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care, With joy un-told your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.
Chorus.
Then day by day.......... a-long your way, ... The seeds of prom - - ise cast, ... That ripened grain......... from hill and plain, ... Be gath - ered home . .. . at last. ....
Then day by day a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain from hill and plain,
Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
Be gathered home at last. ....

XIV. BIBLE

No. 160

O How Love I Thy Law

Isaac Watts. I. H. Meredith.


1. O how love I Thy holy law, 'Tis daily my delight;
2. My waking eyes prevent the day To meditate Thy word;
3. How doth Thy word my heart engage! How well employ my tongue;
4. When nature sinks, and spirits droop, Thy promises of grace
And thence my meditations draw Divine advice by night.
My soul with longing melts away To hear Thy gospel, Lord.
And in my tiresome pilgrimage Yields me a heav'nly song.
Are pillars to support my hope And there I write Thy praise.
CHORUS.
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law, It is my meditation all...... the day,
all, all the day,
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law, It is my meditation all the day, All the day.
rit. ....

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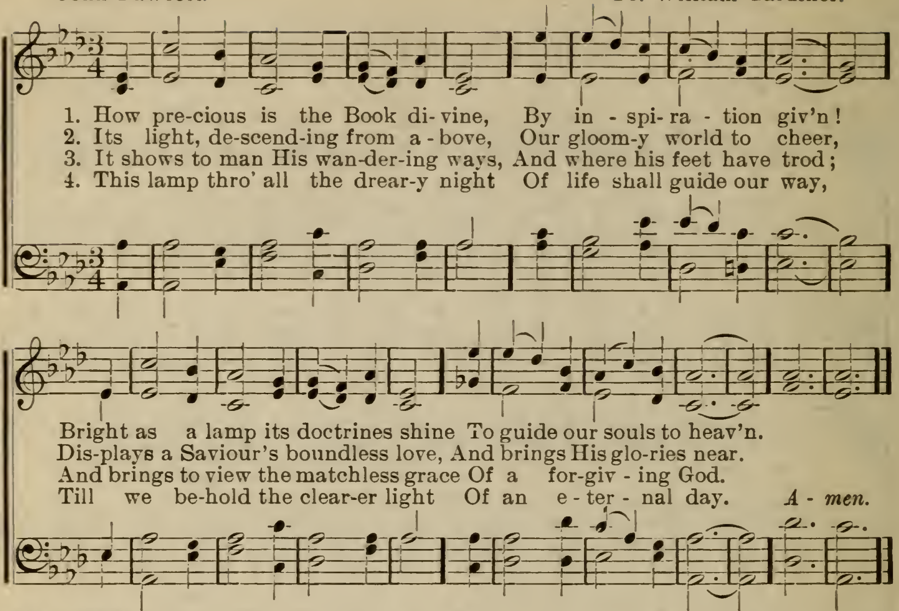
No. 161

Precious Book

John Fawcett. Fr. William Gardiner.


1. How pre-cious is the Book di-vine, By in - spi-ra - tion giv'n!
2. Its light, de-scend-ing from a-bove, Our gloom-y world to cheer,
3. It shows to man His wan-der-ing ways, And where his feet have trod;
4. This lamp thro' all the drear-y night Of life shall guide our way,
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine To guide our souls to heav'n.
Dis-plays a Saviour's boundless love, And brings His glo-ries near.
And brings to view the matchless grace Of a for-giv - ing God.
Till we be-hold the clear-er light Of an e - ter - nal day.
A - men.

No. 162

1 The Spirit breathes upon the word
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

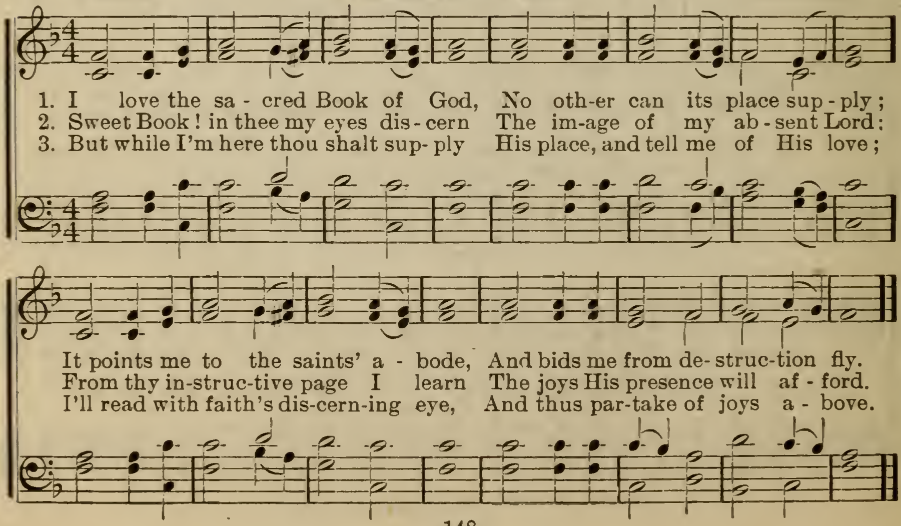
3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

William Cowper.

No. 163

The Sacred Book

T. Kelly. **(Hamburg. L. M.)** Gregorian.

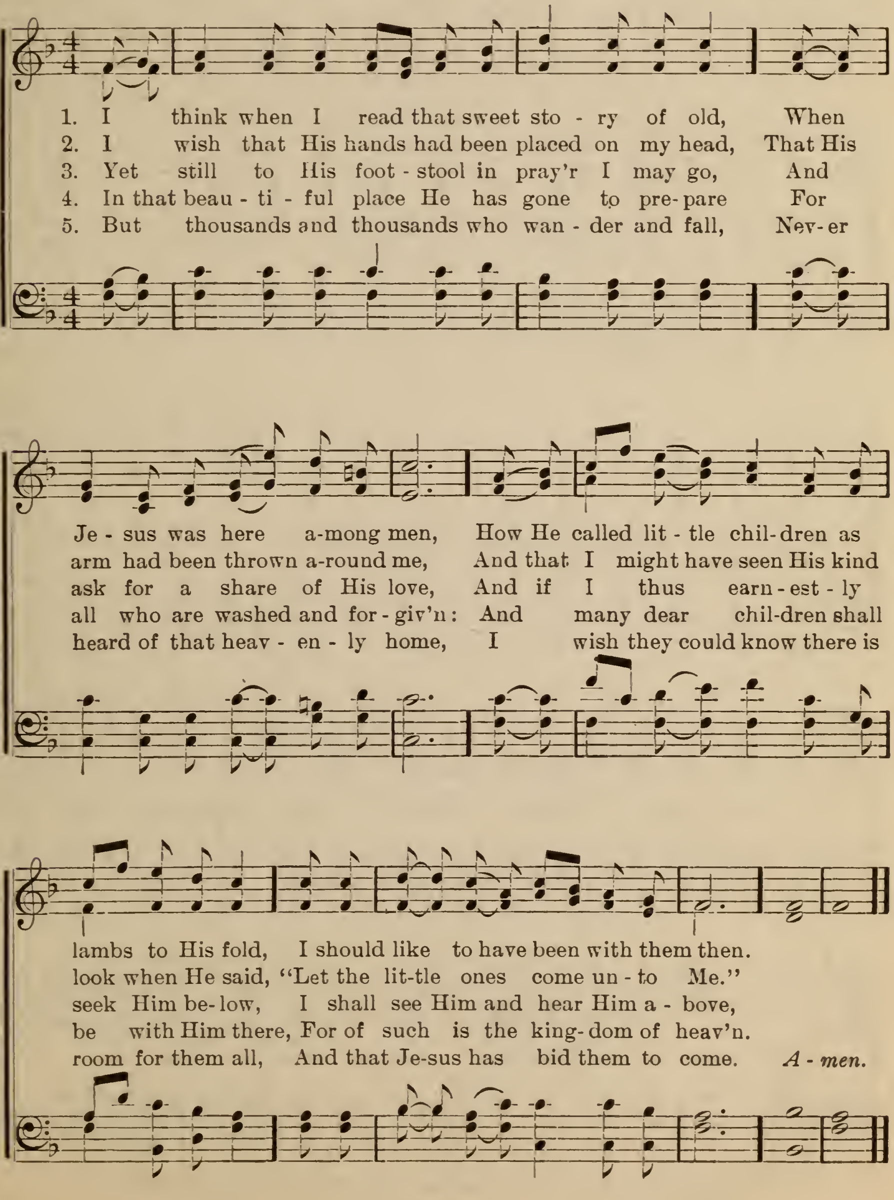

1. I love the sa - cred Book of God, No oth-er can its place sup-ply;
2. Sweet Book! in thee my eyes dis-cern The im-age of my ab-sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here thou shalt sup-ply His place, and tell me of His love;
It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de-struc-tion fly.
From thy in-struc-tive page I learn The joys His presence will af - ford.
I'll read with faith's dis-cern-ing eye, And thus par-take of joys a - bove.

XV. CHILDREN

No. 164 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old

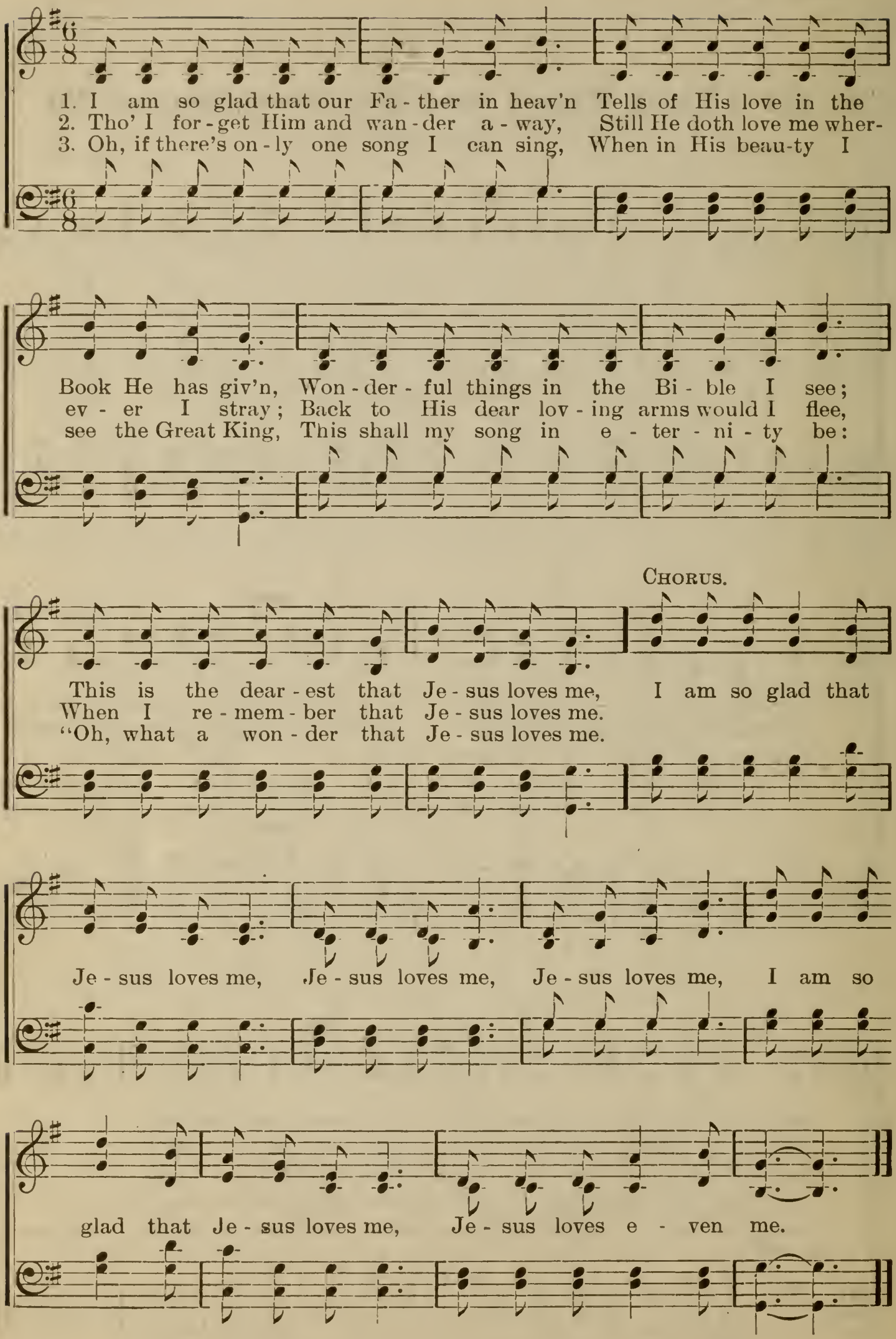
"Sweet Story."

J. Luke, 1841. English.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For
5. But thousands and thousands who wan - der and fall, Nev- er
Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil- dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share of His love, And if I thus earn - est - ly
all who are washed and for - giv'n: And many dear chil-dren shall
heard of that heav - en - ly home, I wish they could know there is
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be- low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove,
be with Him there, For of such is the king- dom of heav'n.
room for them all, And that Je-sus has bid them to come.
A - men.

No. 165 Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I
Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:
Chorus.
This is the dear - est that Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me.
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, I am so
glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

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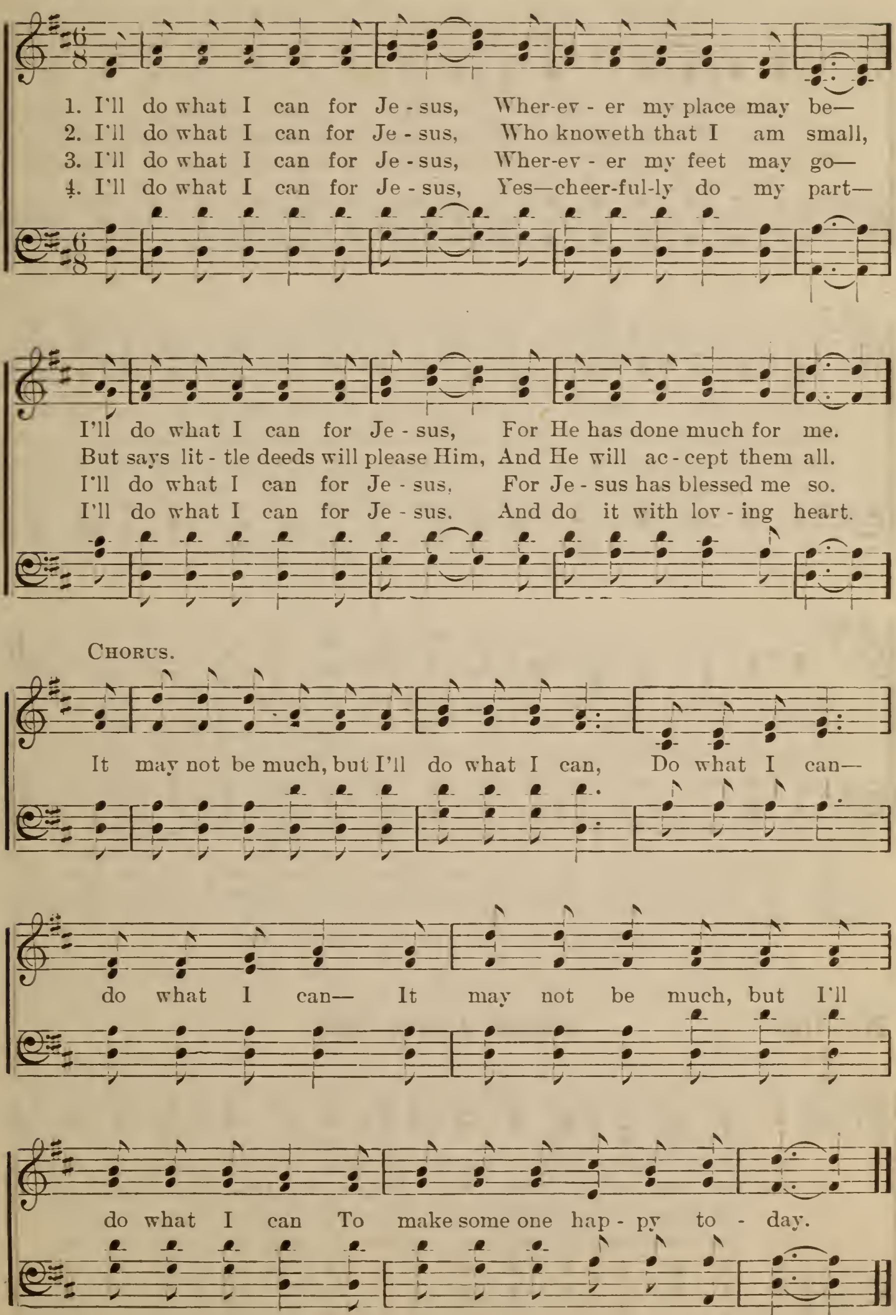
No. 166 I'll Do What I Can

Primary Song.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Powell G. Fithian.

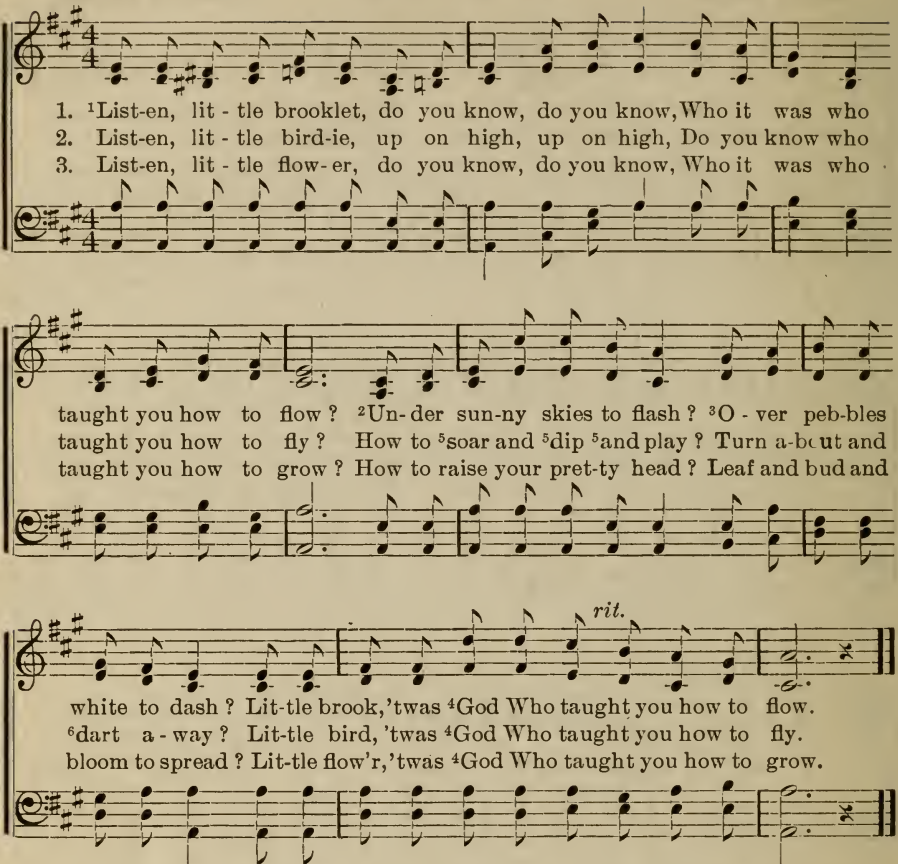

1. I'll do what I can for Je - sus, Wher-ev - er my place may be—
2. I'll do what I can for Je - sus, Who knoweth that I am small,
3. I'll do what I can for Je - sus, Wher-ev - er my feet may go—
4. I'll do what I can for Je - sus, Yes—cheer-ful-ly do my part—
I'll do what I can for Je - sus, For He has done much for me.
But says lit - tle deeds will please Him, And He will ac - cept them all.
I'll do what I can for Je - sus, For Je - sus has blessed me so.
I'll do what I can for Je - sus. And do it with lov - ing heart.
Chorus.
It may not be much, but I'll do what I can, Do what I can—
do what I can— It may not be much, but I'll
do what I can To make some one hap - py to - day.

Copyright, 1900, by Powell G. Fithian.

No. 167 Who Taught You?

(Primary Motion Song.*)

Edith S. Tillotson. Hilton Woods.


1. [1]List-en, lit-tle brooklet, do you know, do you know, Who it was who
2. List-en, lit-tle bird-ie, up on high, up on high, Do you know who
3. List-en, lit-tle flow-er, do you know, do you know, Who it was who
taught you how to flow? [2]Un-der sun-ny skies to flash? [3]O-ver peb-bles
taught you how to fly? How to [5]soar and [5]dip [5]and play? Turn a-bout and
taught you how to grow? How to raise your pret-ty head? Leaf and bud and
white to dash? Lit-tle brook, 'twas [4]God Who taught you how to flow.
[6]dart a-way? Lit-tle bird, 'twas [4]God Who taught you how to fly.
bloom to spread? Lit-tle flow'r, 'twas [4]God Who taught you how to grow.
rit.

*1, Right hand raised, with finger pointing. 2, Hand raised, moving from left to right. 3, Hand lowered, moved from right to left. 4, Both arms raised, eyes looking up. 5, Hand raised and moved from side to side. 6, Arms extended, slightly back.

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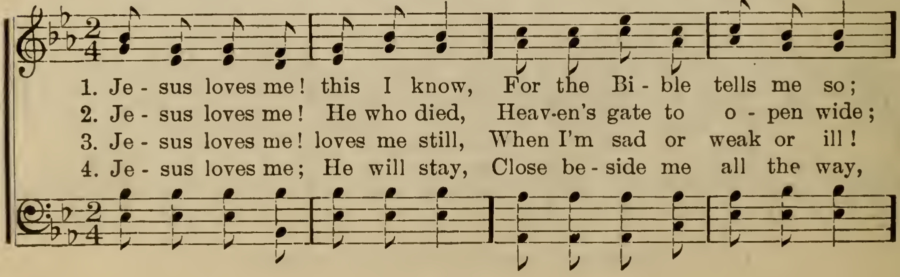
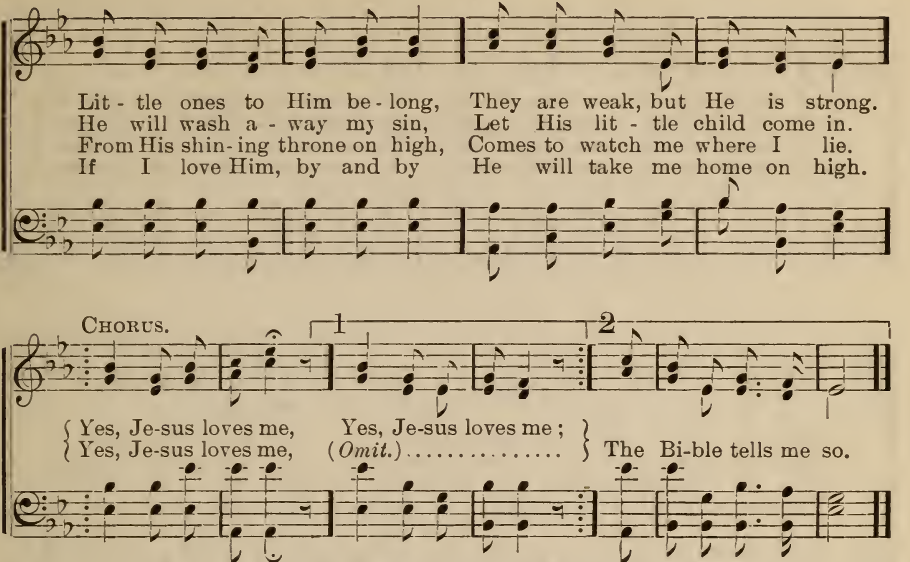
No. 168 Jesus Loves Me

Anna Warner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so;
2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o-pen wide;
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, When I'm sad or weak or ill!
4. Je-sus loves me; He will stay, Close be-side me all the way,

Jesus Loves Me—Concluded


Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him, by and by He will take me home on high.
CHORUS.
1
2
Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me;
Yes, Je-sus loves me, (Omit.)............... The Bi-ble tells me so.

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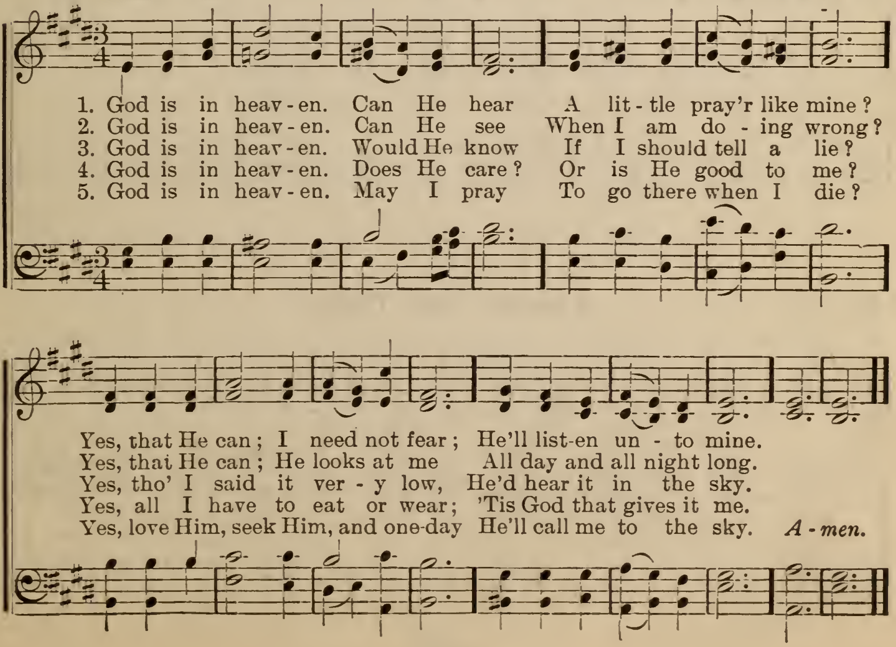
No. 169

God Is In Heaven

"Pancratius."

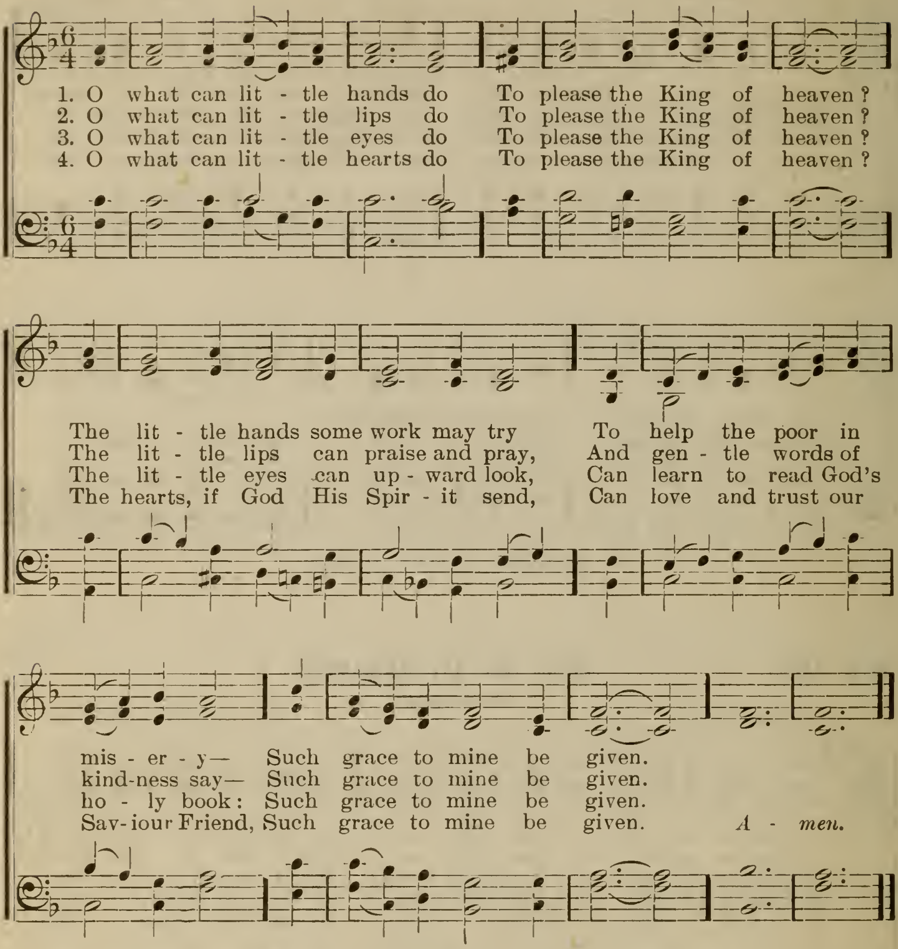
A. Gilbert, 1809. H. H. Woodward, 1894.


1. God is in heav - en. Can He hear A lit - tle pray'r like mine?
2. God is in heav - en. Can He see When I am do - ing wrong?
3. God is in heav - en. Would He know If I should tell a lie?
4. God is in heav - en. Does He care? Or is He good to me?
5. God is in heav - en. May I pray To go there when I die?
Yes, that He can; I need not fear; He'll list-en un - to mine.
Yes, that He can; He looks at me All day and all night long.
Yes, tho' I said it ver - y low, He'd hear it in the sky.
Yes, all I have to eat or wear; 'Tis God that gives it me.
Yes, love Him, seek Him, and one-day He'll call me to the sky. A - men.

No. 170 O What Can Little Hands Do?

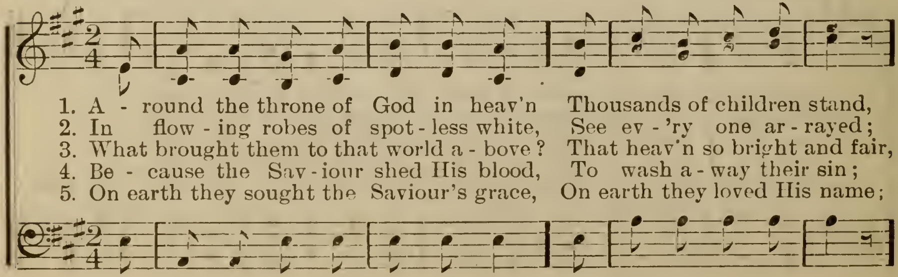
"Child Service."

"Farin," 1865. H. E. Button, 1870.

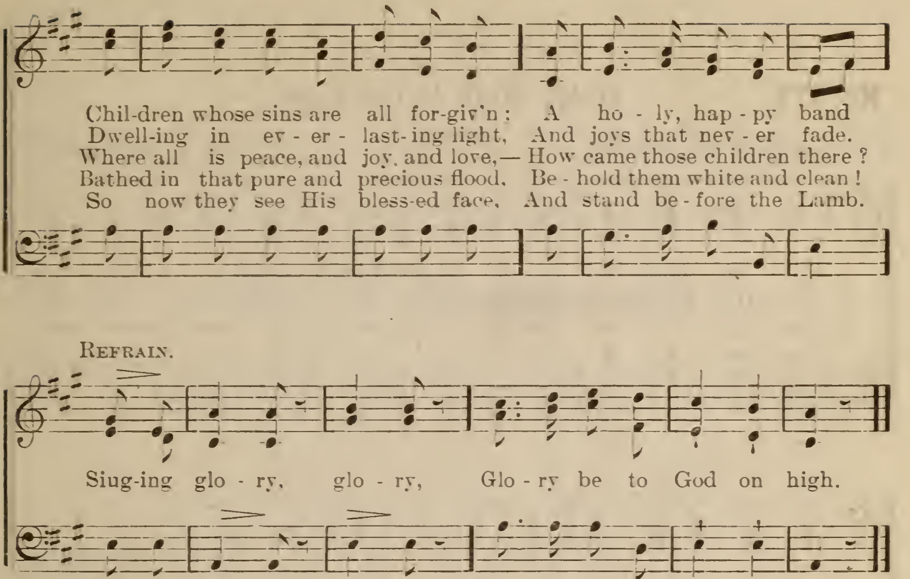

1. O what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven?
2. O what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heaven?
3. O what can lit - tle eyes do To please the King of heaven?
4. O what can lit - tle hearts do To please the King of heaven?
The lit - tle hands some work may try To help the poor in
The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of
The lit - tle eyes can up - ward look, Can learn to read God's
The hearts, if God His Spir - it send, Can love and trust our
mis - er - y— Such grace to mine be given.
kind-ness say— Such grace to mine be given.
ho - ly book: Such grace to mine be given.
Sav-iour Friend, Such grace to mine be given.
A - men.

No. 171 Around the Throne

Mrs. Annie H. Shepherd. Henry E. Mathews.

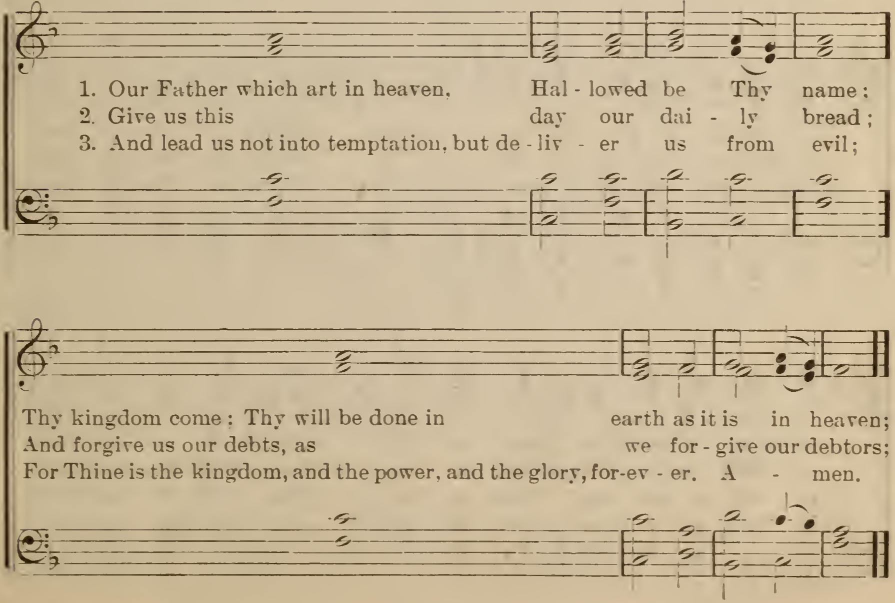

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of children stand,
2. In flow - ing robes of spot - less white, See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed;
3. What brought them to that world a - bove? That heav'n so bright and fair,
4. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood, To wash a - way their sin;
5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Around the Throne—Concluded


Chil-dren whose sins are all for-giv'n: A ho - ly, hap - py band
Dwell-ing in ev - er - last-ing light, And joys that nev - er fade.
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,— How came those children there ?
Bathed in that pure and precious flood. Be - hold them white and clean !
So now they see His bless-ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb.
Refrain.
Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

No. 172 The Lord's Prayer

Gregorian.


1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev - er. A - men.

XVI. GOD

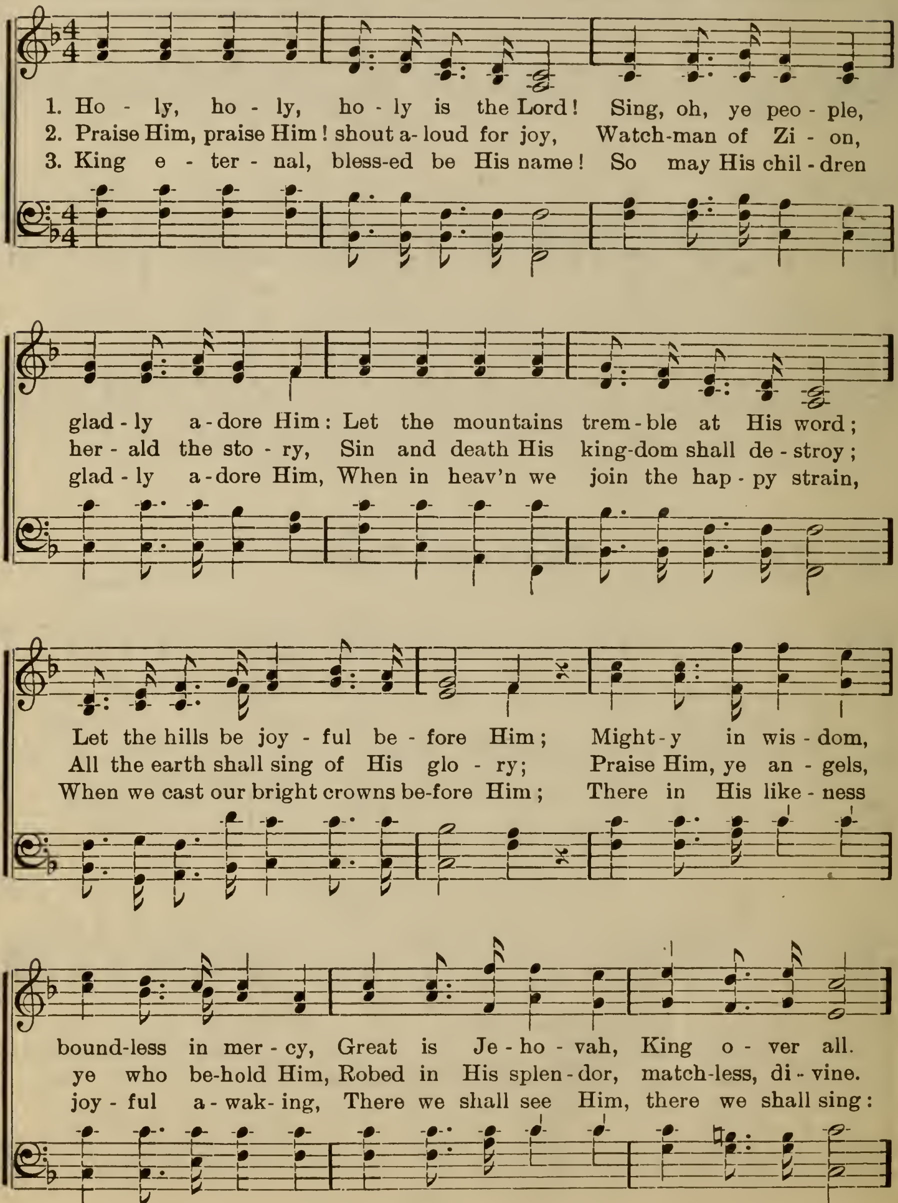
No. 173

Holy, Holy is the Lord

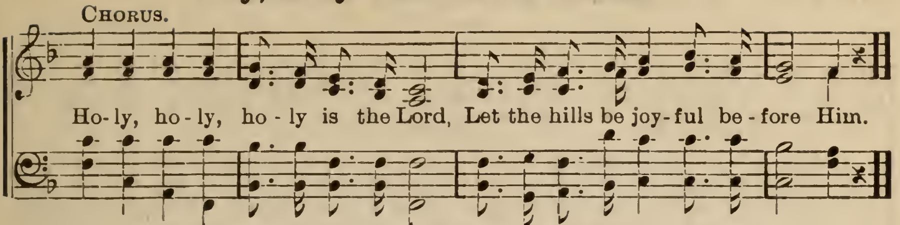
Sabaoth.

Francis J. Van Alstyne.

Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, oh, ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him! shout a- loud for joy, Watch-man of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless-ed be His name! So may His chil - dren
glad - ly a - dore Him: Let the mountains trem - ble at His word;
her - ald the sto - ry, Sin and death His king-dom shall de - stroy;
glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,
Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be-fore Him; There in His like - ness
bound-less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be-hold Him, Robed in His splen - dor, match-less, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing:

Holy, Holy is the Lord—Concluded


CHORUS.
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy-ful be-fore Him.

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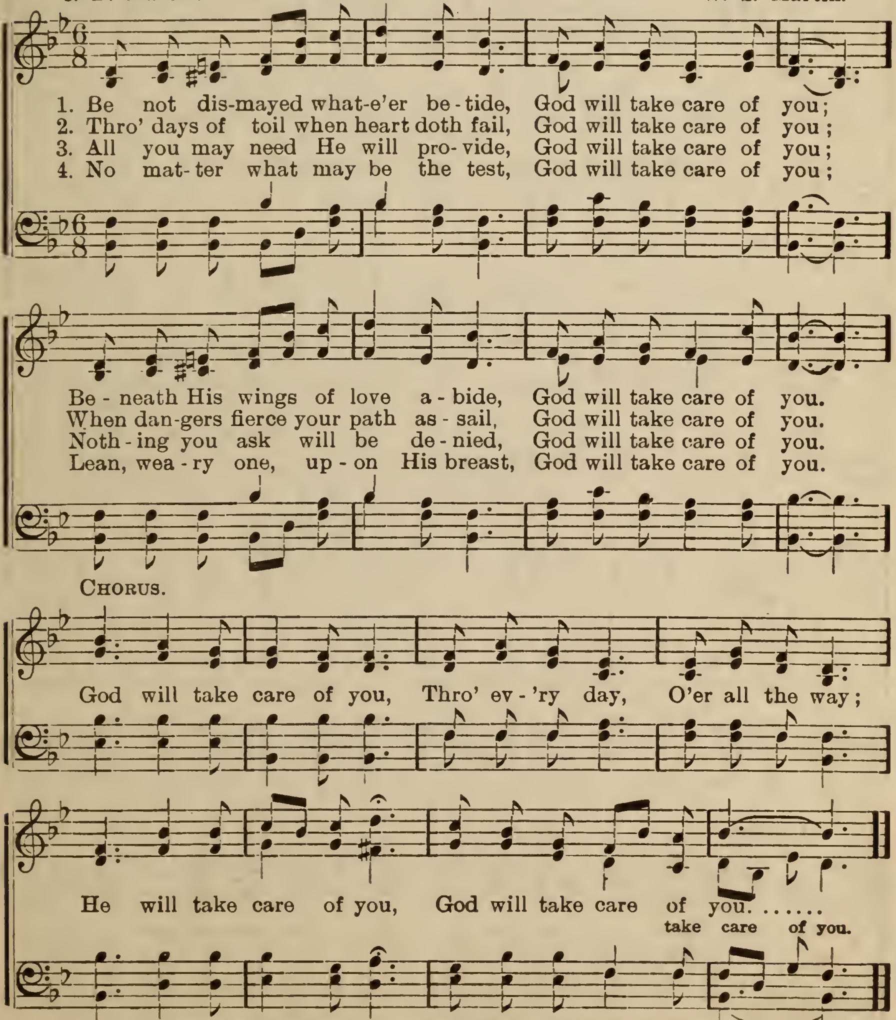
No. 174 God Will Take Care of You

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . . . .
take care of you.

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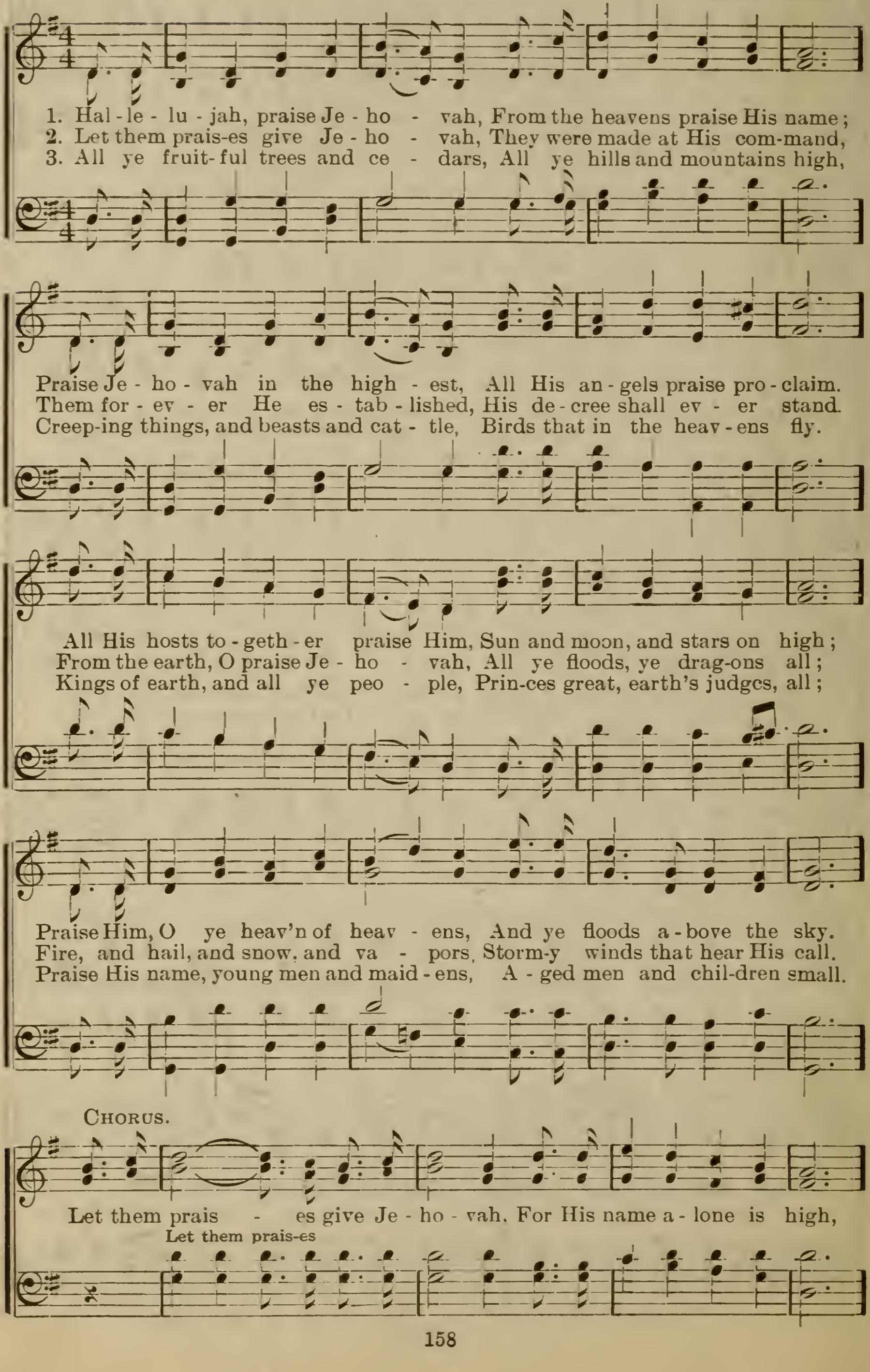
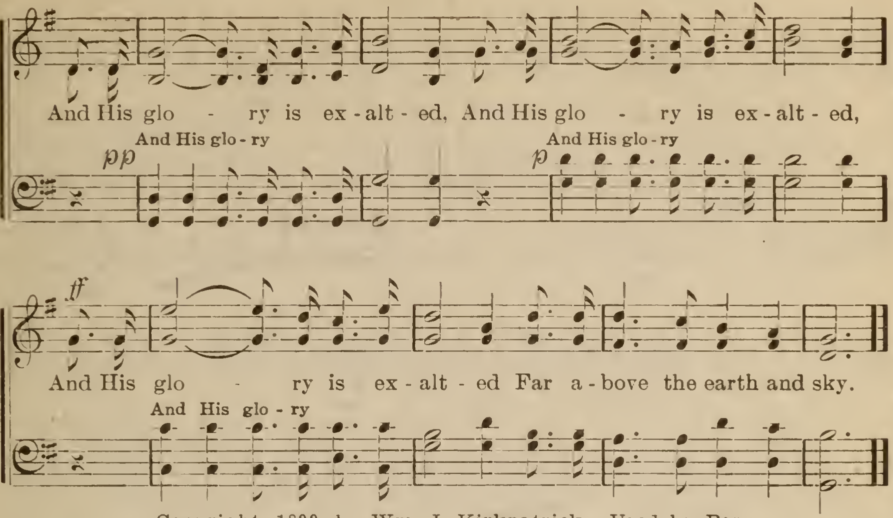
No. 175 Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah

Psalm 146. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Hal-le-lu-jah, praise Je-ho-vah, From the heavens praise His name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je-ho-vah, They were made at His com-mand,
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce-dars, All ye hills and mountains high,
Praise Je-ho-vah in the high-est, All His an-gels praise pro-claim.
Them for-ev-er He es-tab-lished, His de-cree shall ev-er stand.
Creep-ing things, and beasts and cat-tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.
All His hosts to-geth-er praise Him, Sun and moon, and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Je-ho-vah, All ye floods, ye drag-ons all;
Kings of earth, and all ye peo-ple, Prin-ces great, earth's judges, all;
Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav-ens, And ye floods a-bove the sky.
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va-pors, Storm-y winds that hear His call.
Praise His name, young men and maid-ens, A-ged men and chil-dren small.
Chorus.
Let them prais-es give Je-ho-vah, For His name a-lone is high,
Let them prais-es

Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah—Concluded


pp
p
ff
And His glo - ry is ex-alt-ed, And His glo - ry is ex-alt-ed,
And His glo-ry
And His glo-ry
And His glo - ry is ex-alt-ed Far a-bove the earth and sky.
And His glo-ry

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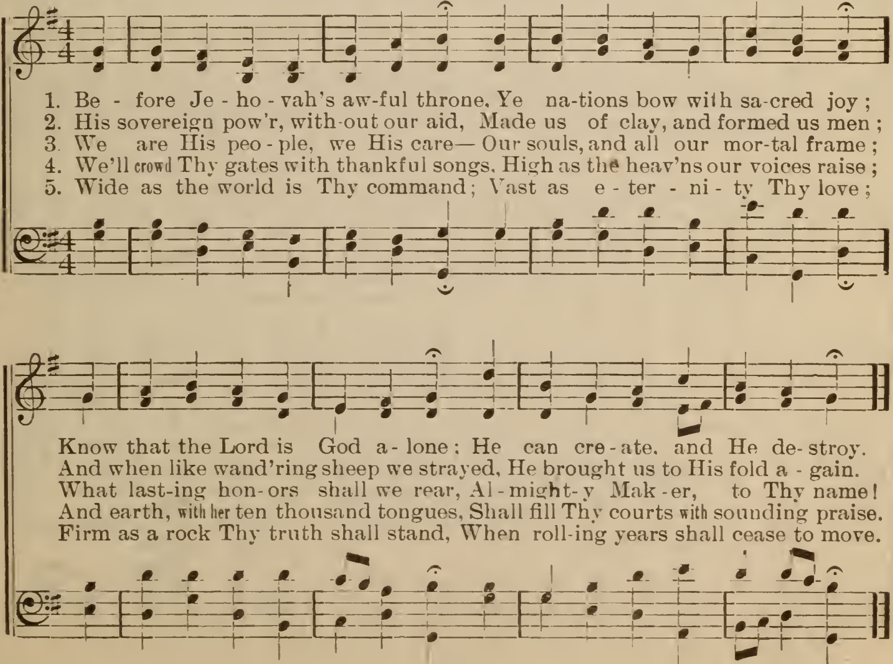
No. 176 Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

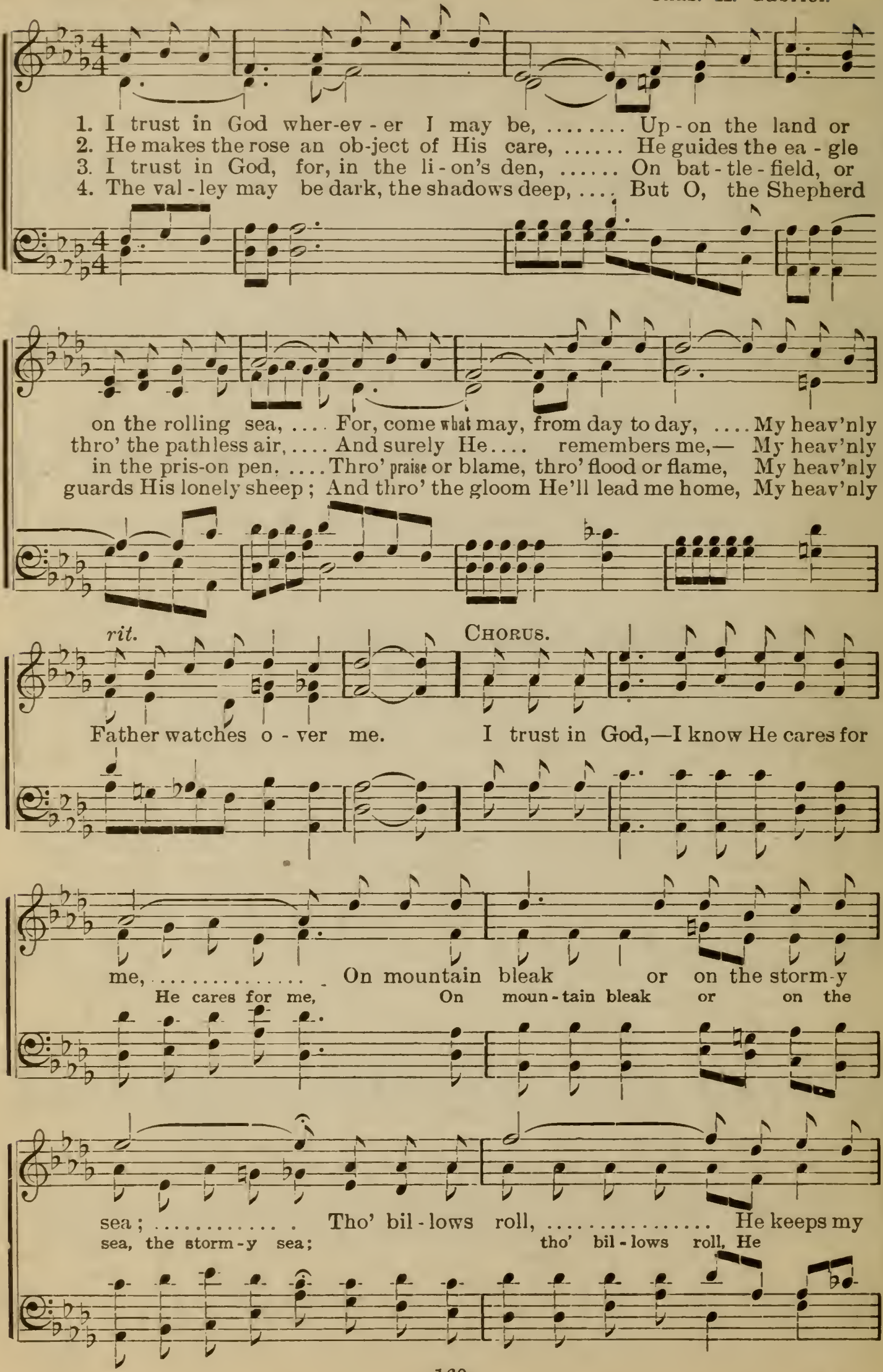
Old Hundred.

Isaac Watts. Louis Bourgeois.

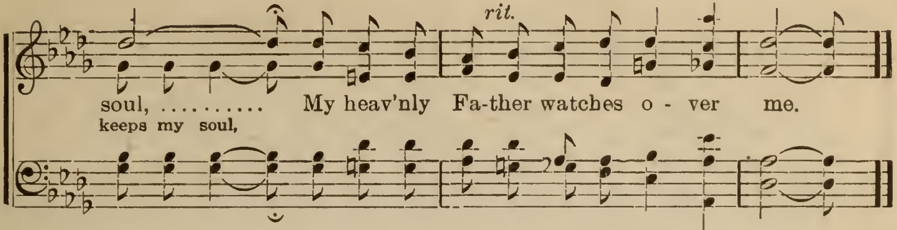

1. Be - fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with sa-cred joy;
2. His sovereign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We are His peo-ple, we His care— Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame;
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
5. Wide as the world is Thy command; Vast as e-ter-ni-ty Thy love;
Know that the Lord is God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy.
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a-gain.
What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al-might-y Mak-er, to Thy name!
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to move.

No. 177 My Father Watches Over Me

Rev. W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I trust in God wher-ev - er I may be, ... Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care, ... He guides the ea - gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den, ... On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shadows deep, ... But O, the Shepherd
on the rolling sea, ... For, come what may, from day to day, ... My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, ... And surely He.... remembers me,— My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, ...Thro' praise or blame, thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep ; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly
rit.
Father watches o - ver me.
CHORUS.
I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me, ... On mountain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On moun-tain bleak or on the
sea ; .... Tho' bil-lows roll, ... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea; tho' bil-lows roll, He

My Father Watches Over Me—Concluded



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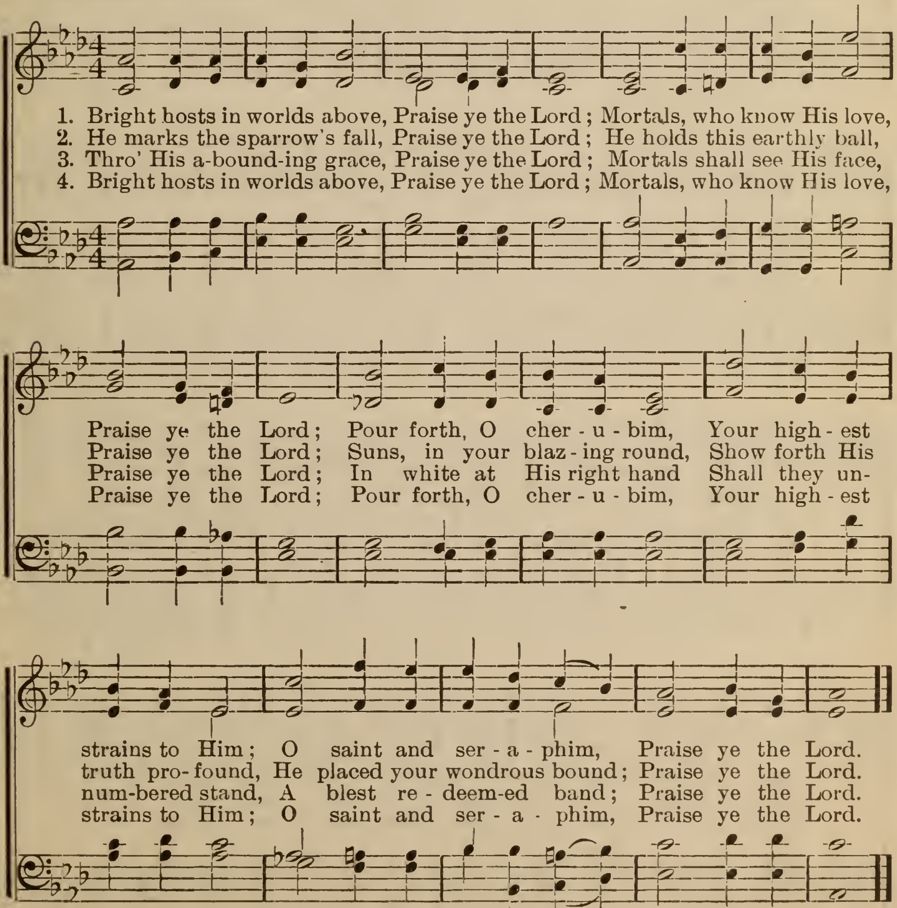
No. 178 Bright Hosts in Worlds Above

St. Edmund.

Palmer Hartsough. Arthur S. Sullivan.


1. Bright hosts in worlds above, Praise ye the Lord; Mortals, who know His love,
2. He marks the sparrow's fall, Praise ye the Lord; He holds this earthly ball,
3. Thro' His a-bound-ing grace, Praise ye the Lord; Mortals shall see His face,
4. Bright hosts in worlds above, Praise ye the Lord; Mortals, who know His love,
Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high - est
Praise ye the Lord; Suns, in your blaz - ing round, Show forth His
Praise ye the Lord; In white at His right hand Shall they un-
Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high - est
strains to Him; O saint and ser - a - phim, Praise ye the Lord.
truth pro-found, He placed your wondrous bound; Praise ye the Lord.
num-bered stand, A blest re - deem-ed band; Praise ye the Lord.
strains to Him; O saint and ser - a - phim, Praise ye the Lord.

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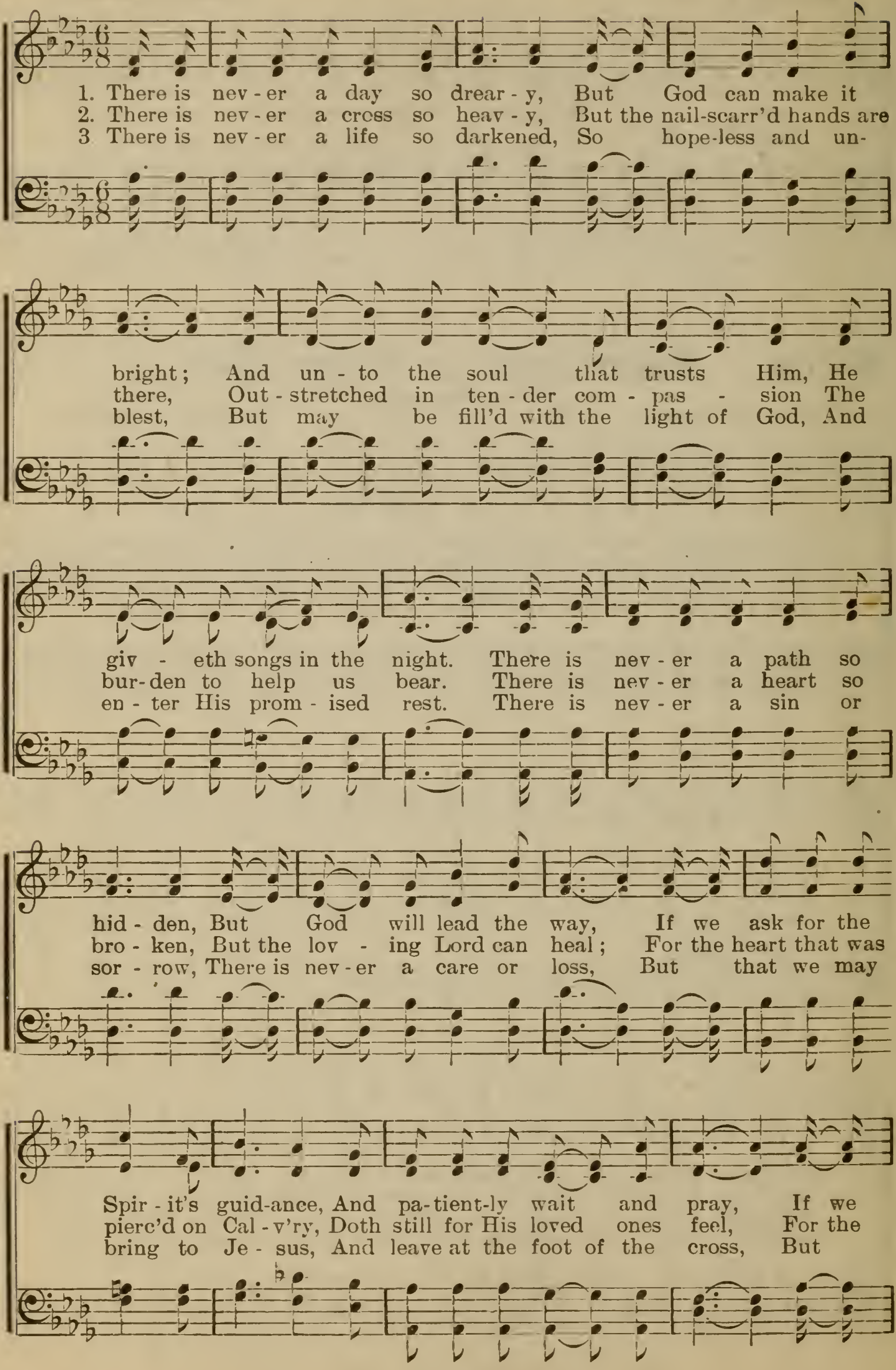
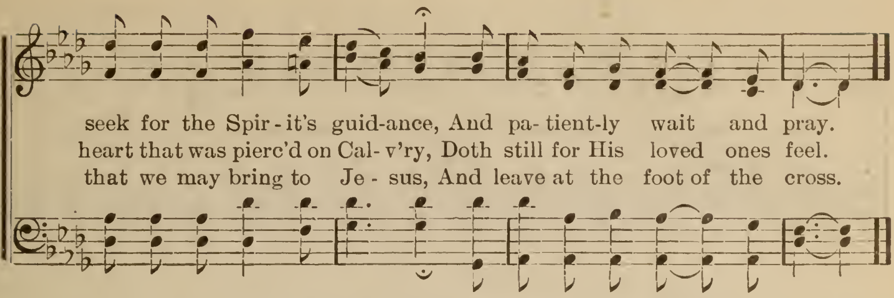
No. 179 There Is Never a Day So Dreary

Lilla M. Alexander. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, But God can make it
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, But the nail-scarr'd hands are
3 There is nev - er a life so darkened, So hope-less and un-
bright; And un - to the soul that trusts Him, He
there, Out - stretched in ten - der com - pas - sion The
blest, But may be fill'd with the light of God, And
giv - eth songs in the night. There is nev - er a path so
bur - den to help us bear. There is nev - er a heart so
en - ter His prom - ised rest. There is nev - er a sin or
hid - den, But God will lead the way, If we ask for the
bro - ken, But the lov - ing Lord can heal; For the heart that was
sor - row, There is nev - er a care or loss, But that we may
Spir - it's guid-ance, And pa - tient - ly wait and pray, If we
pierc'd on Cal - v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel, For the
bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross, But

There Is Never a Day So Dreary—Concluded


seek for the Spir-it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray.
heart that was pierc'd on Cal-v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel.
that we may bring to Je-sus, And leave at the foot of the cross.

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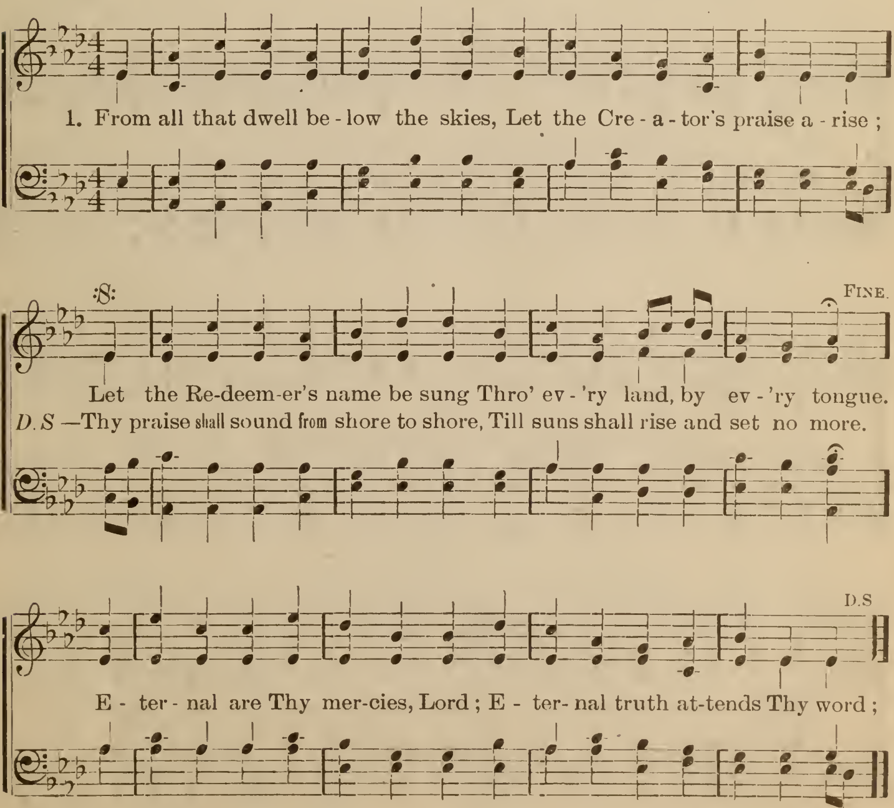
No. 180 From All That Dwell Below the Skies

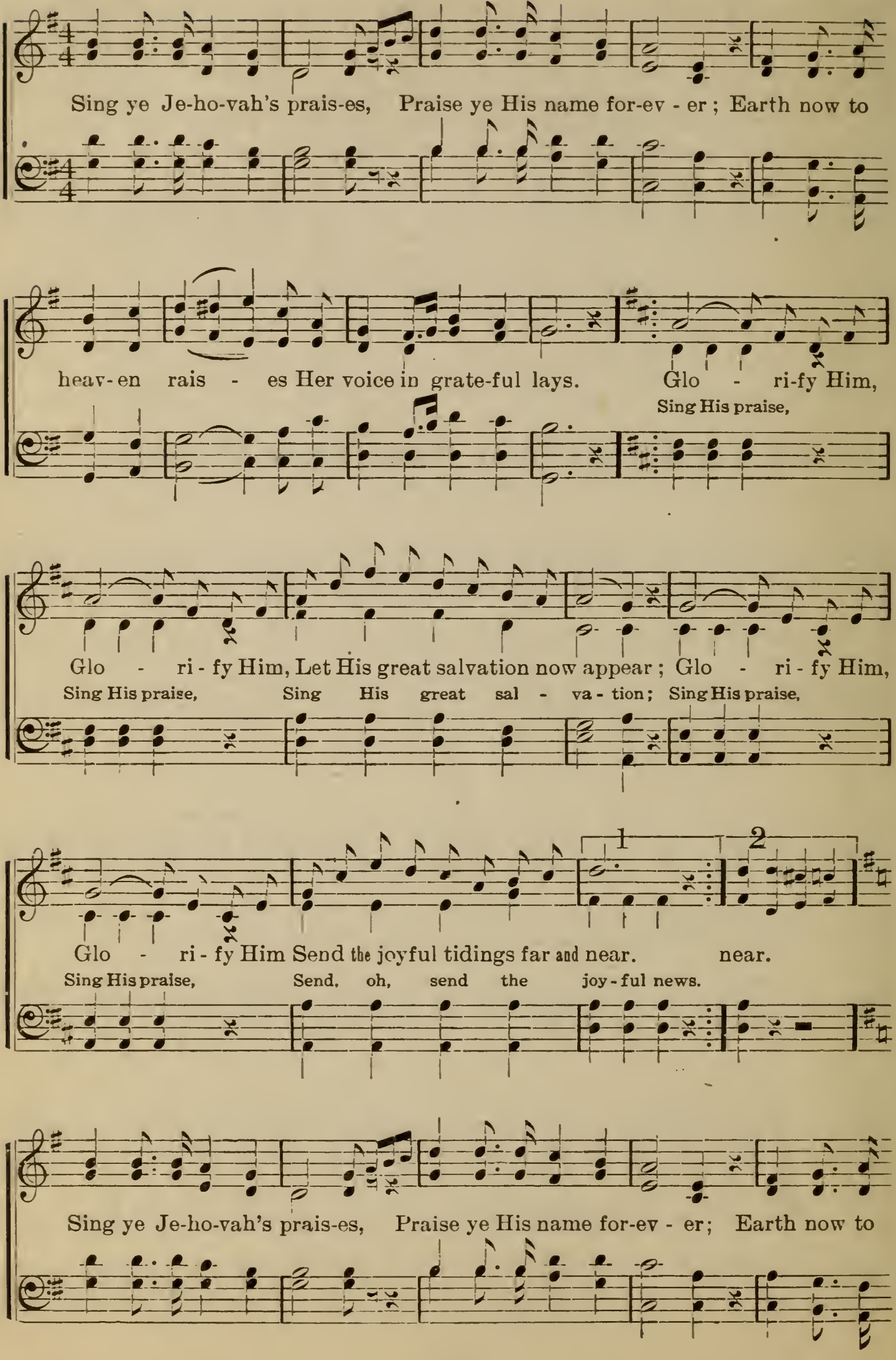
Duane Street.

Isaac Watts.
George Coles.

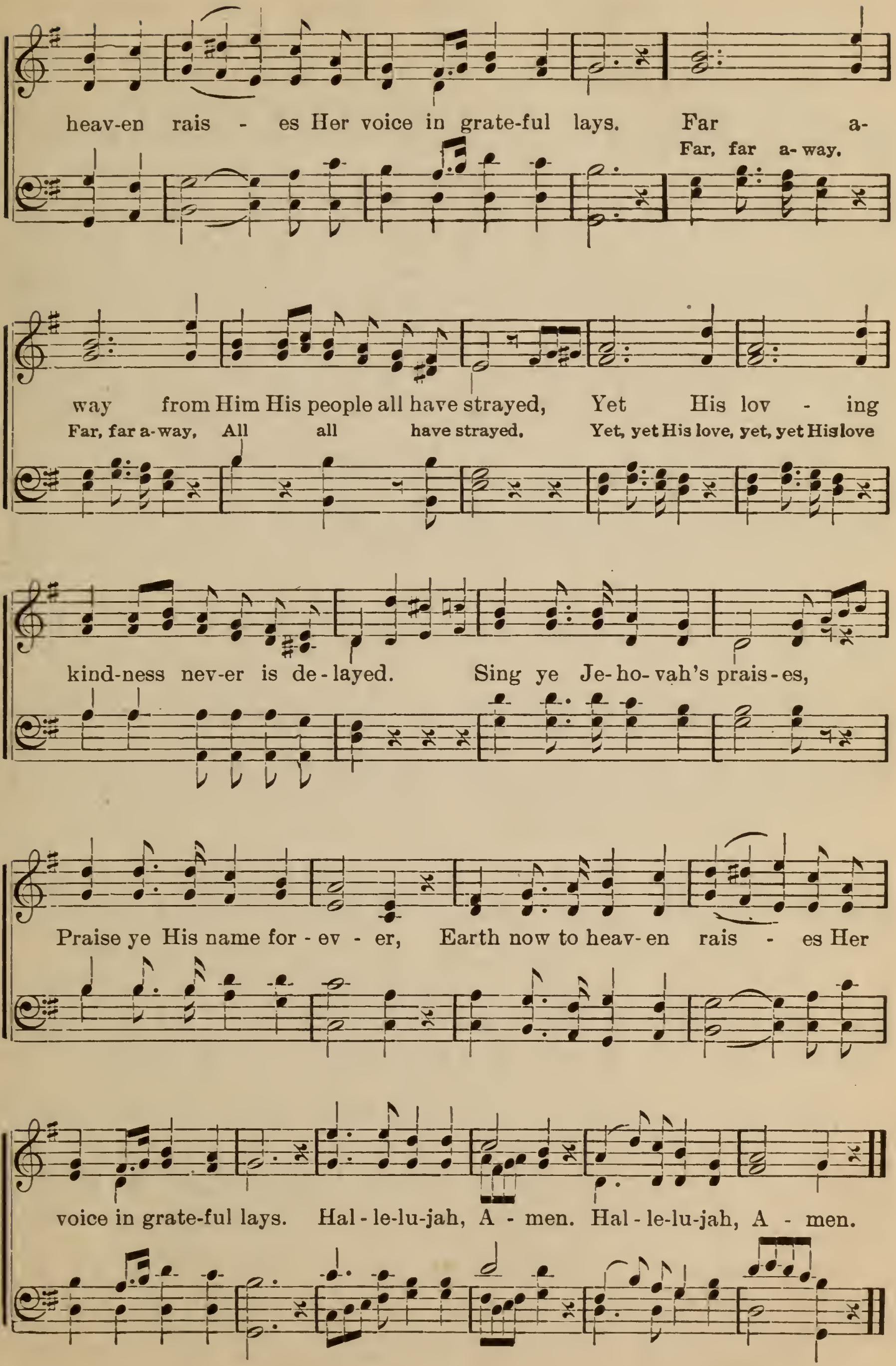

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.
D.S.—Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Fine.
E-ter-nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth at-tends Thy word;
D.S

No. 181 Sing Ye Jehovah's Praises

Theo. F. Seward.


Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es, Praise ye His name for-ev - er; Earth now to
heav-en rais - es Her voice in grate-ful lays. Glo - ri-fy Him,
Sing His praise,
Glo - ri-fy Him, Let His great salvation now appear; Glo - ri-fy Him,
Sing His praise, Sing His great sal - va - tion; Sing His praise,
Glo - ri-fy Him Send the joyful tidings far and near. near.
Sing His praise, Send, oh, send the joy-ful news.
1
2
Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es, Praise ye His name for-ev - er; Earth now to

Sing Ye Jehovah's Praises—Concluded

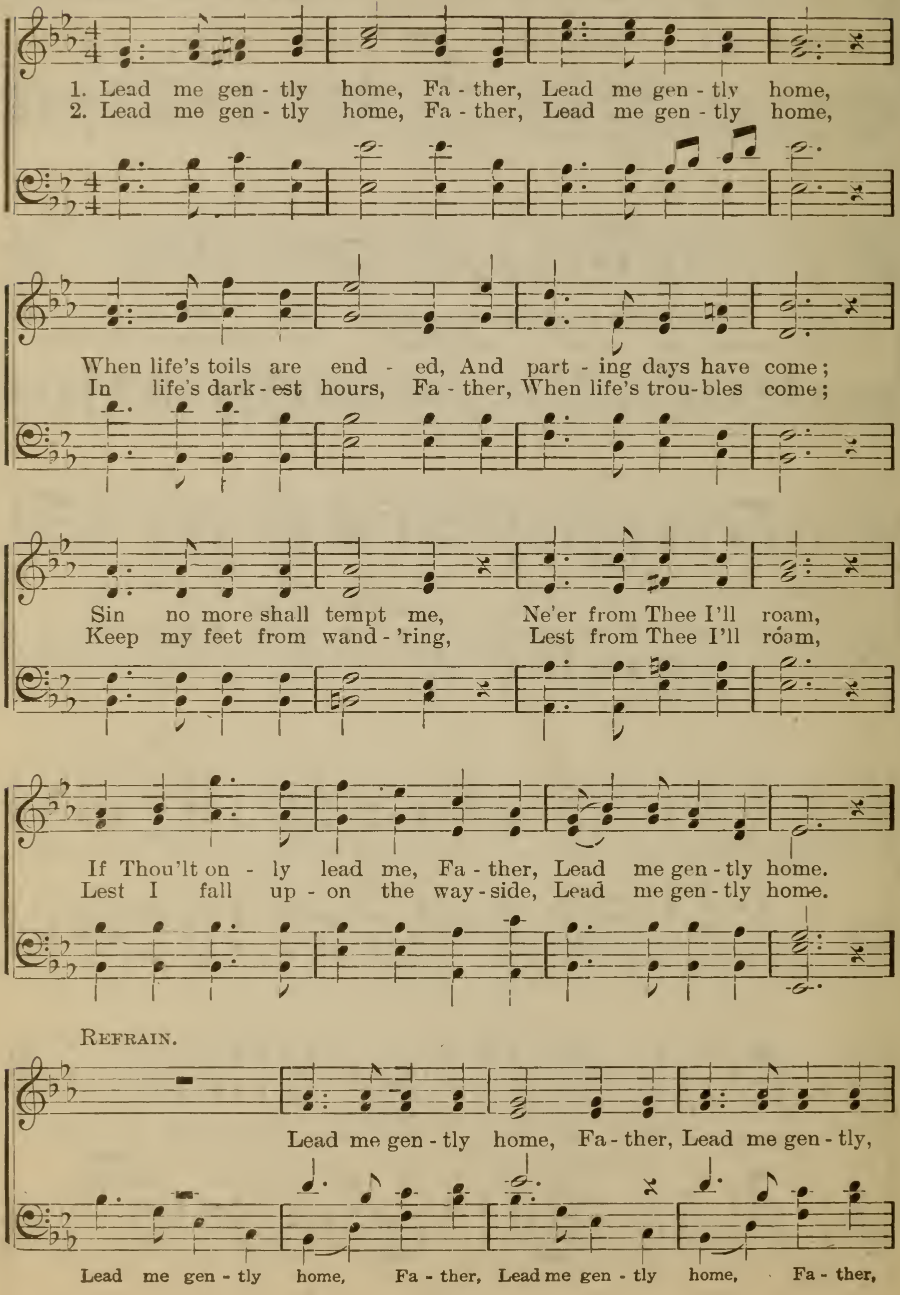

heav-en rais - es Her voice in grate-ful lays. Far a-
Far, far a- way.
way from Him His people all have strayed, Yet His lov - ing
Far, far a-way, All all have strayed, Yet, yet His love, yet, yet His love
kind-ness nev-er is de-layed. Sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es,
Praise ye His name for - ev - er, Earth now to heav-en rais - es Her
voice in grate-ful lays. Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

No. 182 Lead Me Gently Home, Father

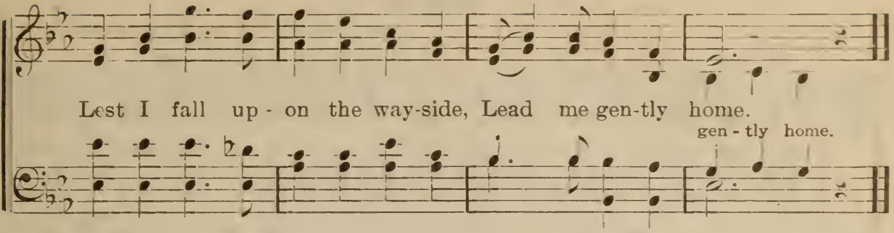
W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

Hope Publishing Co., Owner. Used by permission.

Solo or Duet—*ad lib.*

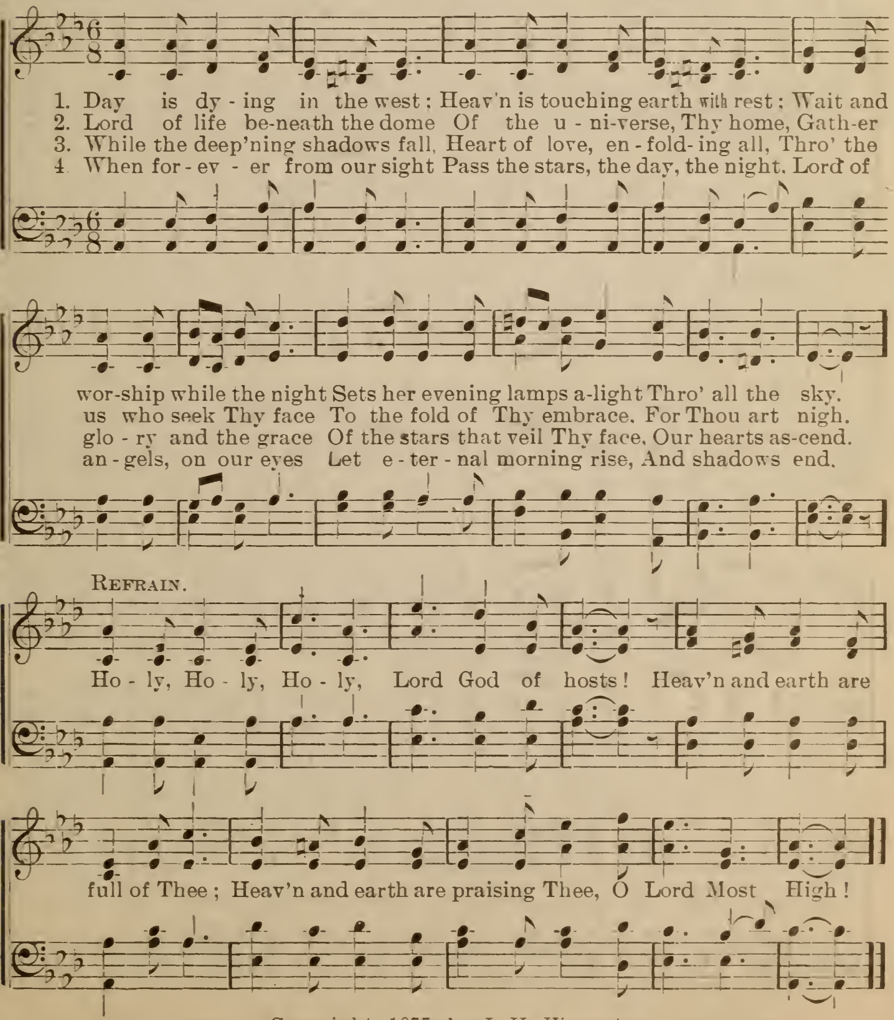

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,
When life's toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come;
In life's dark - est hours, Fa - ther, When life's trou - bles come;
Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam,
Keep my feet from wand - 'ring, Lest from Thee I'll roam,
If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home.
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
Refrain.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

Lead Me Gently Home, Father—Concluded



No. 183 Day Is Dying In the West

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold-ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.
Refrain.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

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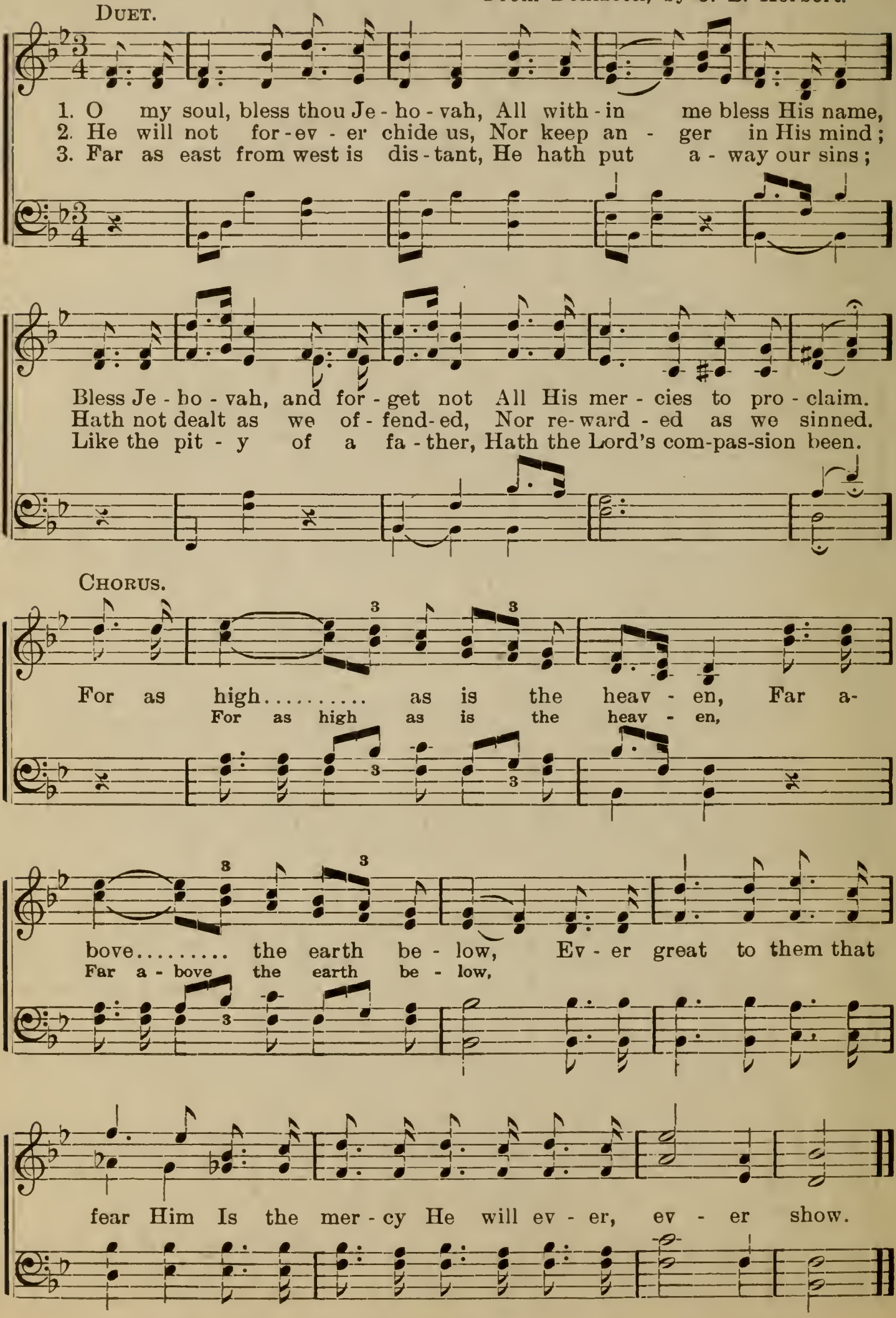
No. 184 O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah

Psalm 103.

From Donizetti, by J. B. Herbert.


DUET.
1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name,
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther, Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.
CHORUS.
For as high.......... as is the heav - en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav - en,
bove......... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,
fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.
3
3
3
3
3
3

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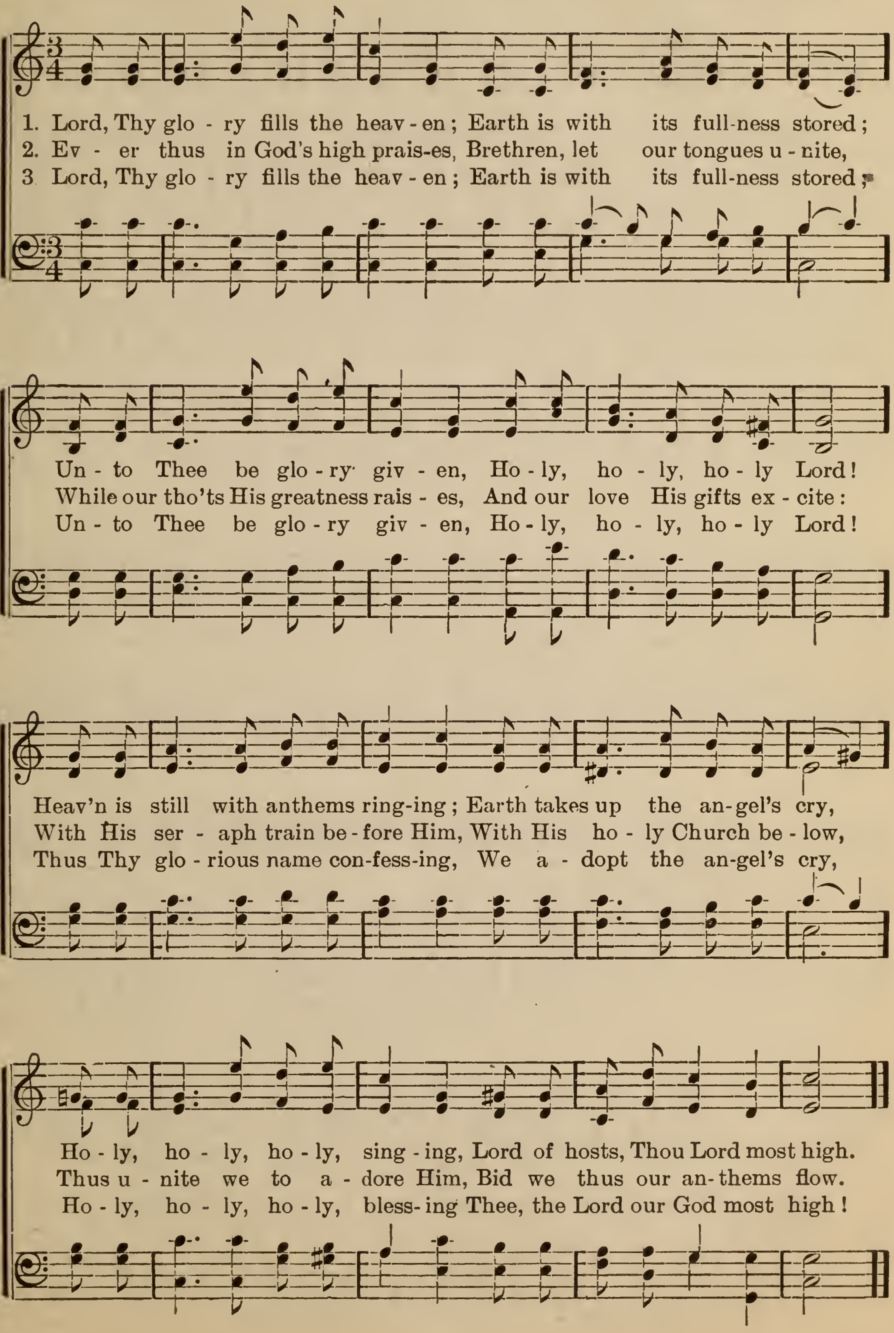
No. 185 Lord, Thy Glory Fills the Heaven

"Faben."

Richard Mant. J. H. Willcox.

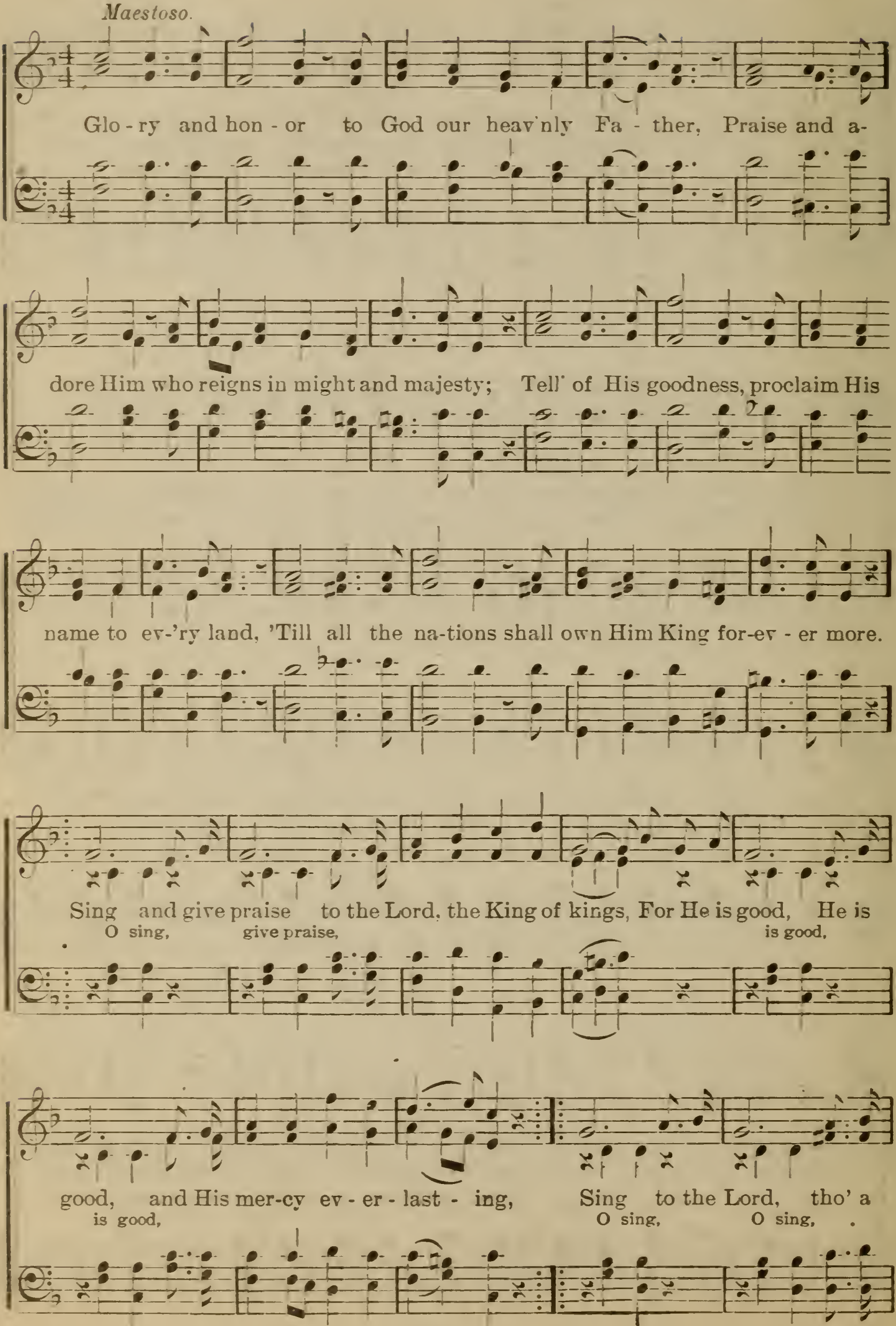

1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full-ness stored;
2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais-es, Brethren, let our tongues u - nite,
3 Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full-ness stored;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
While our tho'ts His greatness rais - es, And our love His gifts ex - cite:
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
Heav'n is still with anthems ring-ing; Earth takes up the an-gel's cry,
With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly Church be - low,
Thus Thy glo - rious name con-fess-ing, We a - dopt the an-gel's cry,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.
Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an-thems flow.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless- ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

No. 186

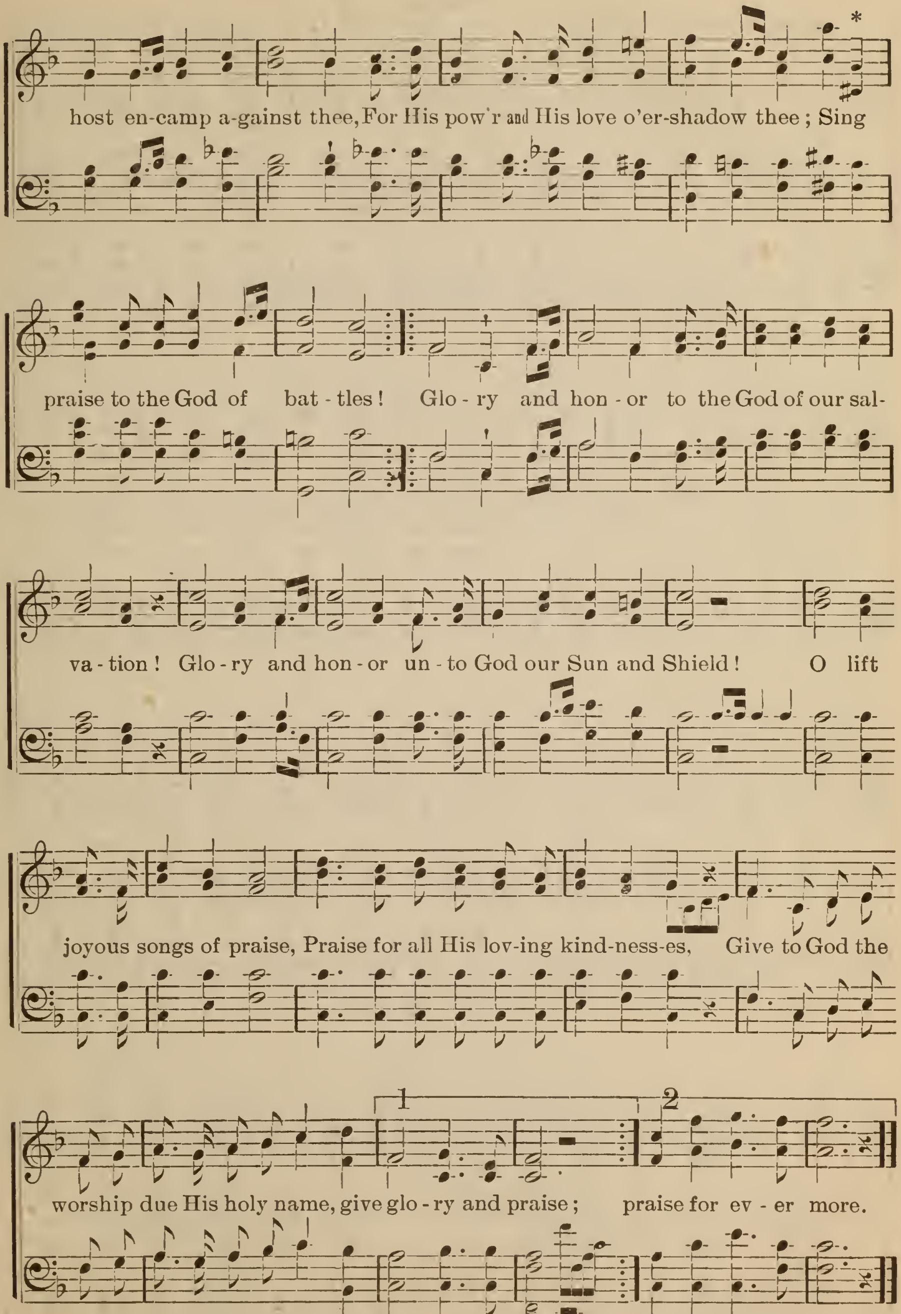
Glory and Honor

Flora Kirkland. Chas. Gounod.

FULL CHORUS.


Maestoso.
Glo-ry and hon-or to God our heav'nly Fa-ther, Praise and a-
dore Him who reigns in might and majesty; Tell of His goodness, proclaim His
name to ev-'ry land, 'Till all the na-tions shall own Him King for-ev-er more.
Sing and give praise to the Lord, the King of kings, For He is good, He is
O sing, give praise, is good,
good, and His mer-cy ev-er-last-ing, Sing to the Lord, tho' a
is good, O sing, O sing,

Glory and Honor—Concluded


host en-camp a-gainst thee, For His pow'r and His love o'er-shadow thee; Sing
praise to the God of bat - tles! Glo - ry and hon - or to the God of our sal-
va - tion! Glo - ry and hon - or un - to God our Sun and Shield! O lift
joyous songs of praise, Praise for all His lov-ing kind-ness-es, Give to God the
worship due His holy name, give glo - ry and praise; praise for ev - er more.
*
1
2

*Use small notes if desirable.

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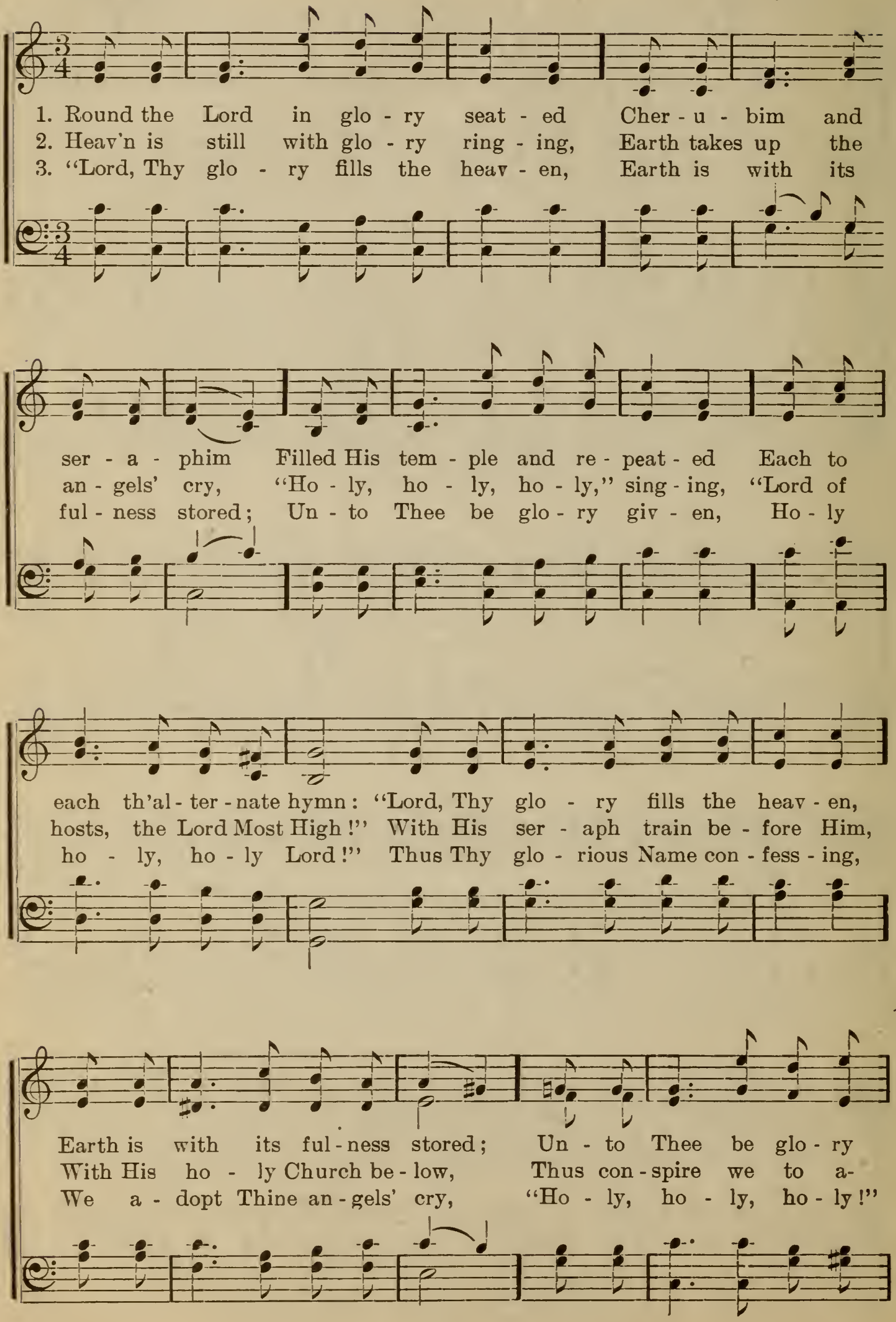
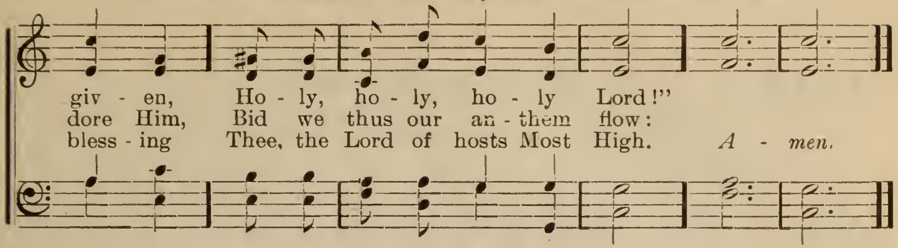
No. 187 Round the Lord in Glory Seated

Faben.

R. Mant, 1837. J. H. Wilcox, 1849.


1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and
2. Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the
3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its
ser - a - phim Filled His tem - ple and re - peat - ed Each to
an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of
ful - ness stored; Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly
each th'al - ter - nate hymn: "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en,
hosts, the Lord Most High!" With His ser - aph train be - fore Him,
ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" Thus Thy glo - rious Name con - fess - ing,
Earth is with its ful - ness stored; Un - to Thee be glo - ry
With His ho - ly Church be - low, Thus con - spire we to a-
We a - dopt Thine an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!"

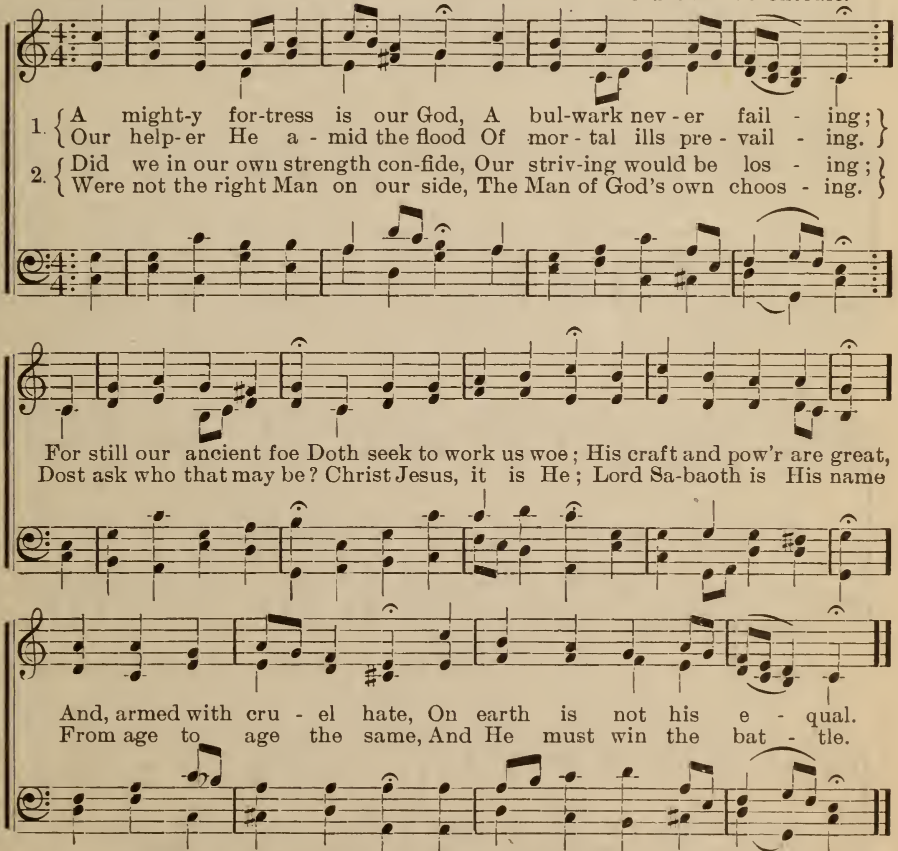
Round the Lord in Glory Seated—Concluded


giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"
dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:
bless - ing Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High. A - men.

No. 188 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

(Ein' Feste Burg.)

Martin Luther. Old German Chorale.


1. { A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
Our help-er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. }
2. { Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing;
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing. }
For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sa-baoth is His name
And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.

3 And tho' this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! His doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
This body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

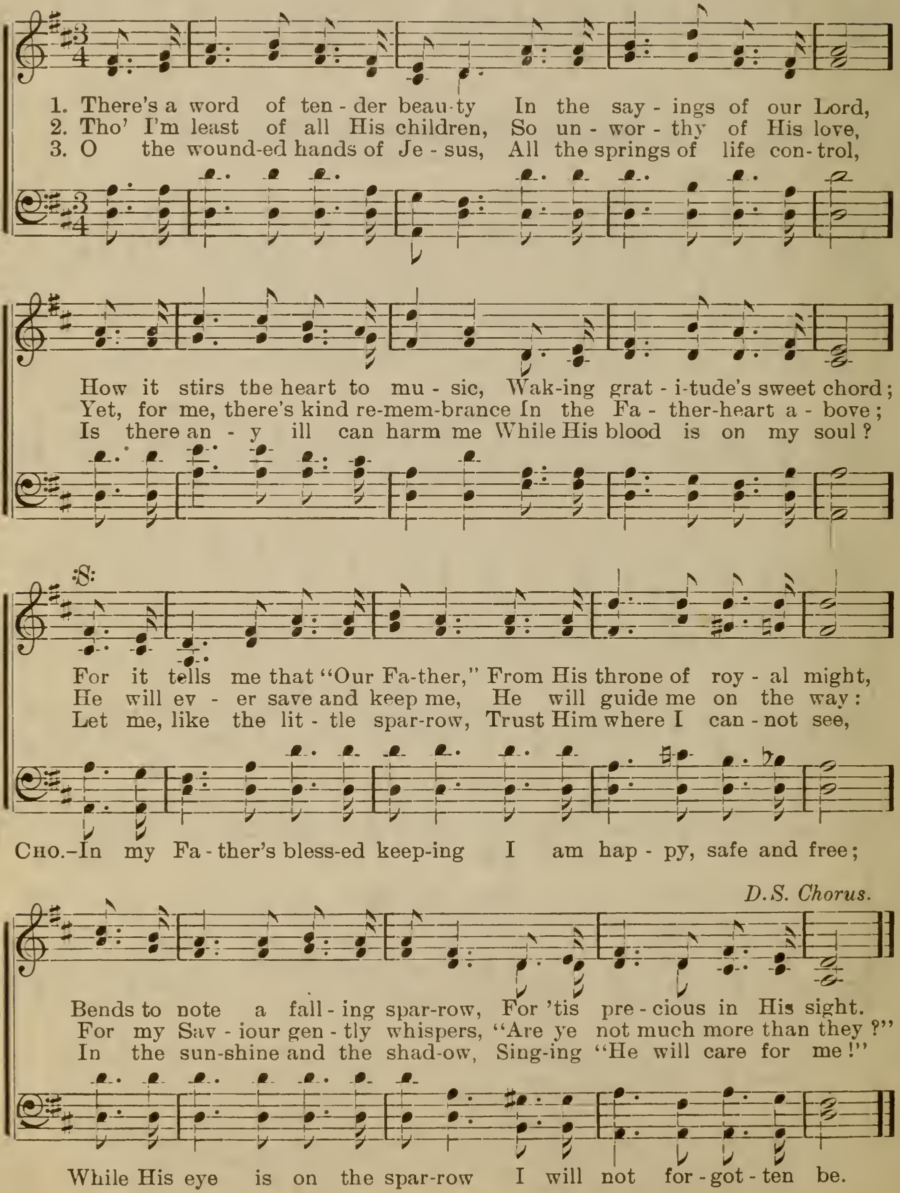
XVII. FAITH

No. 189

Not One Forgotten

Theme suggested to H. L. Gilmour, by Elijah P. Brown, D. D., the "Ram's Horn Man." At Mountain Lake Park, July, 1893.

E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour.


1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say-ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all His children, So un-wor-thy of His love,
3. O the wound-ed hands of Je-sus, All the springs of life con-trol,
How it stirs the heart to mu-sic, Wak-ing grat-i-tude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me, there's kind re-mem-brance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;
Is there an-y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?
For it tells me that "Our Fa-ther," From His throne of roy-al might,
He will ev-er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:
Let me, like the lit-tle spar-row, Trust Him where I can-not see,
Cho.–In my Fa-ther's bless-ed keep-ing I am hap-py, safe and free;
D.S. Chorus.
Bends to note a fall-ing spar-row, For 'tis pre-cious in His sight.
For my Sav-iour gen-tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing-ing "He will care for me!"
While His eye is on the spar-row I will not for-got-ten be.

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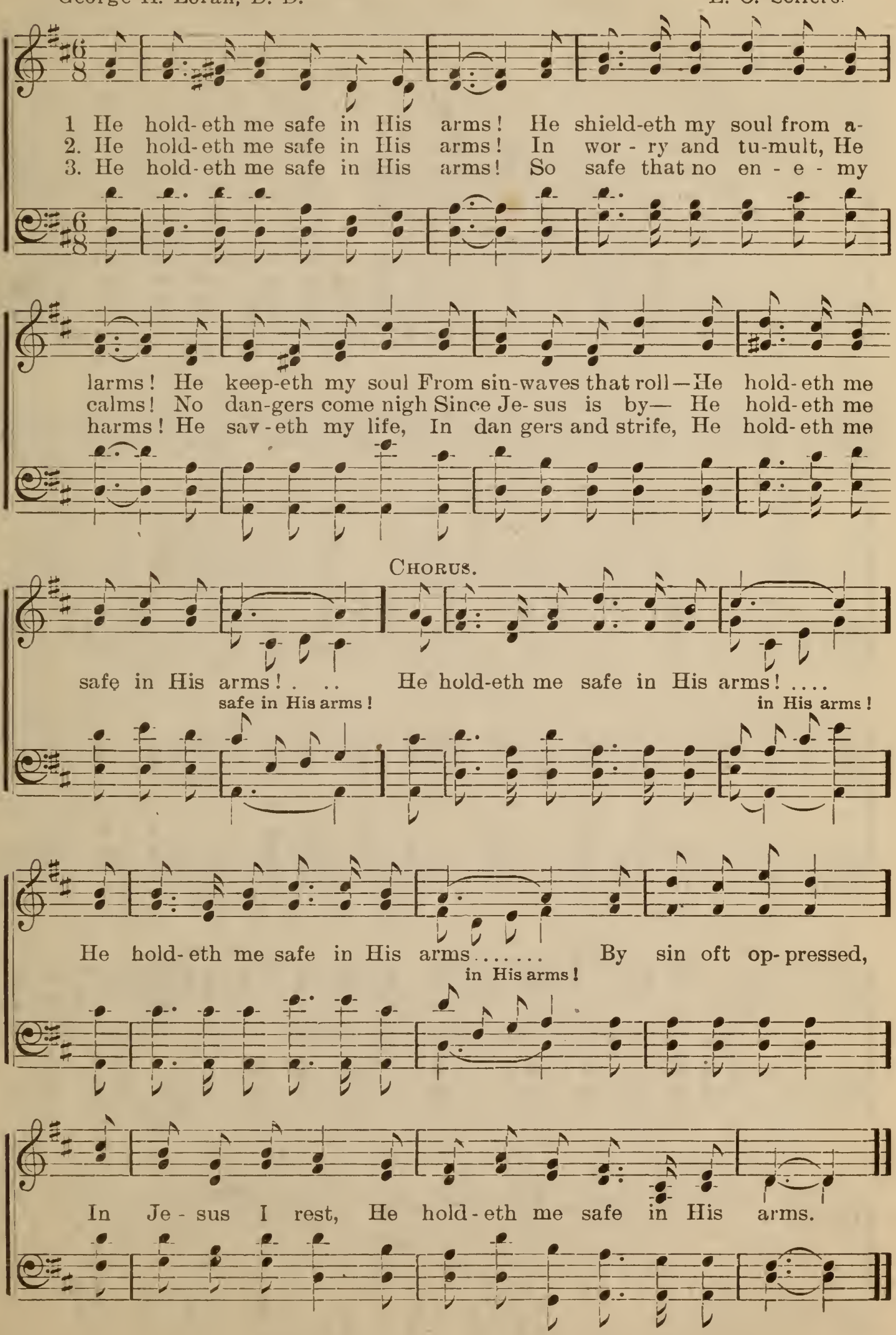
No. 190 He Holdeth Me Safe In His Arms

George H. Lorah, D. D. E. O. Sellers.


1 He hold-eth me safe in His arms! He shield-eth my soul from a-
2. He hold-eth me safe in His arms! In wor-ry and tu-mult, He
3. He hold-eth me safe in His arms! So safe that no en-e-my
larms! He keep-eth my soul From sin-waves that roll—He hold-eth me
calms! No dan-gers come nigh Since Je-sus is by— He hold-eth me
harms! He sav-eth my life, In dan-gers and strife, He hold-eth me
Chorus.
safe in His arms! . .. He hold-eth me safe in His arms! ....
safe in His arms!
in His arms!
He hold-eth me safe in His arms...... By sin oft op-pressed,
in His arms!
In Je-sus I rest, He hold-eth me safe in His arms.

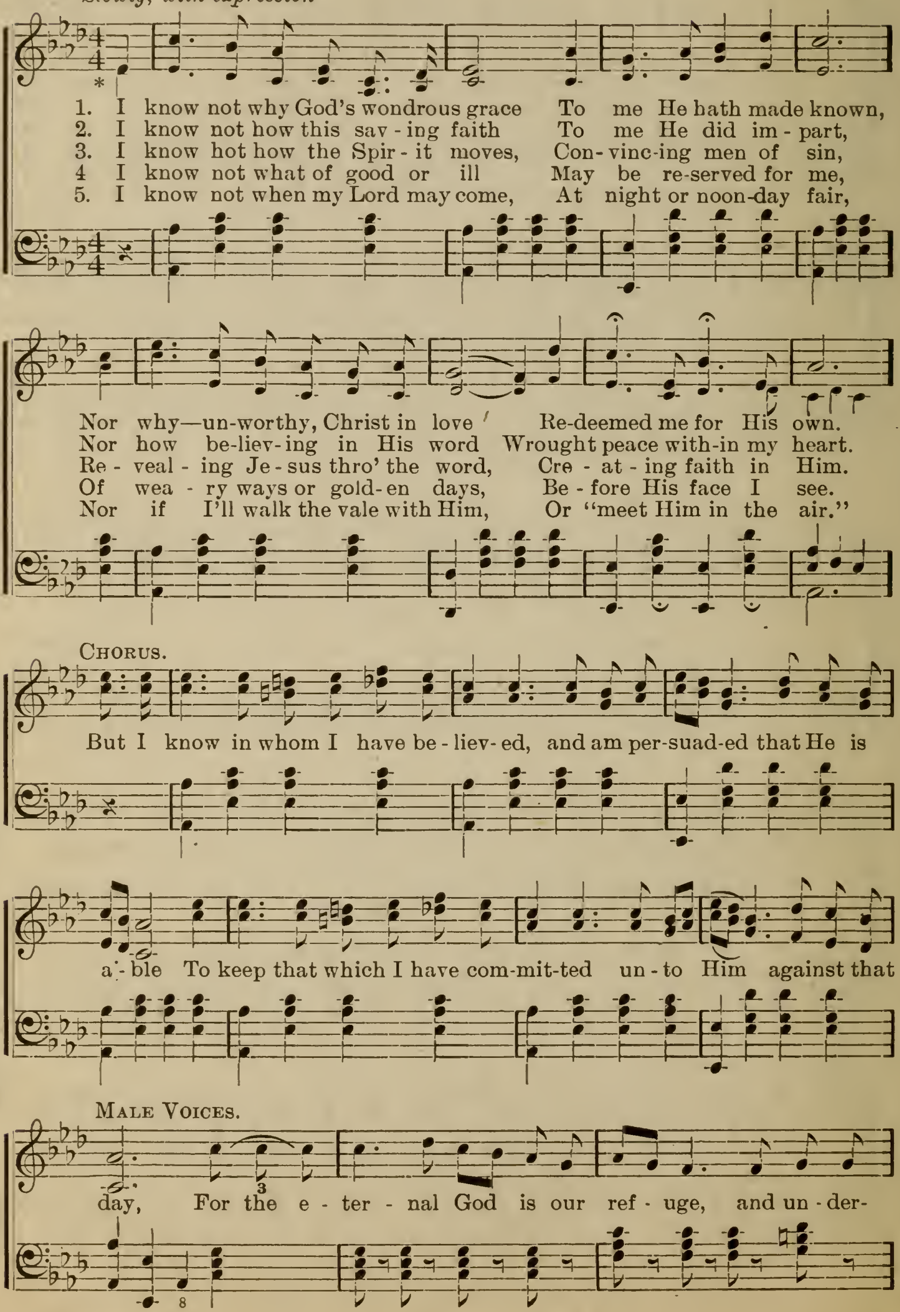
Copyright, 1915, by Ernest O. Sellers.

No. 191 Secure In Christ

Dedicated to my friend, Mr. George Rudisill, for thirty years Organist of Zion Lutheran Church, York, Pa.

El Nathan. M. S. Meredith.

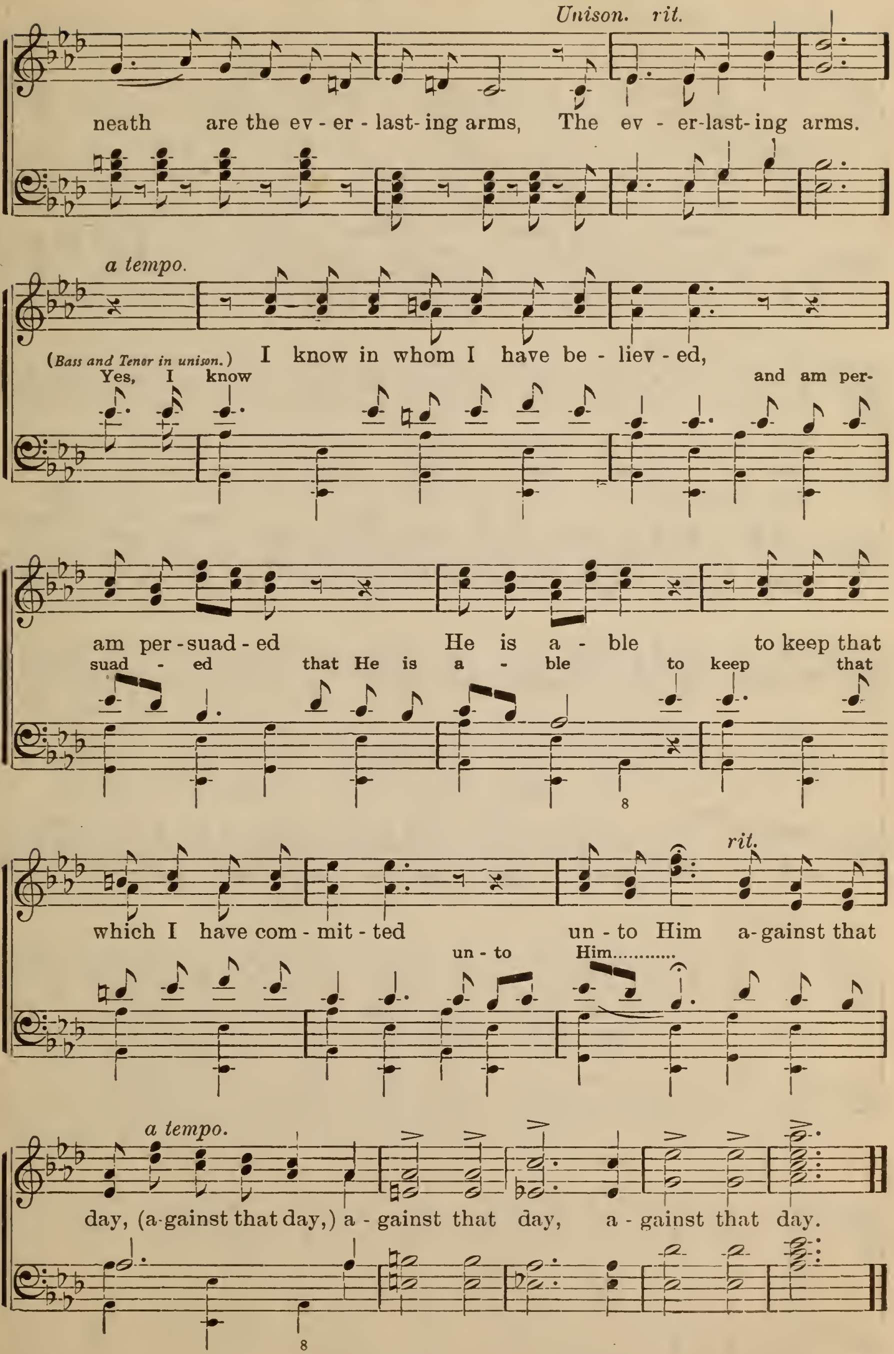
Slowly, with expression



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im-part,
3. I know hot how the Spir-it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4 I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,
Nor why—un-worthy, Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be-liev-ing in His word Wrought peace with-in my heart.
Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the word, Cre-at-ing faith in Him.
Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."
Chorus.
But I know in whom I have be-liev-ed, and am per-suad-ed that He is a-ble To keep that which I have com-mit-ted un-to Him against that day,
Male Voices.
For the e-ter-nal God is our ref-uge, and un-der-

*Small notes for 'Cello.

Secure In Christ—Concluded


Unison. rit.
neath are the ev - er - last- ing arms, The ev - er-last- ing arms.
a tempo.
(Bass and Tenor in unison.) I know in whom I have be - liev - ed,
Yes, I know and am per-
am per - suad - ed He is a - ble to keep that
suad - ed that He is a - ble to keep that
8
which I have com - mit - ted un - to Him a- gainst that
rit.
un - to Him............
a tempo.
day, (a-gainst that day,) a - gainst that day, a - gainst that day.
8

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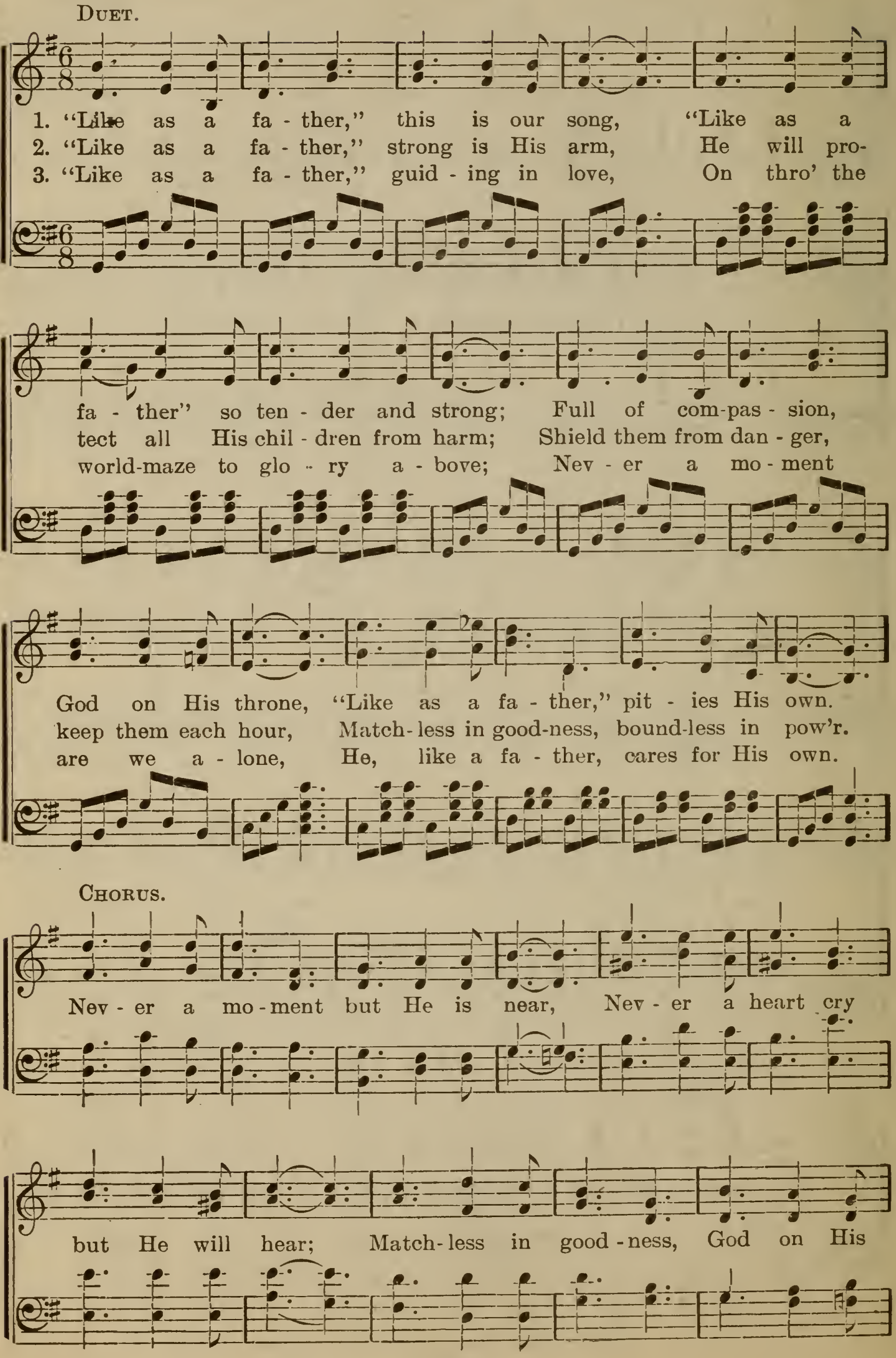
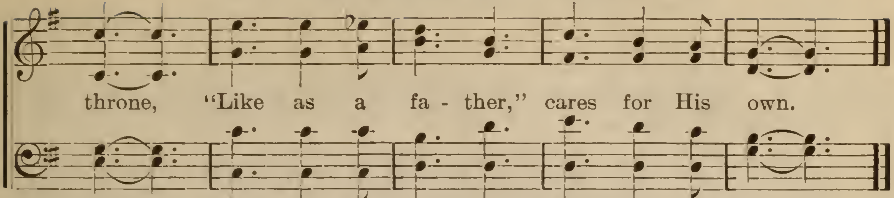
No. 192 "Like As a Father"

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


DUET.
1. "Like as a fa - ther," this is our song, "Like as a fa - ther" so ten - der and strong; Full of com-pas - sion, God on His throne, "Like as a fa - ther," pit - ies His own.
2. "Like as a fa - ther," strong is His arm, He will pro- tect all His chil - dren from harm; Shield them from dan - ger, keep them each hour, Match- less in good-ness, bound-less in pow'r.
3. "Like as a fa - ther," guid - ing in love, On thro' the world-maze to glo - ry a - bove; Nev - er a mo - ment are we a - lone, He, like a fa - ther, cares for His own.
CHORUS.
Nev - er a mo - ment but He is near, Nev - er a heart cry but He will hear; Match- less in good - ness, God on His

"Like As a Father"—Concluded



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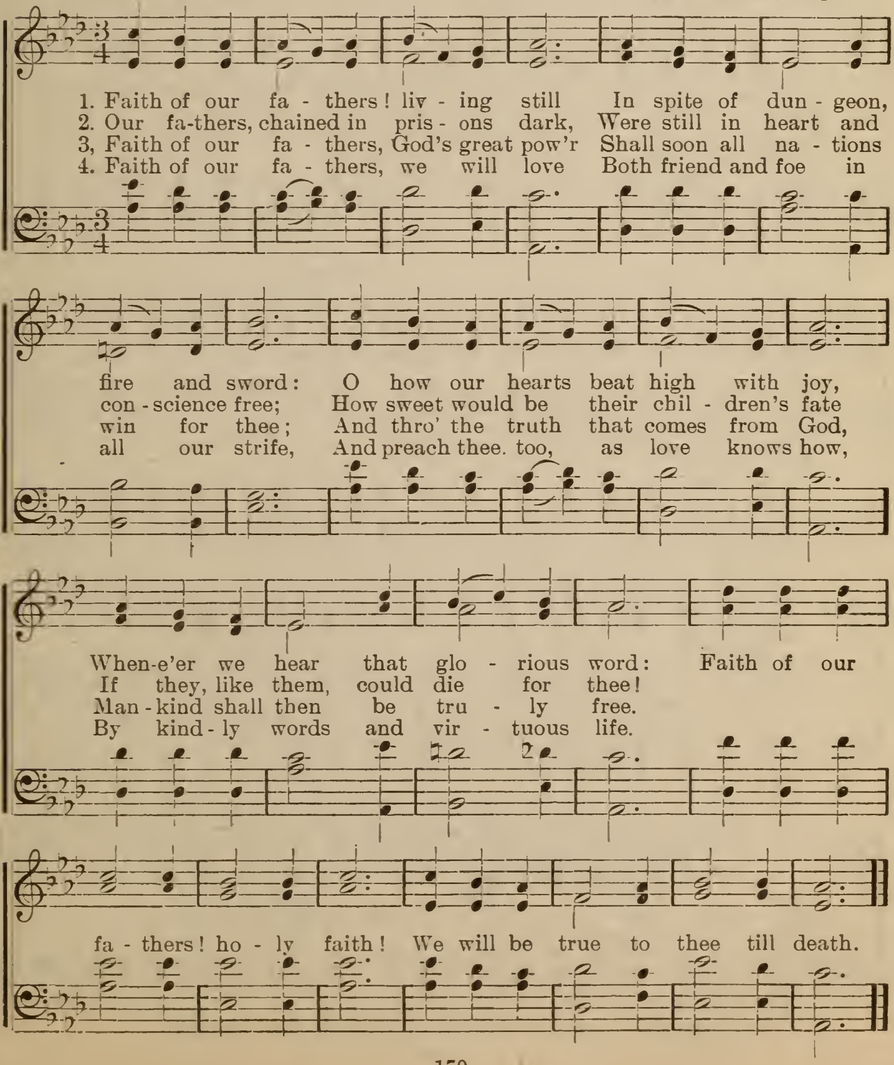
No. 193 Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, Adpt.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon,
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and
3, Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in
fire and sword: O how our hearts beat high with joy,
con - science free; How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate
win for thee; And thro' the truth that comes from God,
all our strife, And preach thee. too, as love knows how,
When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word: Faith of our
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Man - kind shall then be tru - ly free.
By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.
fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

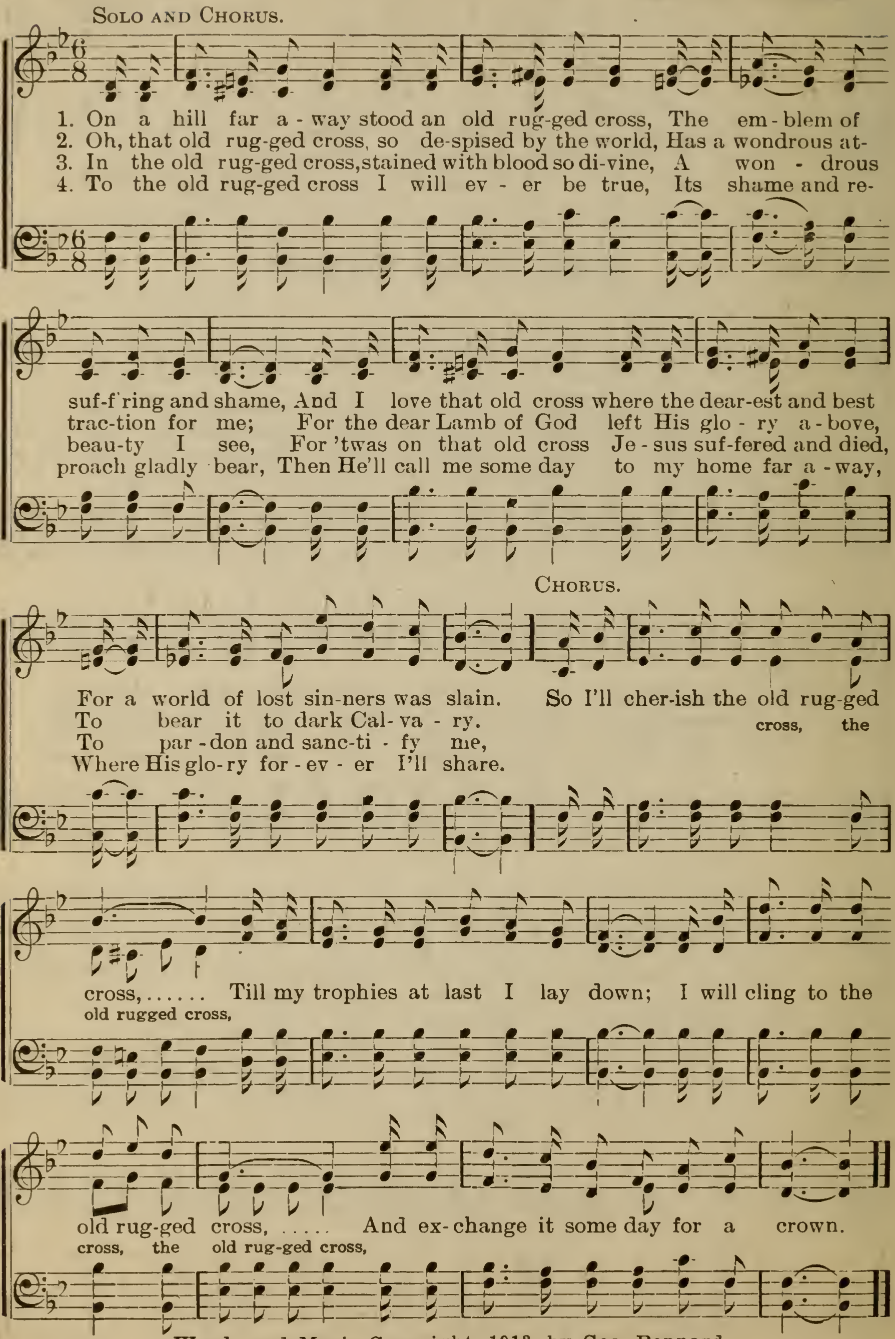
No. 194

The Old Rugged Cross

The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6: 14.

G. B.

Rev. Geo. Bennard.


Solo and Chorus.
1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em - blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-
suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau-ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va - ry.
To par - don and sanc-ti - fy me,
Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share.
Chorus.
So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
cross, the
cross, ... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rugged cross,
old rug-ged cross, ... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

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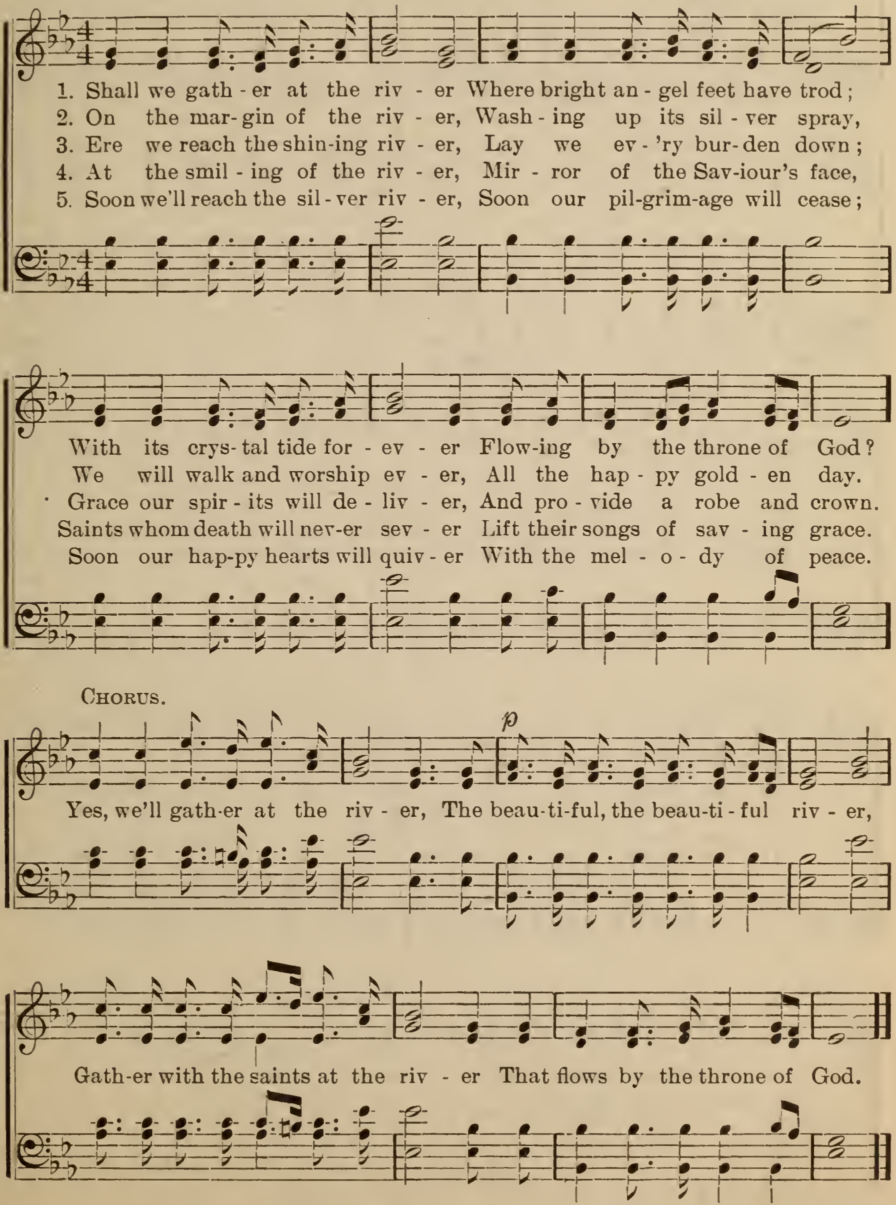
XVIII. FUTURE

No. 195 Shall We Gather At the River?

R. L.

Robert Lowry.


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav - iour's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will nev - er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
Chorus.
p
Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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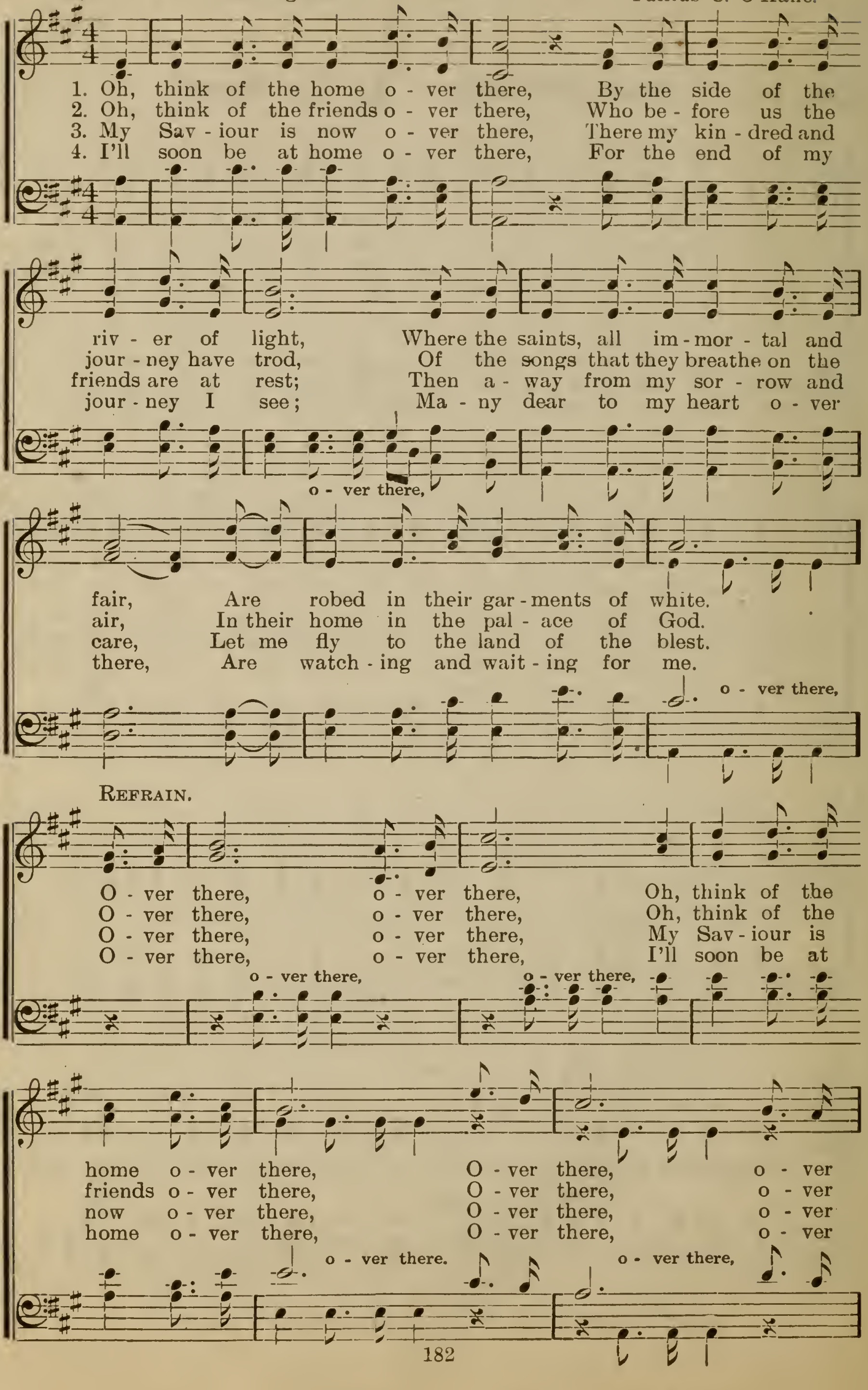
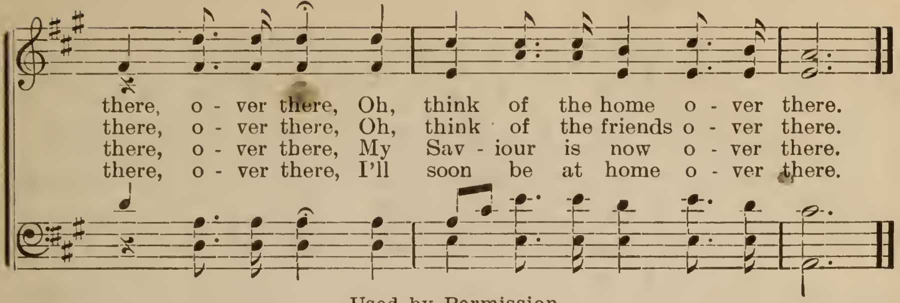
No. 196 Oh, Think of the Home Over There

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the
3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my
riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and
jour - ney have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the
friends are at rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and
jour - ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver
o - ver there,
fair, Are robed in their gar - ments of white.
air, In their home in the pal - ace of God.
care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
there, Are watch - ing and wait - ing for me.
o - ver there,
Refrain.
O - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the
O - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the
O - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav - iour is
O - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at
o - ver there, o - ver there,
home o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver
friends o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver
now o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver
home o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there. o - ver there,


there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

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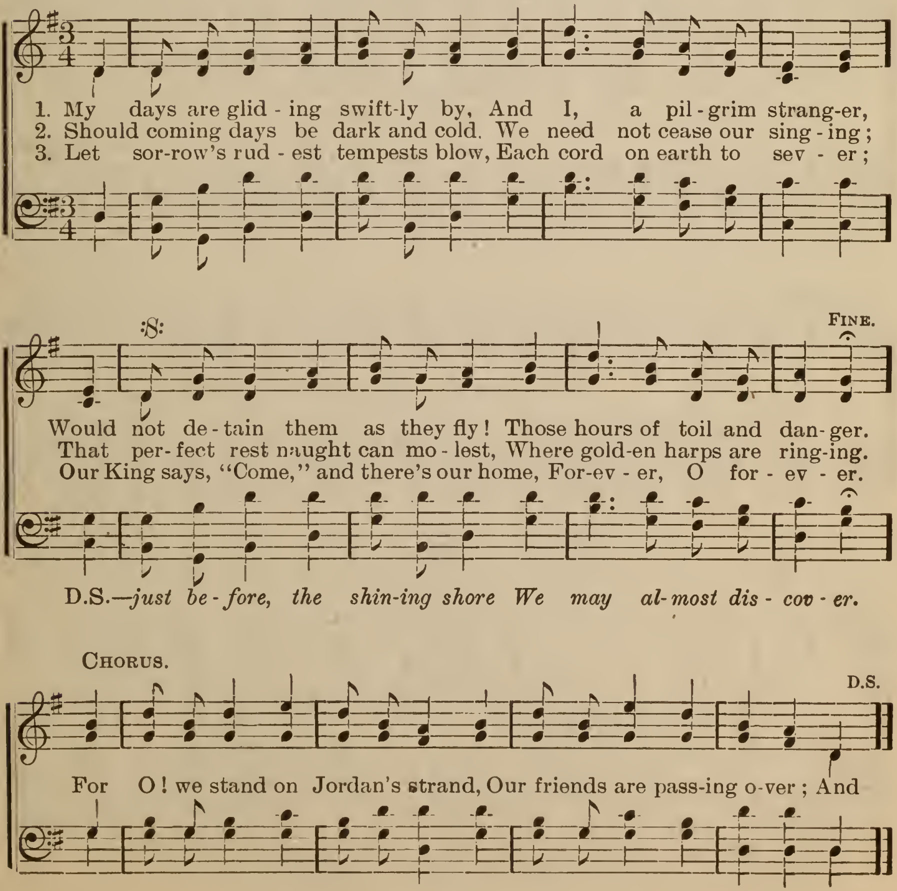
No. 197

The Shining Shore

Geo. F. Root.

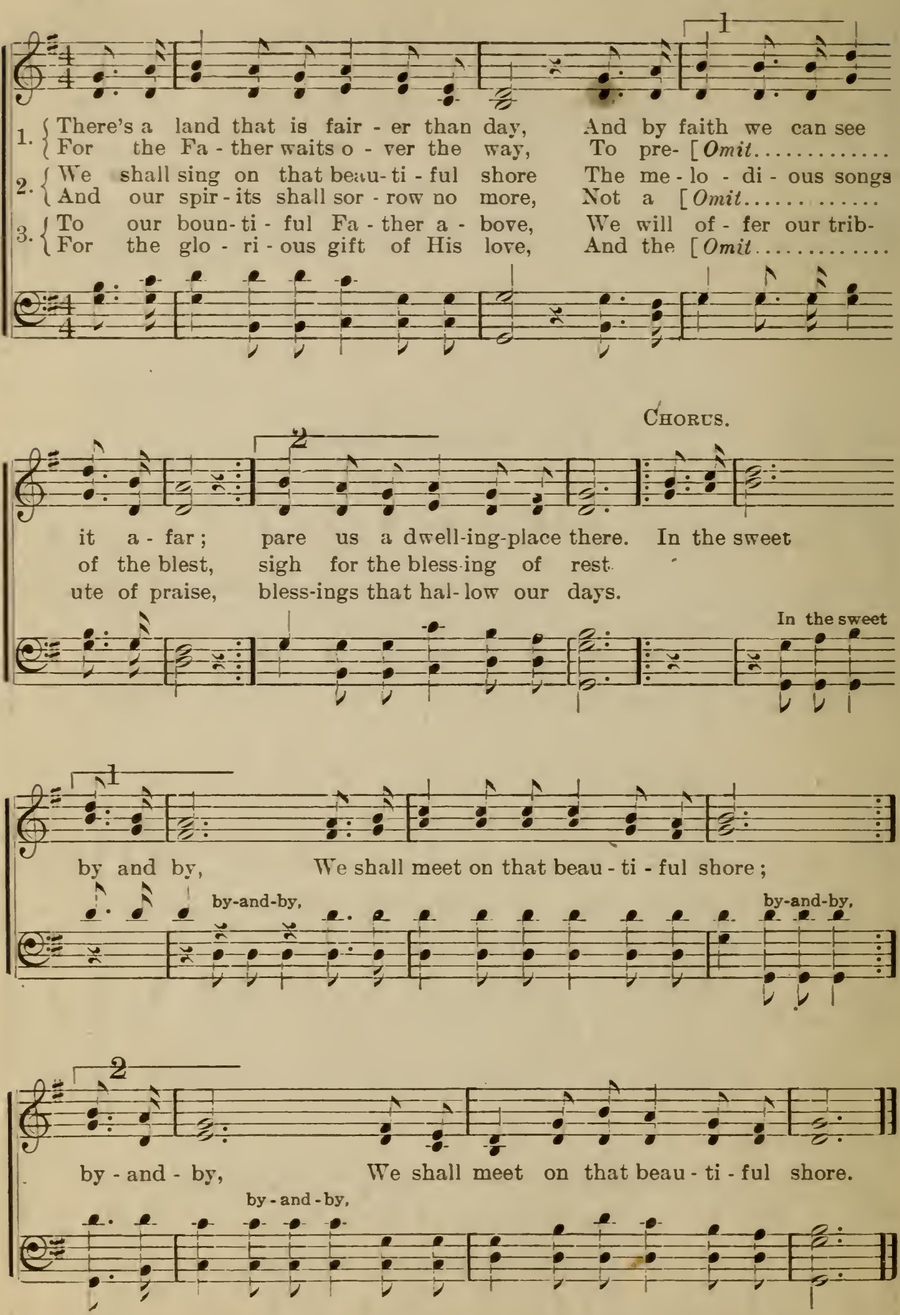

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil - grim strang-er,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold. We need not cease our sing - ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud - est tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;
Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for - ev - er.
Fine.
D.S.—just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.
Chorus.
For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And
D.S.

No. 198

Sweet By-and-By

S. Fillmore Bennett.

Jos. P. Webster.


1. { There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre- [Omit.............. pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
2. { We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest,
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a [Omit.............. sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
3. { To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib- ute of praise,
For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the [Omit.............. bless-ings that hal - low our days.
CHORUS.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore;
In the sweet
by-and-by,
by-and-by,
by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by - and - by,
1
2

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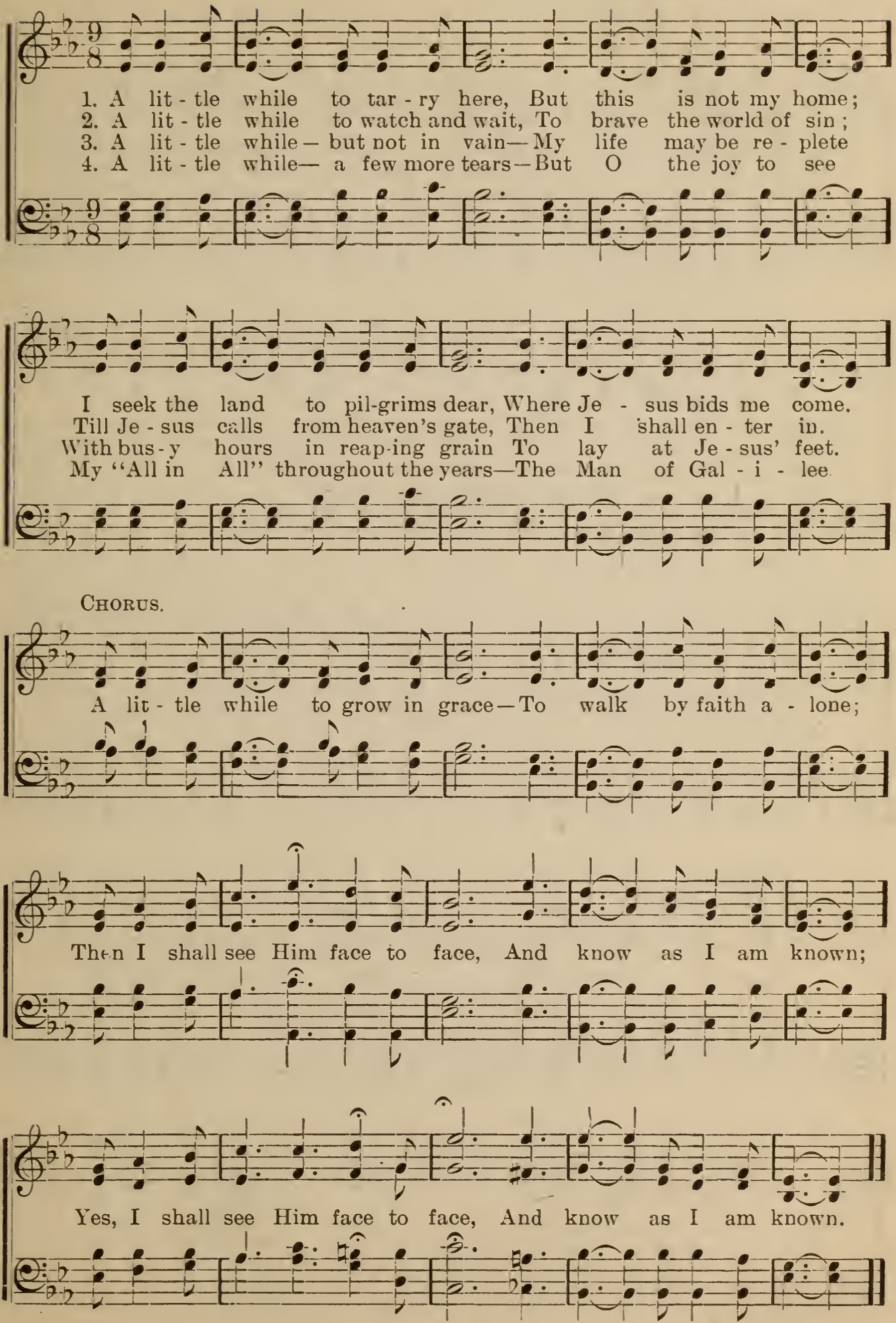
No. 199

A Little While

J. W. V. J. W. Van DeVenter.


1. A lit - tle while to tar - ry here, But this is not my home;
2. A lit - tle while to watch and wait, To brave the world of sin ;
3. A lit - tle while — but not in vain — My life may be re - plete
4. A lit - tle while — a few more tears — But O the joy to see
I seek the land to pil-grims dear, Where Je - sus bids me come.
Till Je - sus calls from heaven's gate, Then I shall en - ter in.
With bus - y hours in reap-ing grain To lay at Je - sus' feet.
My "All in All" throughout the years — The Man of Gal - i - lee.
CHORUS.
A lit - tle while to grow in grace — To walk by faith a - lone;
Then I shall see Him face to face, And know as I am known;
Yes, I shall see Him face to face, And know as I am known.

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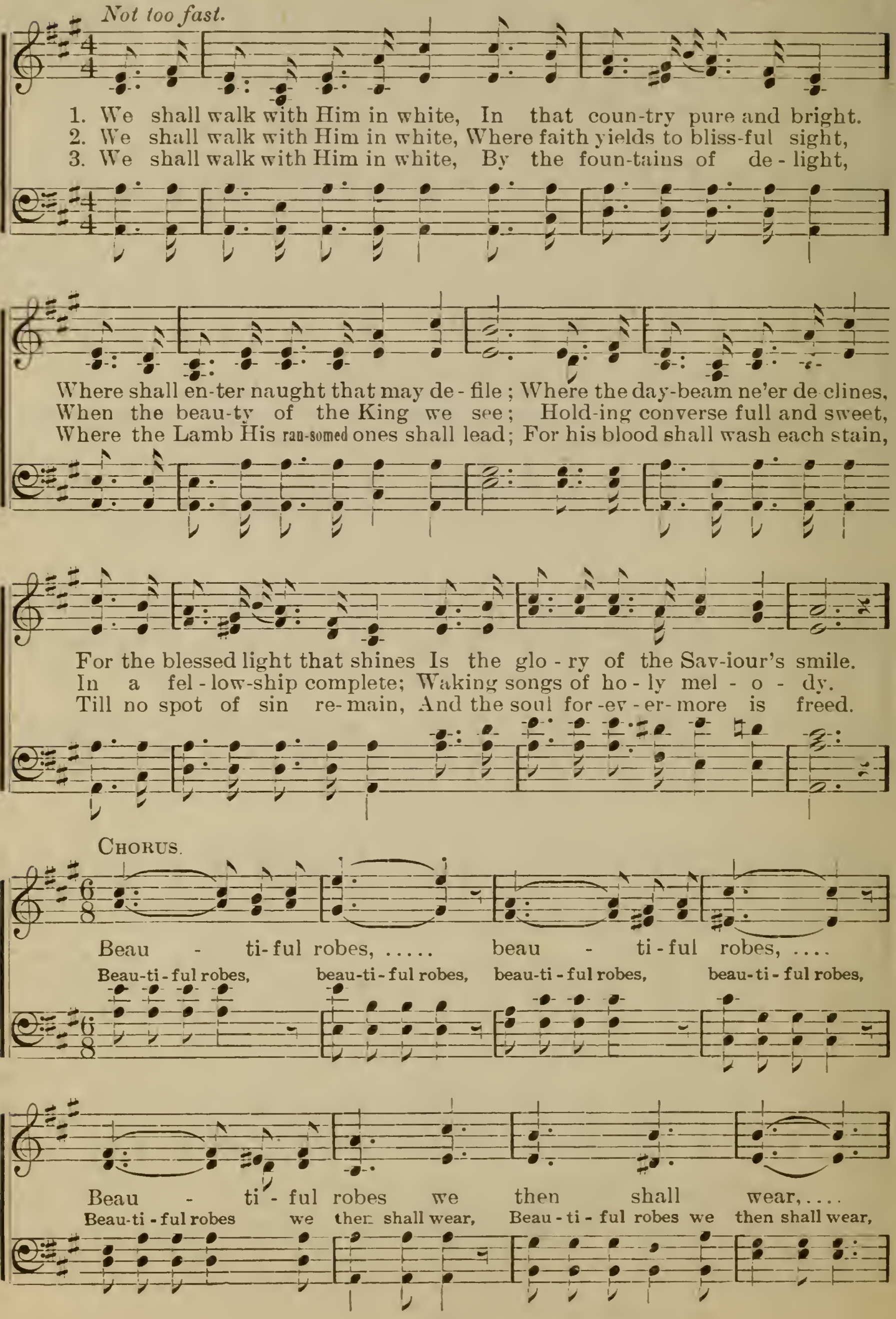
No. 200

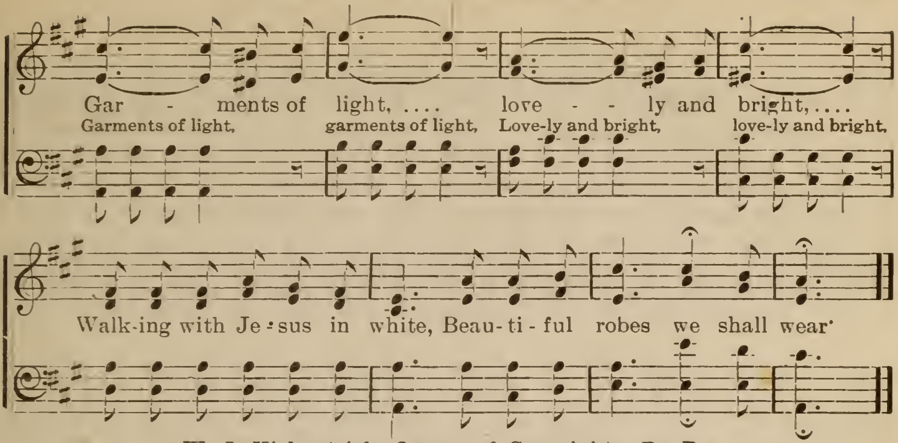
Beautiful Robes

He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robes of righteousness.—Isa. 61: 10.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


Not too fast.
1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright.
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight,
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun-tains of de - light,
Where shall en-ter naught that may de - file ; Where the day-beam ne'er de-clines,
When the beau-ty of the King we see ; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb His ran-somed ones shall lead ; For his blood shall wash each stain,
For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav-iour's smile.
In a fel - low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for -ev - er-more is freed.
Chorus.
Beau - ti-ful robes, ... beau - ti-ful robes, ...
Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes,
Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, ...
Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear,

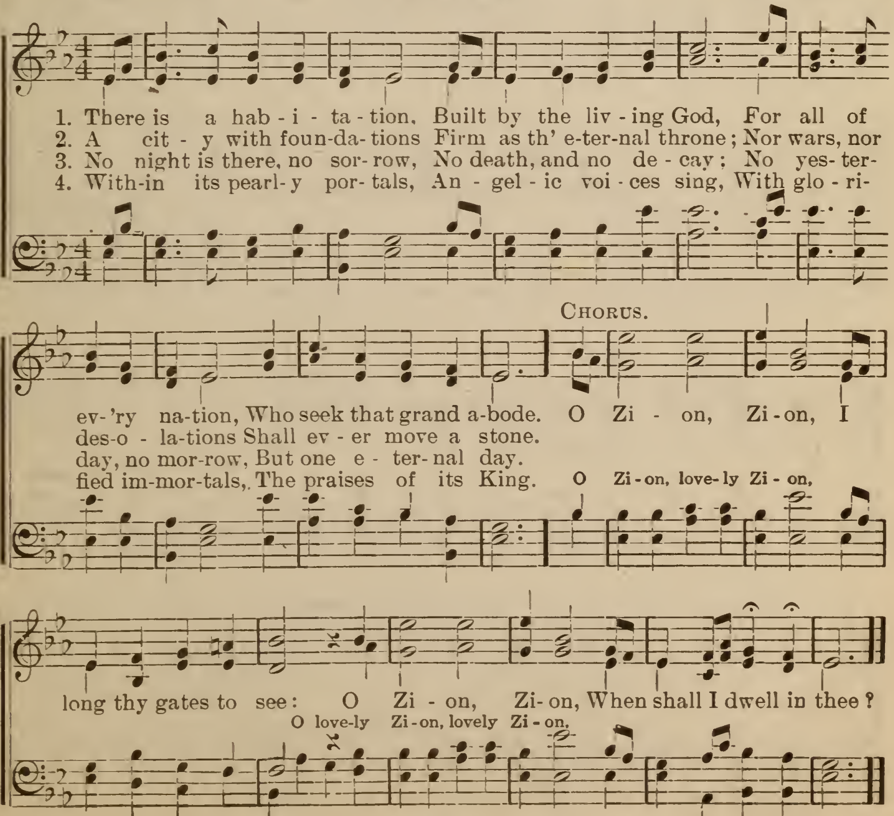
Beautiful Robes—Concluded


Gar - ments of light, ... love - - ly and bright, ...
Garments of light, garments of light, Love-ly and bright, love-ly and bright,
Walk-ing with Je-sus in white, Beau-ti-ful robes we shall wear'

W. J. Kirkpatrick, Owner of Copyright. By Per.

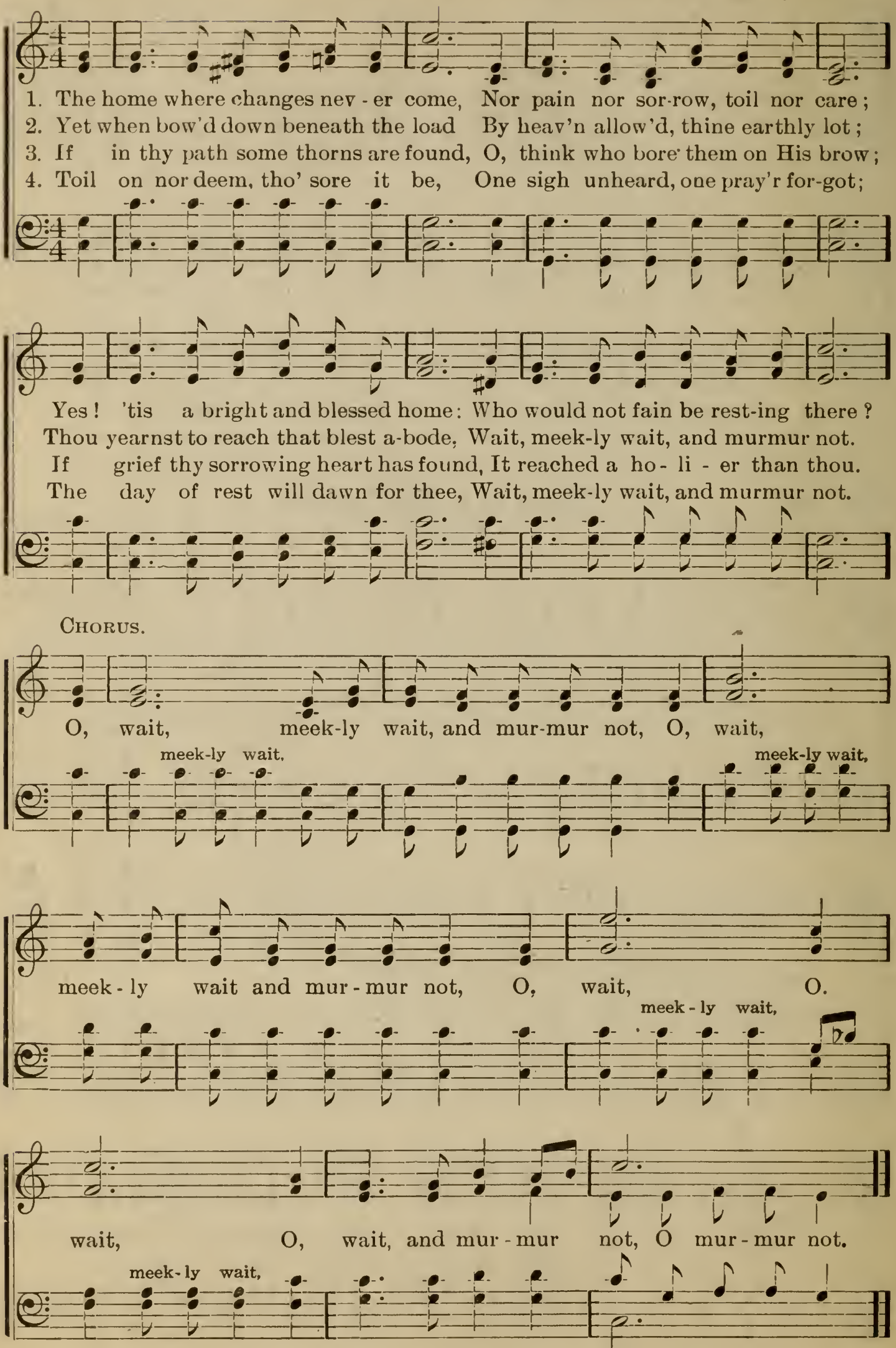
No. 201 There is a Habitation

L. H. Jameson. O Zion, Zion. J. H. Rosecrans.


1. There is a hab - i - ta - tion, Built by the liv - ing God, For all of ev-'ry na-tion, Who seek that grand a-bode.
2. A cit - y with foun-da-tions Firm as th' e-ter-nal throne; Nor wars, nor des-o - la-tions Shall ev - er move a stone.
3. No night is there, no sor-row, No death, and no de - cay; No yes-ter-day, no mor-row, But one e - ter-nal day.
4. With-in its pearl-y por-tals, An - gel - ic voi - ces sing, With glo - ri-fied im-mor-tals, The praises of its King.
Chorus.
O Zi - on, Zi - on, I long thy gates to see: O Zi - on, Zi-on, When shall I dwell in thee?
O Zi-on, love-ly Zi - on,
O love-ly Zi-on, lovely Zi - on,

No. 202 Wait and Murmur Not

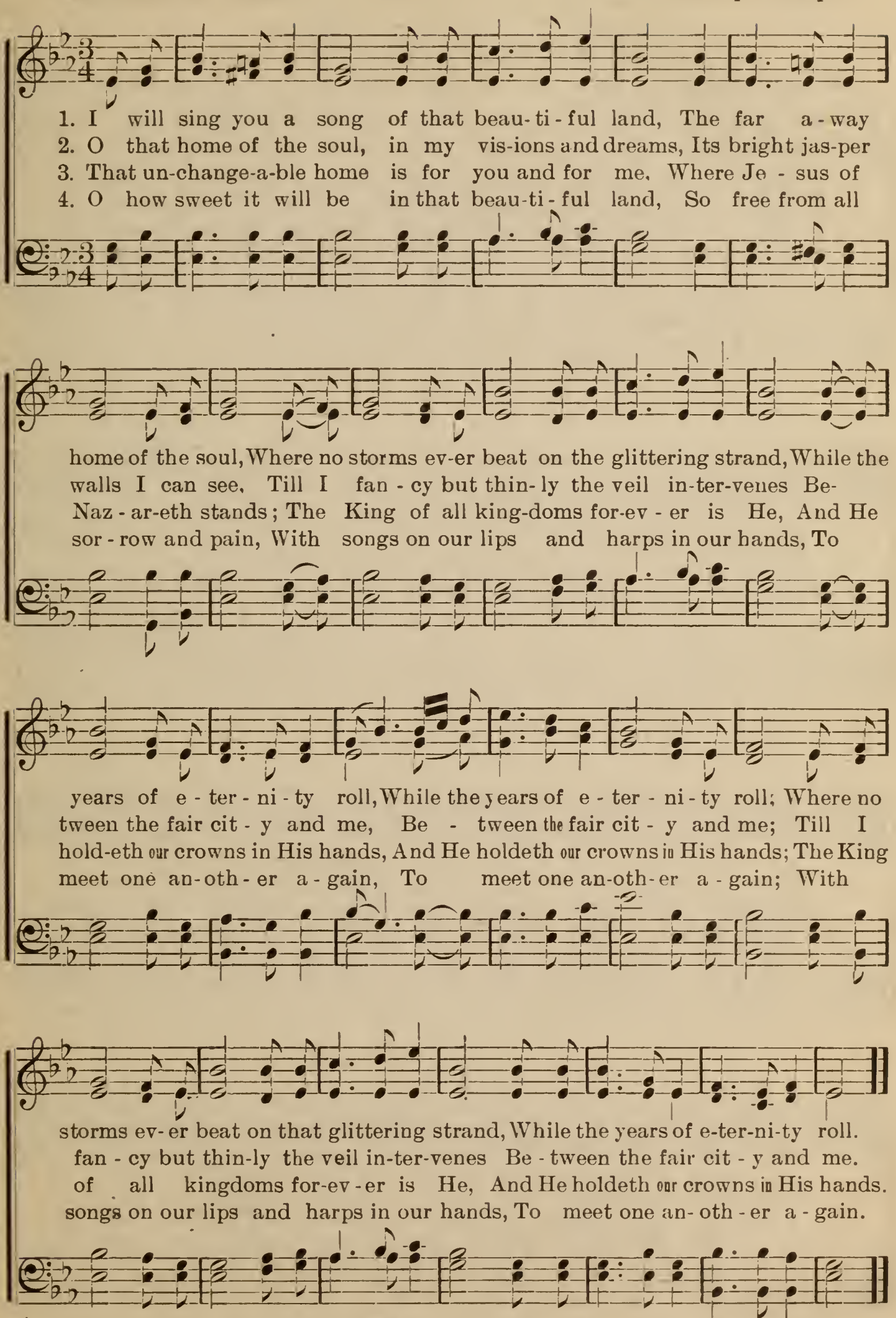
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by Per.


1. The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow;
4. Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got;
Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home: Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
Thou yearnst to reach that blest a-bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho- li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
Chorus.
O, wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O, wait,
meek-ly wait,
meek-ly wait,
meek - ly wait and mur - mur not, O, wait, O.
meek - ly wait,
wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O mur - mur not.
meek- ly wait,

No. 203

Home of the Soul

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way
2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all
home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glittering strand, While the
walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-
Naz - ar-eth stands; The King of all king-doms for-ev - er is He, And He
sor - row and pain, With songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To
years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I
hold-eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King
meet one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an-oth-er a - gain; With
storms ev-er beat on that glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
fan - cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth - er a - gain.

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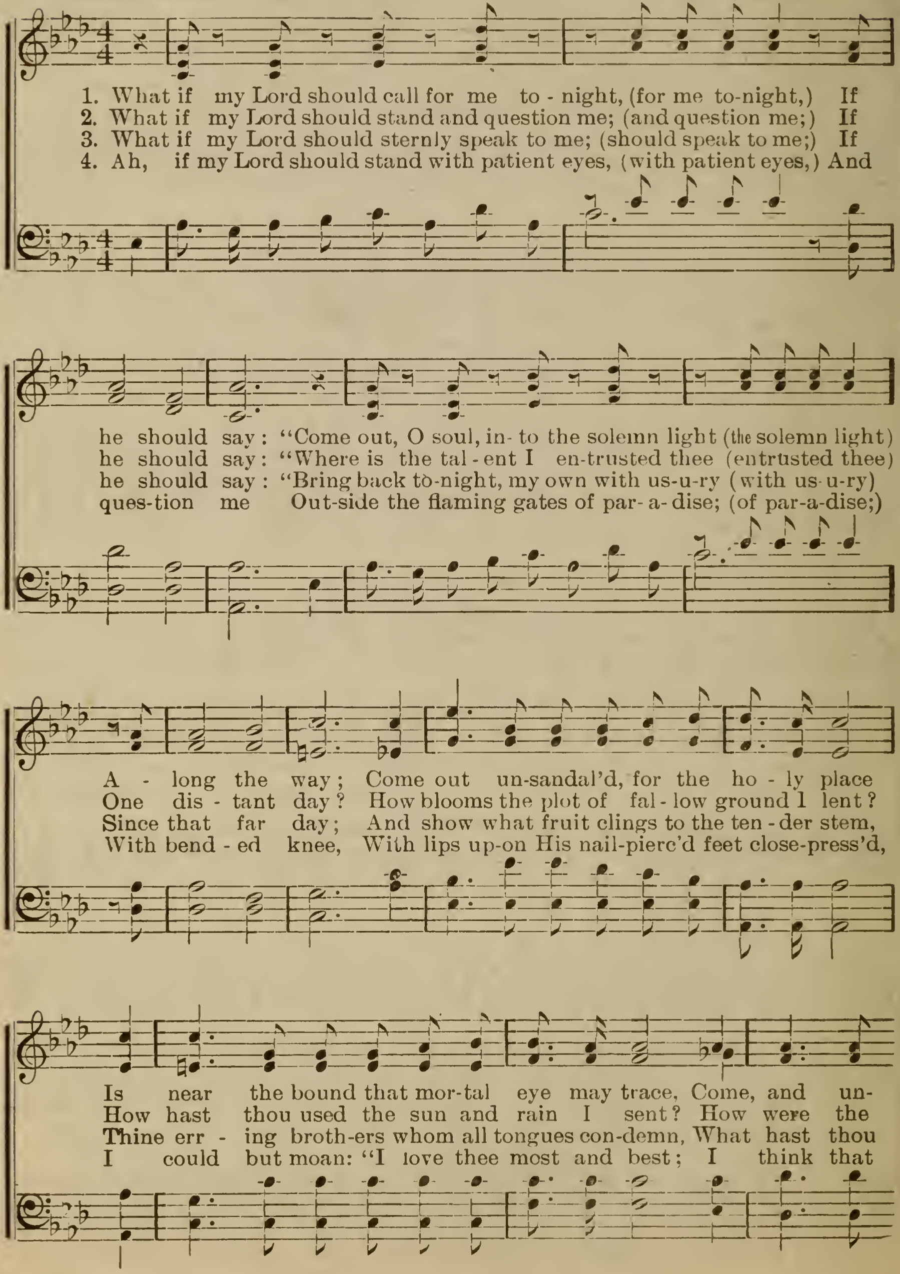
No. 204

Face to Face

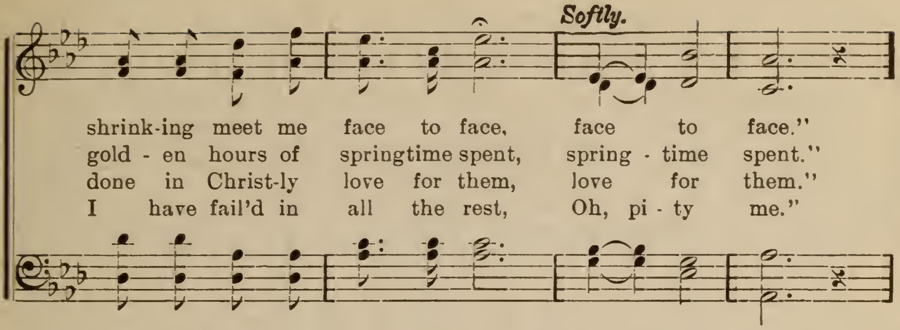
Written in memory of my nineteen-year-old daughter, Mary Kathryn Meredith, who went to her reward July 8, 1914. The last words she uttered were "Face to Face."

Dedicated to the First U. B. Sunday School, York, Pa.

Harriet Warner ReQua. M. S. Meredith.

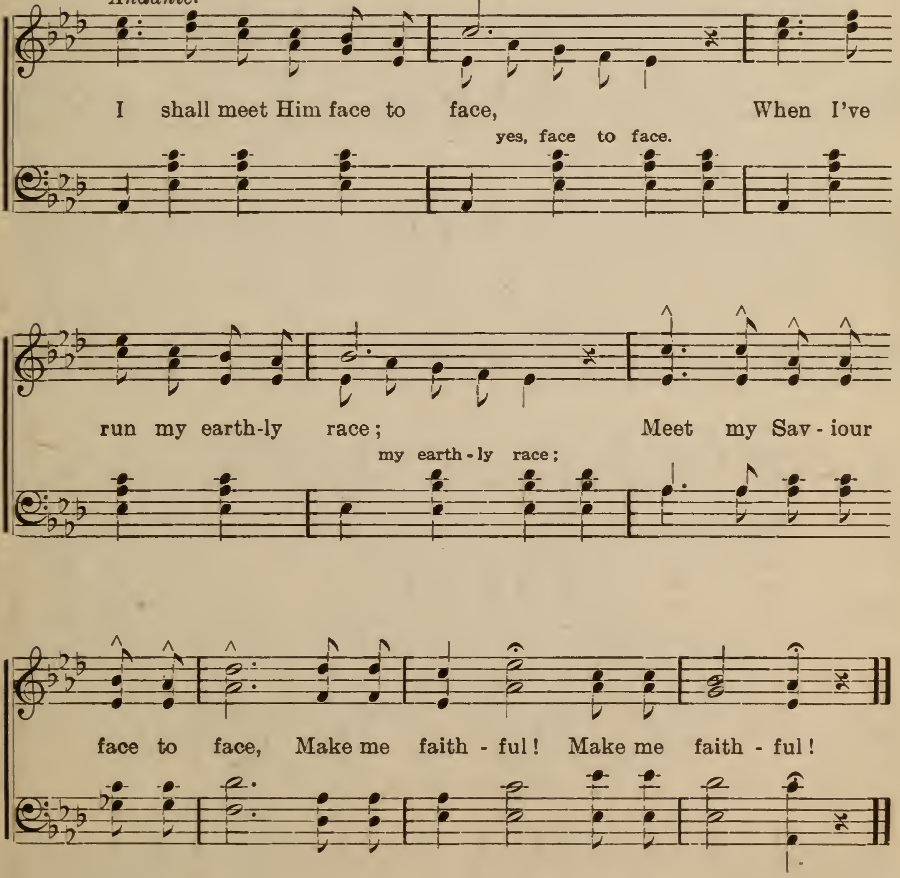

1. What if my Lord should call for me to - night, (for me to-night,) If
2. What if my Lord should stand and question me; (and question me;) If
3. What if my Lord should sternly speak to me; (should speak to me;) If
4. Ah, if my Lord should stand with patient eyes, (with patient eyes,) And
he should say: "Come out, O soul, in- to the solemn light (the solemn light)
he should say: "Where is the tal - ent I en-trusted thee (entrusted thee)
he should say: "Bring back to-night, my own with us-u-ry (with us-u-ry)
ques-tion me Out-side the flaming gates of par- a- dise; (of par-a-dise;)
A - long the way; Come out un-sandal'd, for the ho - ly place
One dis - tant day? How blooms the plot of fal - low ground I lent?
Since that far day; And show what fruit clings to the ten - der stem,
With bend - ed knee, With lips up-on His nail-pierc'd feet close-press'd,
Is near the bound that mor-tal eye may trace, Come, and un-
How hast thou used the sun and rain I sent? How were the
Thine err - ing broth-ers whom all tongues con-demn, What hast thou
I could but moan: "I love thee most and best; I think that

Face to Face—Concluded


Softly.
shrink-ing meet me face to face, face to face."
gold - en hours of springtime spent, spring - time spent."
done in Christ-ly love for them, love for them."
I have fail'd in all the rest, Oh, pi - ty me."

CHORUS.

Andante.


I shall meet Him face to face,
yes, face to face.
When I've run my earth-ly race;
my earth - ly race;
Meet my Sav - iour face to face, Make me faith - ful! Make me faith - ful!

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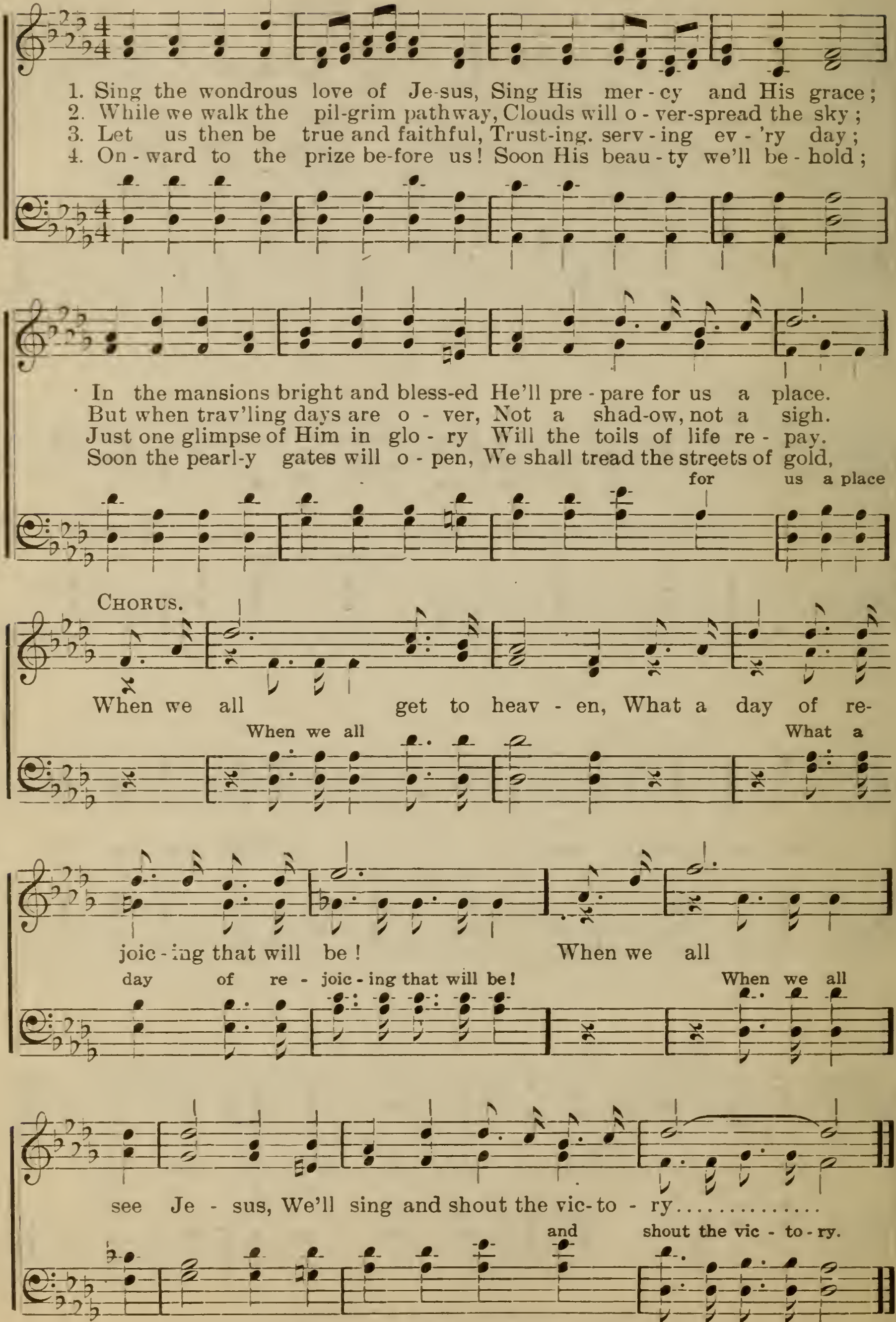
No. 205 When We All Get to Heaven

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the wondrous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o-ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;
In the mansions bright and bless-ed He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets of gold,
for us a place
Chorus.
When we all get to heav-en, What a day of re-
When we all
What a
joic-ing that will be! When we all
day of re-joic-ing that will be!
When we all
see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry..............
and shout the vic-to-ry.

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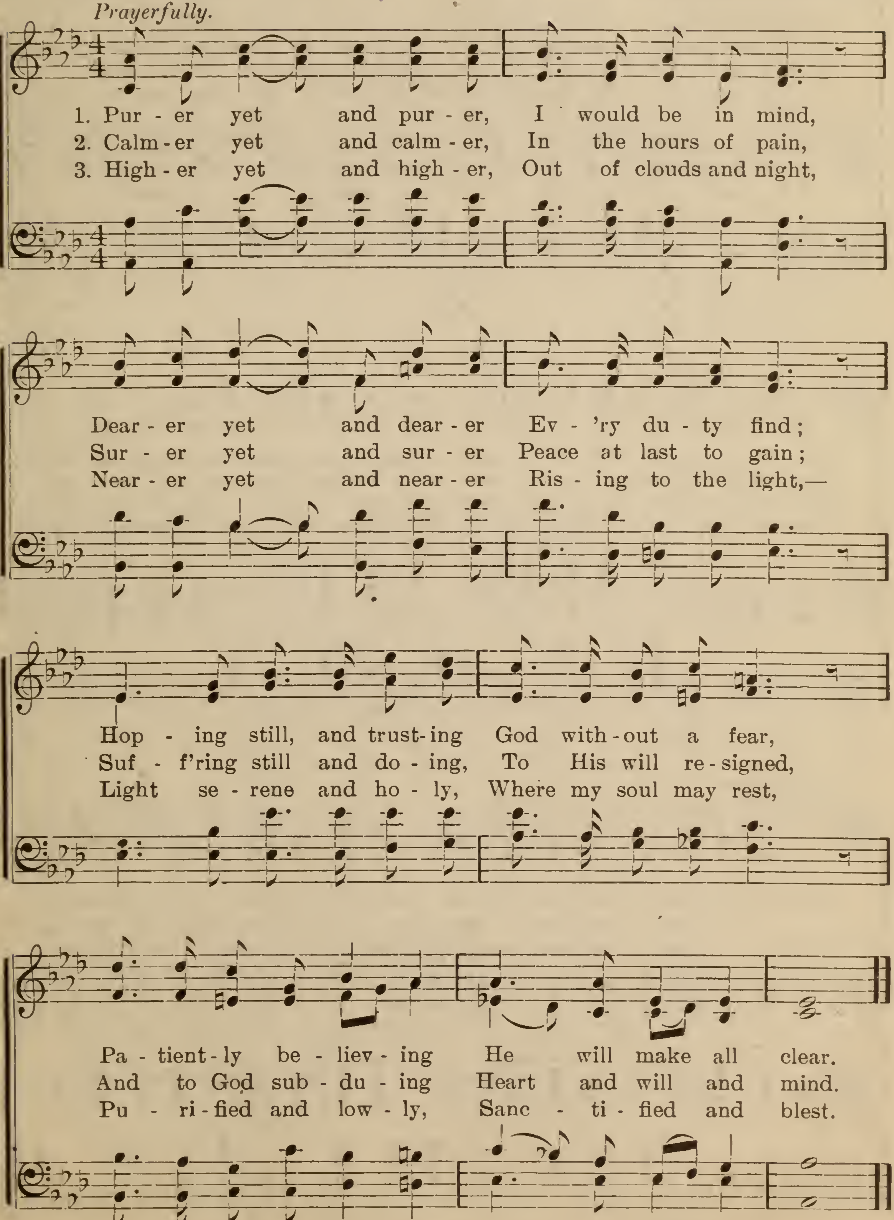
XIX. HOLY DESIRE

No. 206

Purer Yet and Purer

J. W. von Goethe. H. L. Baumgartner.


Prayerfully.
1. Pur - er yet and pur - er, I would be in mind,
2. Calm - er yet and calm - er, In the hours of pain,
3. High - er yet and high - er, Out of clouds and night,
Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find;
Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;
Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light,—
Hop - ing still, and trust-ing God with-out a fear,
Suf - f'ring still and do - ing, To His will re-signed,
Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,
Pa - tient-ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
Pu - ri-fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.

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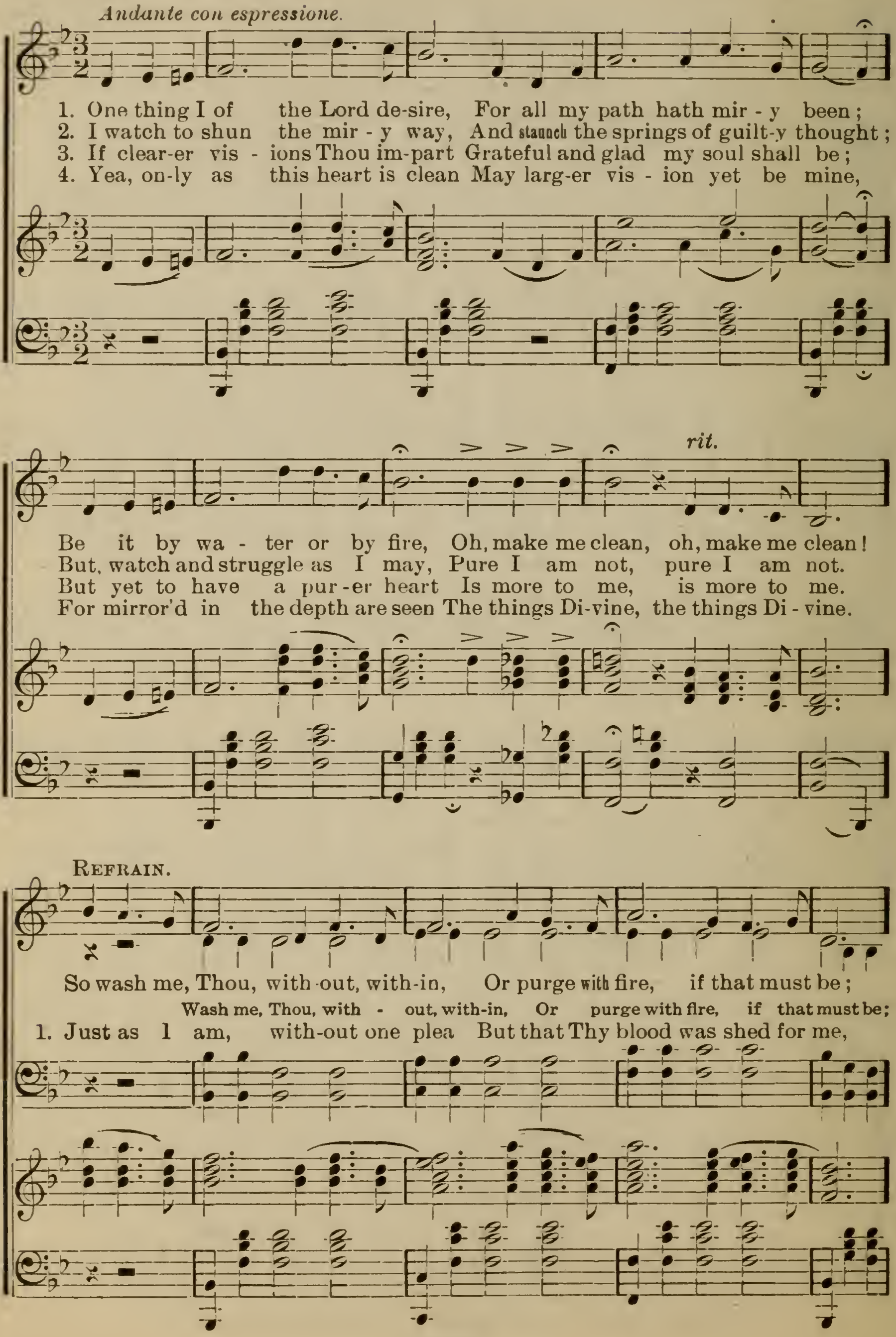
No. 207

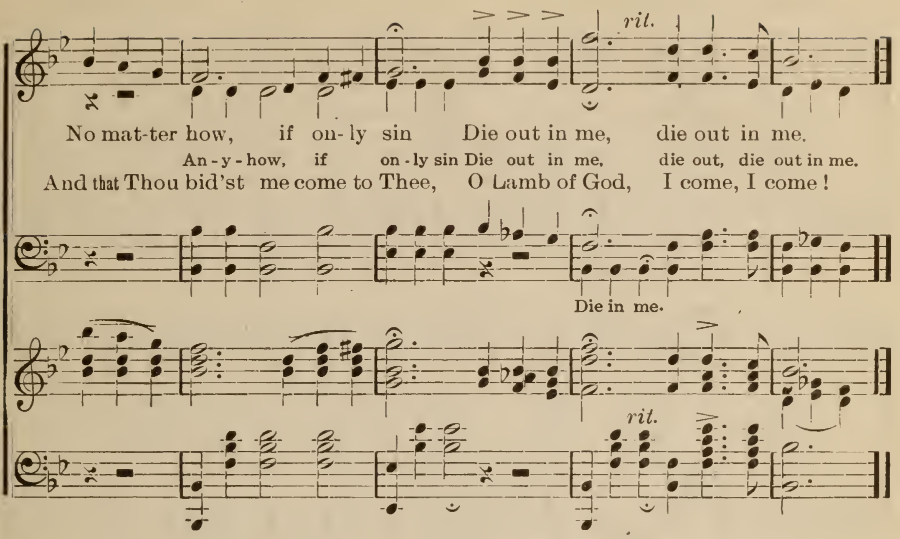
A Clean Heart

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—Psalm 2: 10.

Rev. Walter G. Smith. Fred. H. Byshe.


Andante con espressione.
1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir - y been;
2. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And staunch the springs of guilt-y thought;
3. If clear-er vis - ions Thou im-part Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
4. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vis - ion yet be mine,
rit.
Be it by wa - ter or by fire, Oh, make me clean, oh, make me clean!
But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, pure I am not.
But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, is more to me.
For mirror'd in the depth are seen The things Di-vine, the things Di - vine.
REFRAIN.
So wash me, Thou, with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be;
Wash me, Thou, with - out, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be;
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

A Clean Heart—Concluded


rit.
No mat-ter how, if on- ly sin Die out in me, die out in me.
An-y-how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, die out, die out in me.
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Die in me.
rit.

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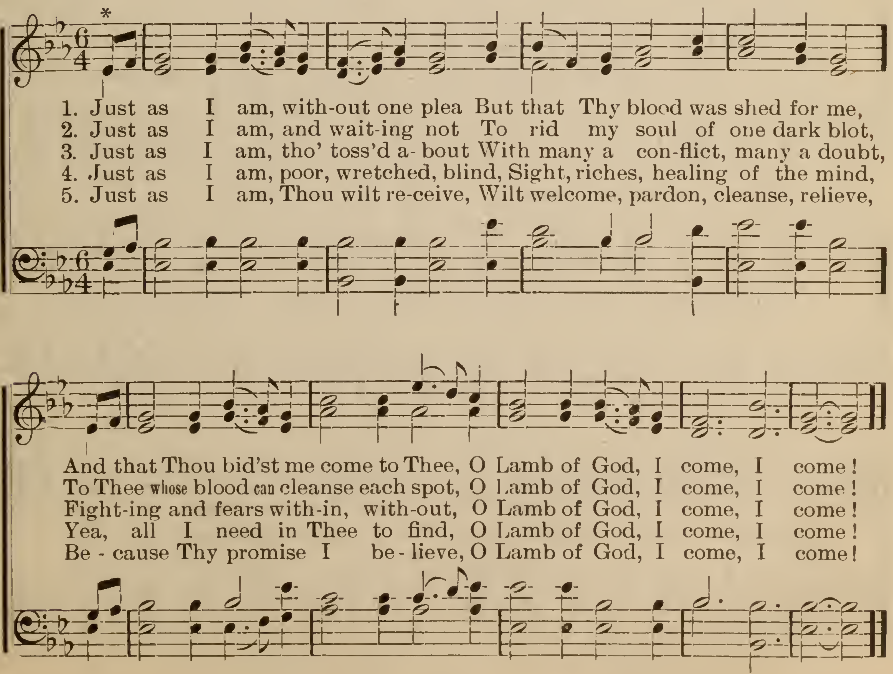
No. 208

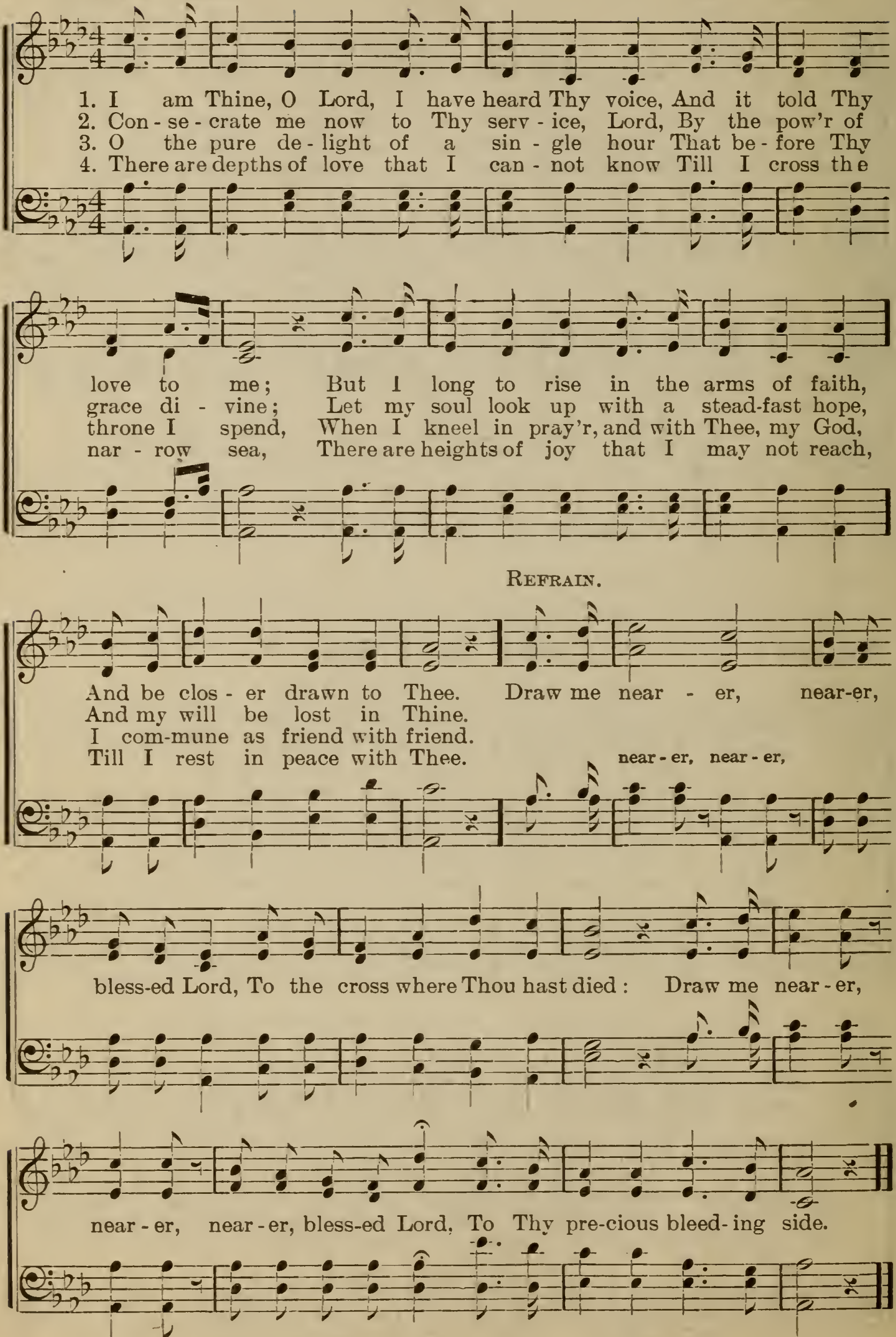
Just As I Am


*
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a- bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 209

Draw Me Nearer

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Refrain.
Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died: Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious bleed-ing side.
near - er, near - er,

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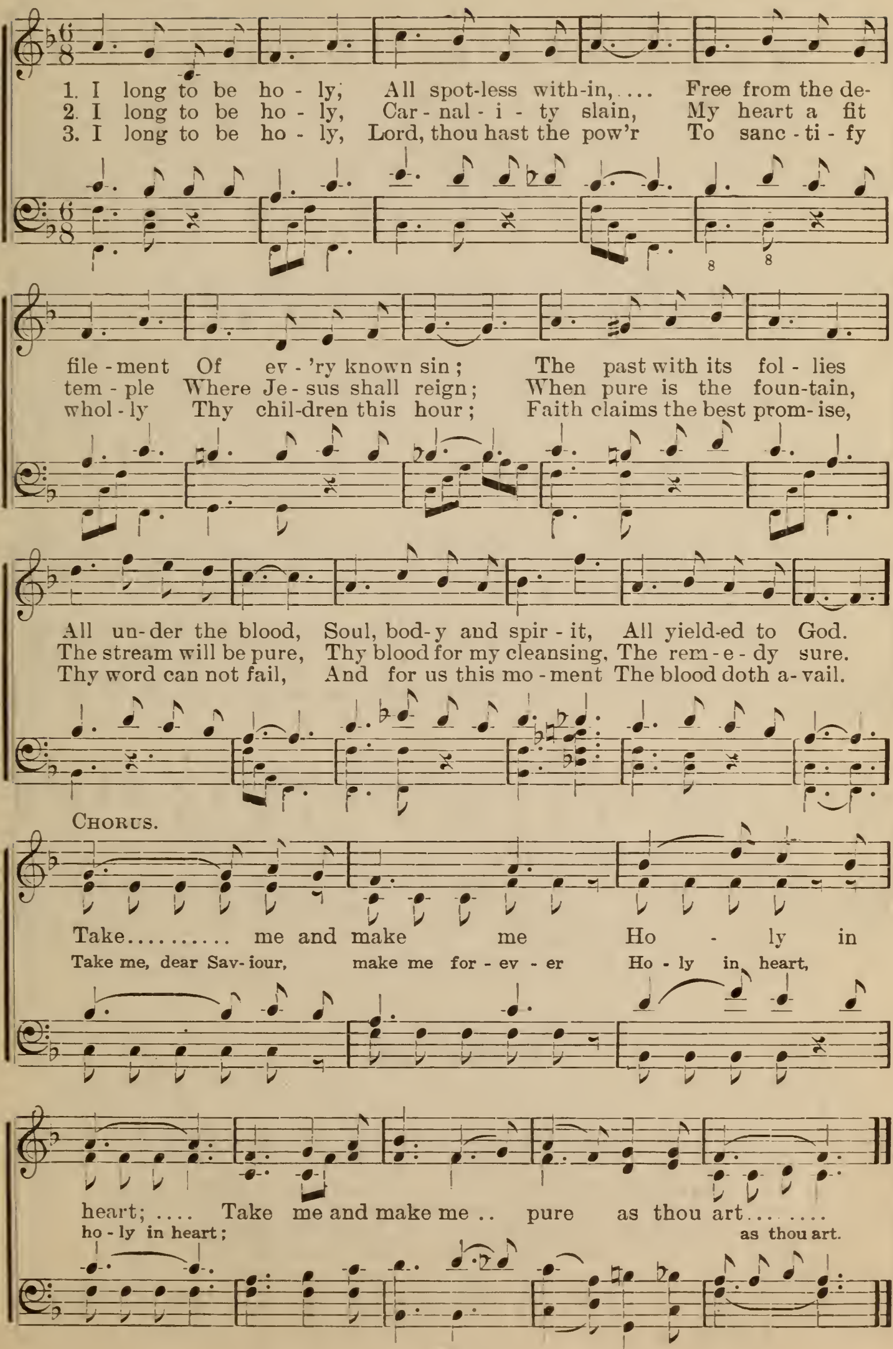
No. 210

I Long to Be Holy

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I long to be ho - ly, All spot-less with-in, ... Free from the de-
2. I long to be ho - ly, Car - nal - i - ty slain, My heart a fit
3. I long to be ho - ly, Lord, thou hast the pow'r To sanc - ti - fy
file - ment Of ev - 'ry known sin; The past with its fol - lies
tem - ple Where Je - sus shall reign; When pure is the foun-tain,
whol - ly Thy chil-dren this hour; Faith claims the best prom- ise,
All un-der the blood, Soul, bod-y and spir - it, All yield-ed to God.
The stream will be pure, Thy blood for my cleansing, The rem - e - dy sure.
Thy word can not fail, And for us this mo - ment The blood doth a- vail.
CHORUS.
Take.......... me and make me Ho - ly in
Take me, dear Sav- iour, make me for - ev - er Ho - ly in heart,
heart; .... Take me and make me .. pure as thou art.........
ho - ly in heart; as thou art.

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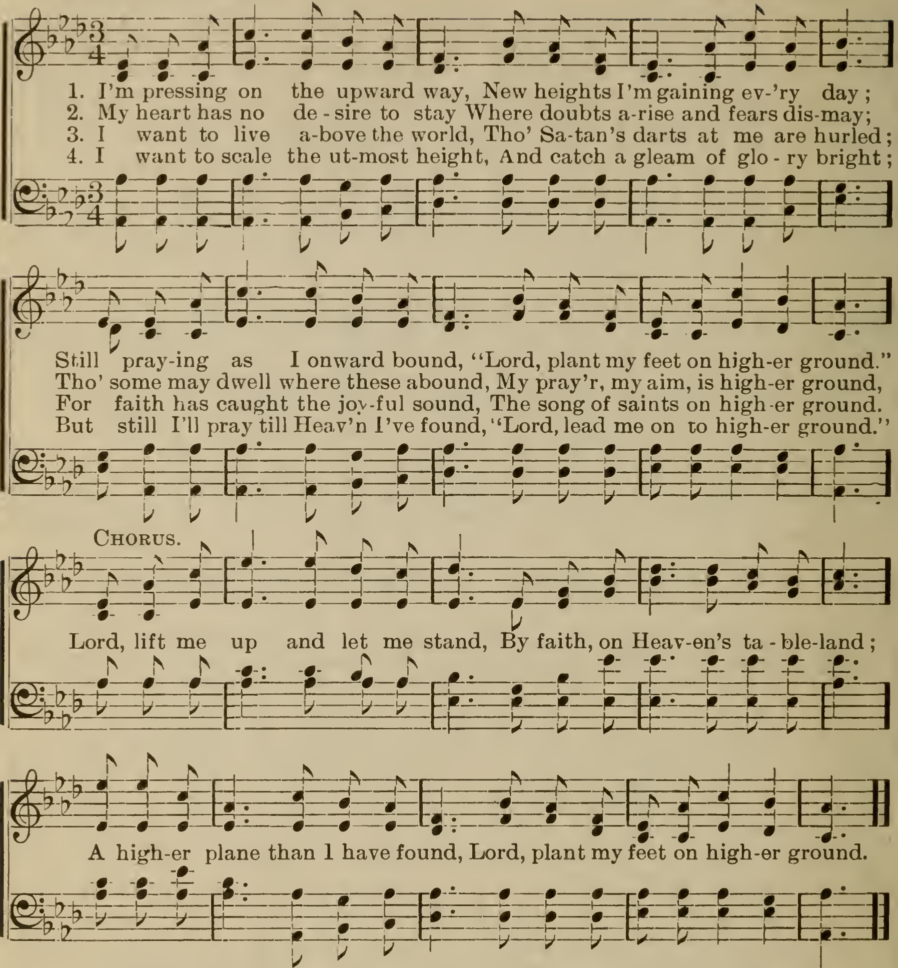
No. 211

Higher Ground

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim, is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
Chorus.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta - ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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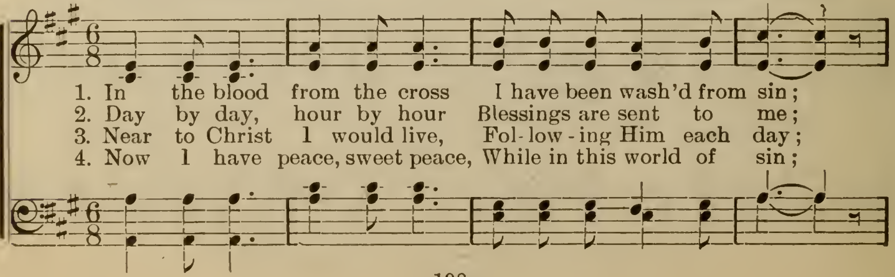
No. 212

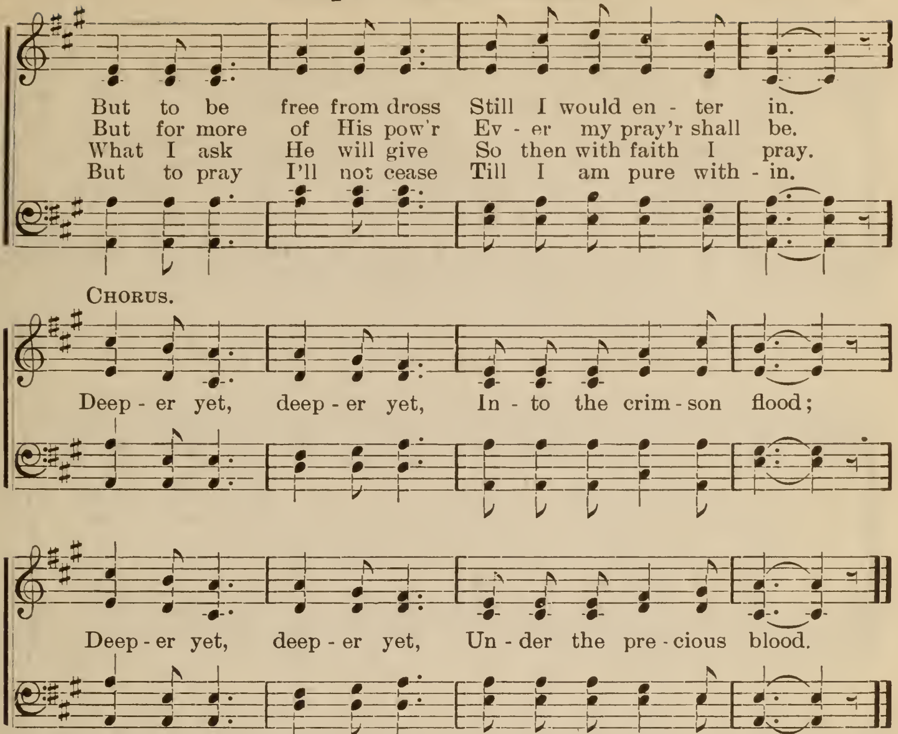
Deeper Yet

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin;
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me;
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing Him each day;
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin;

Deeper Yet—Concluded


But to be free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
But for more of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be.
What I ask He will give So then with faith I pray.
But to pray I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.
Chorus.
Deep - er yet, deep - er yet, In - to the crim - son flood;
Deep - er yet, deep - er yet, Un - der the pre - cious blood.

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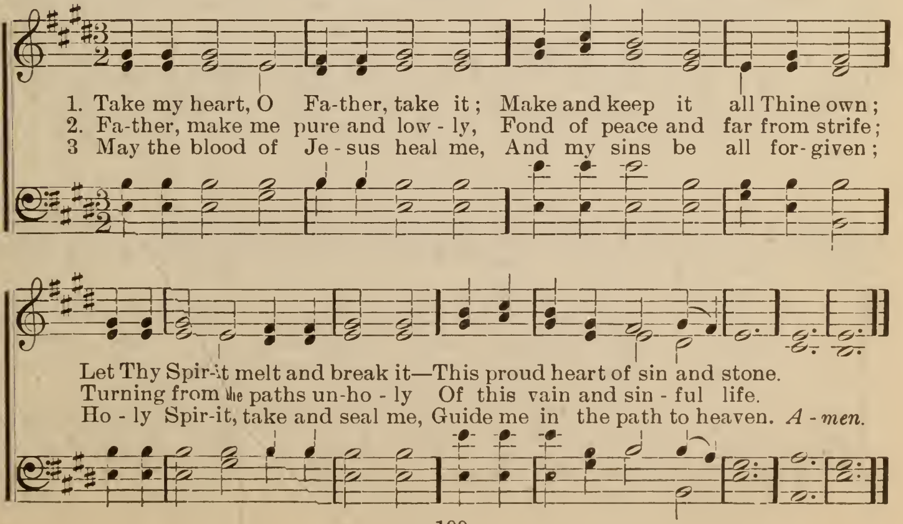
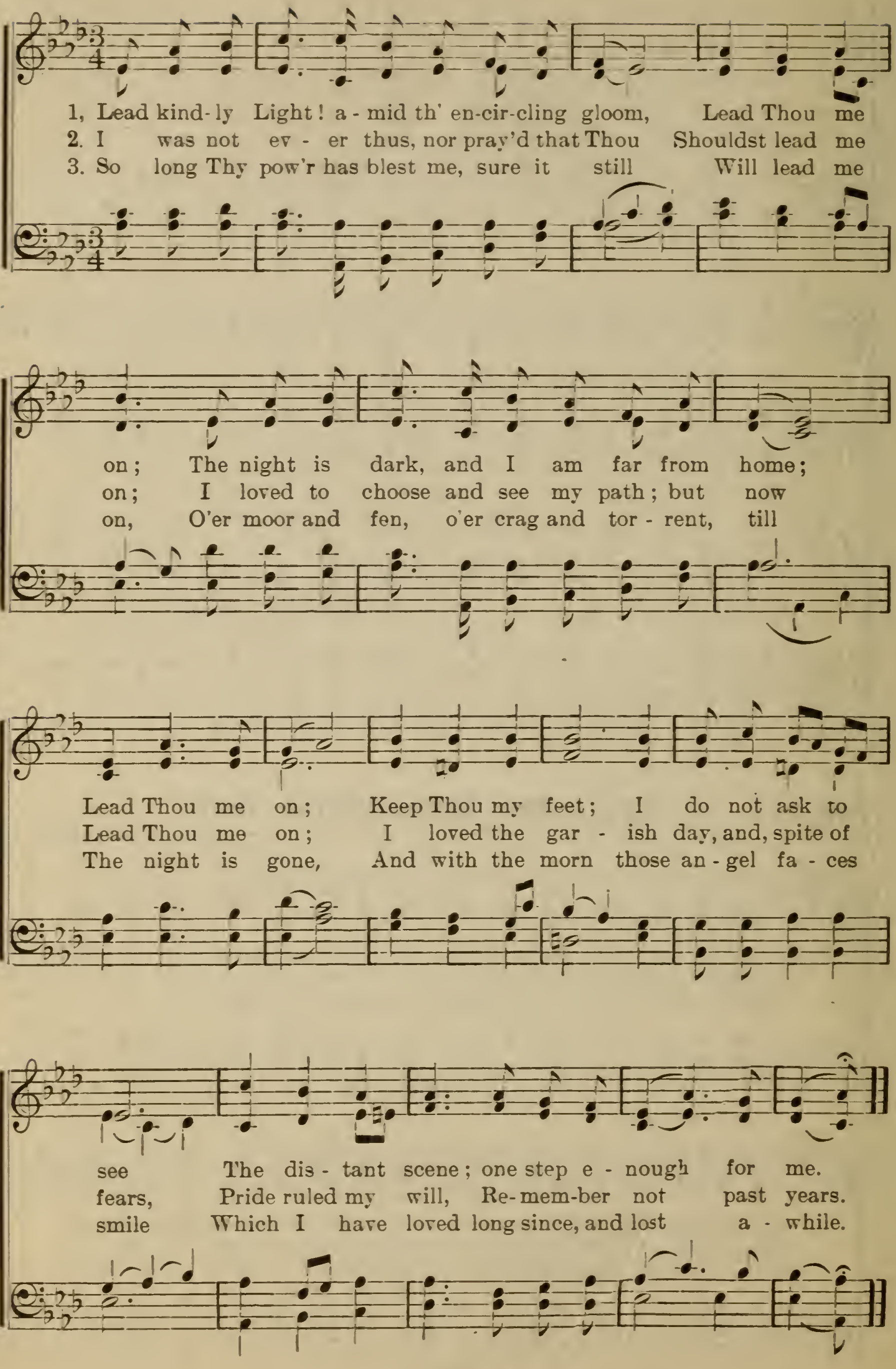
No. 213 Make My Heart Thine Own

Isaac B. Woodbury.


1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
2. Fa-ther, make me pure and low - ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3 May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all for- given;
Let Thy Spir-it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turning from the paths un-ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful life.
Ho - ly Spir-it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heaven. A - men.

No. 214 Lead, Kindly Light

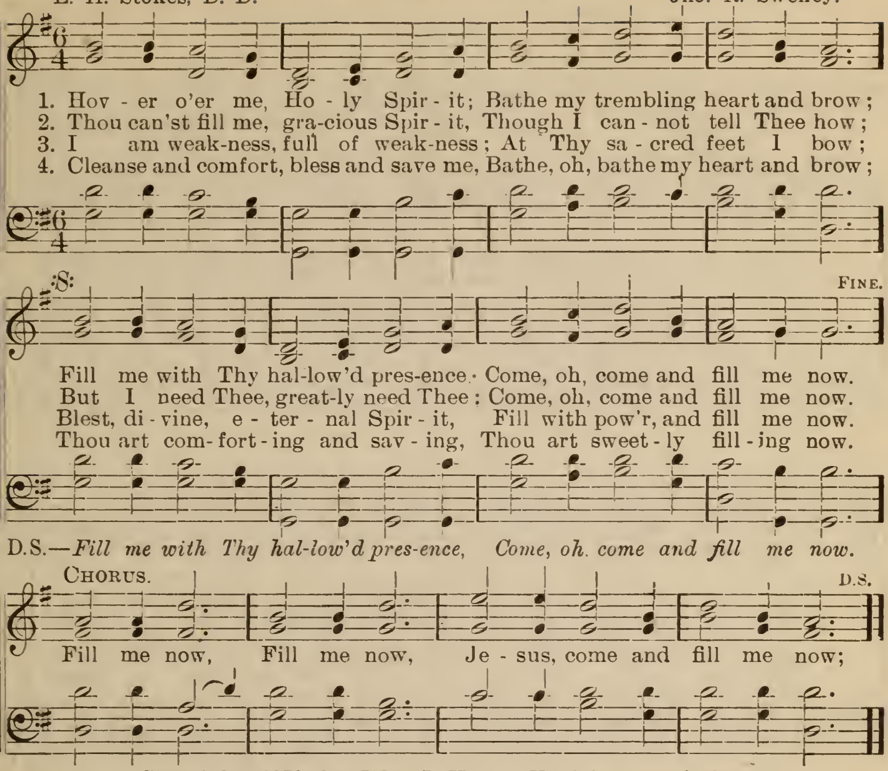

1, Lead kind-ly Light! a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till
Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces
see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
fears, Pride ruled my will, Re-mem-ber not past years.
smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

No. 215

Fill Me Now

E. H. Stokes, D. D.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hal-low'd pres-ence: Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee: Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.
Fine.
D.S.—Fill me with Thy hal-low'd pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Chorus.
Fill me now, Fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;
D.S.

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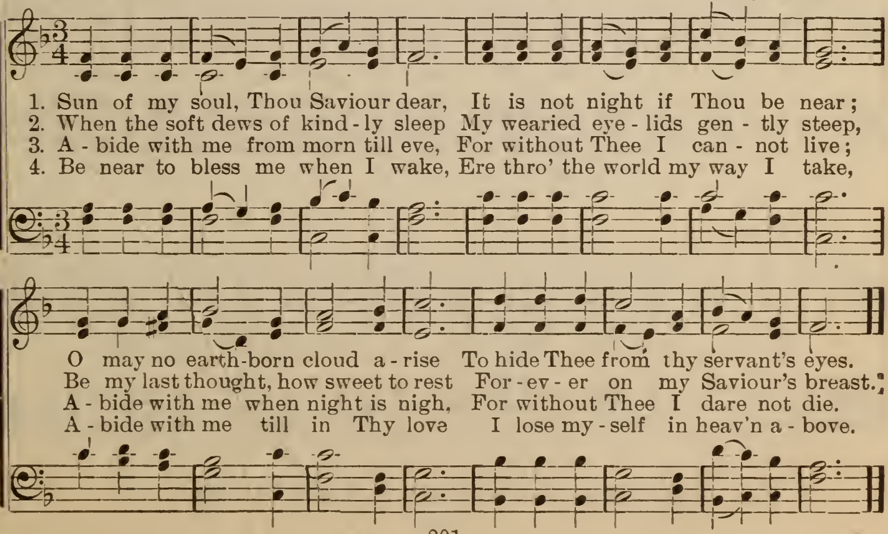
No. 216

Sun of My Soul

John Kepler.

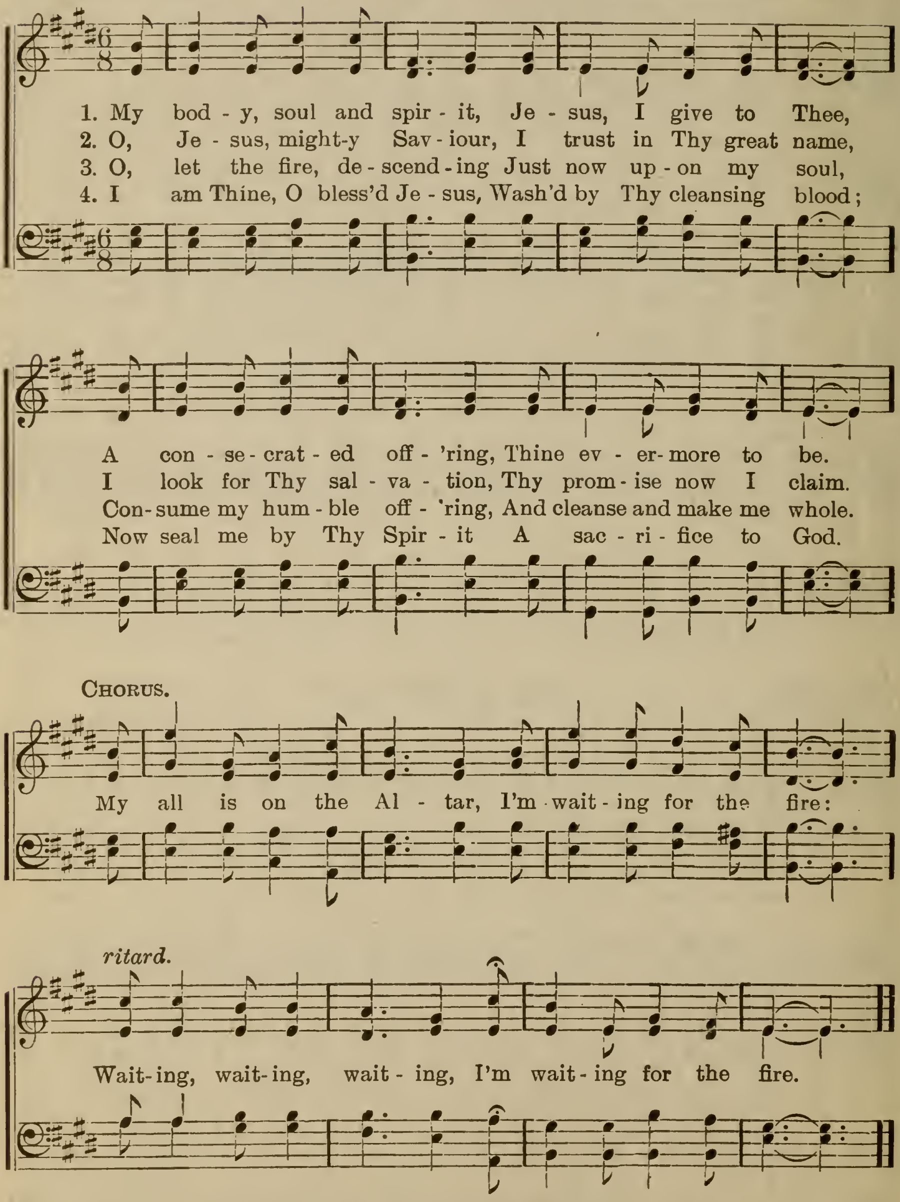
Henry Monk.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take,
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

XX. CONSECRATION

No. 217 Consecration

Mary D. James. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.


1. My bod-y, soul and spir-it, Je-sus, I give to Thee,
2. O, Je-sus, might-y Sav-iour, I trust in Thy great name,
3. O, let the fire, de-scend-ing Just now up-on my soul,
4. I am Thine, O bless'd Je-sus, Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood;
A con-se-crat-ed off-'ring, Thine ev-er-more to be.
I look for Thy sal-va-tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.
Con-sume my hum-ble off-'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Now seal me by Thy Spir-it A sac-ri-fice to God.
Chorus.
My all is on the Al-tar, I'm wait-ing for the fire:
ritard.
Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, I'm wait-ing for the fire.

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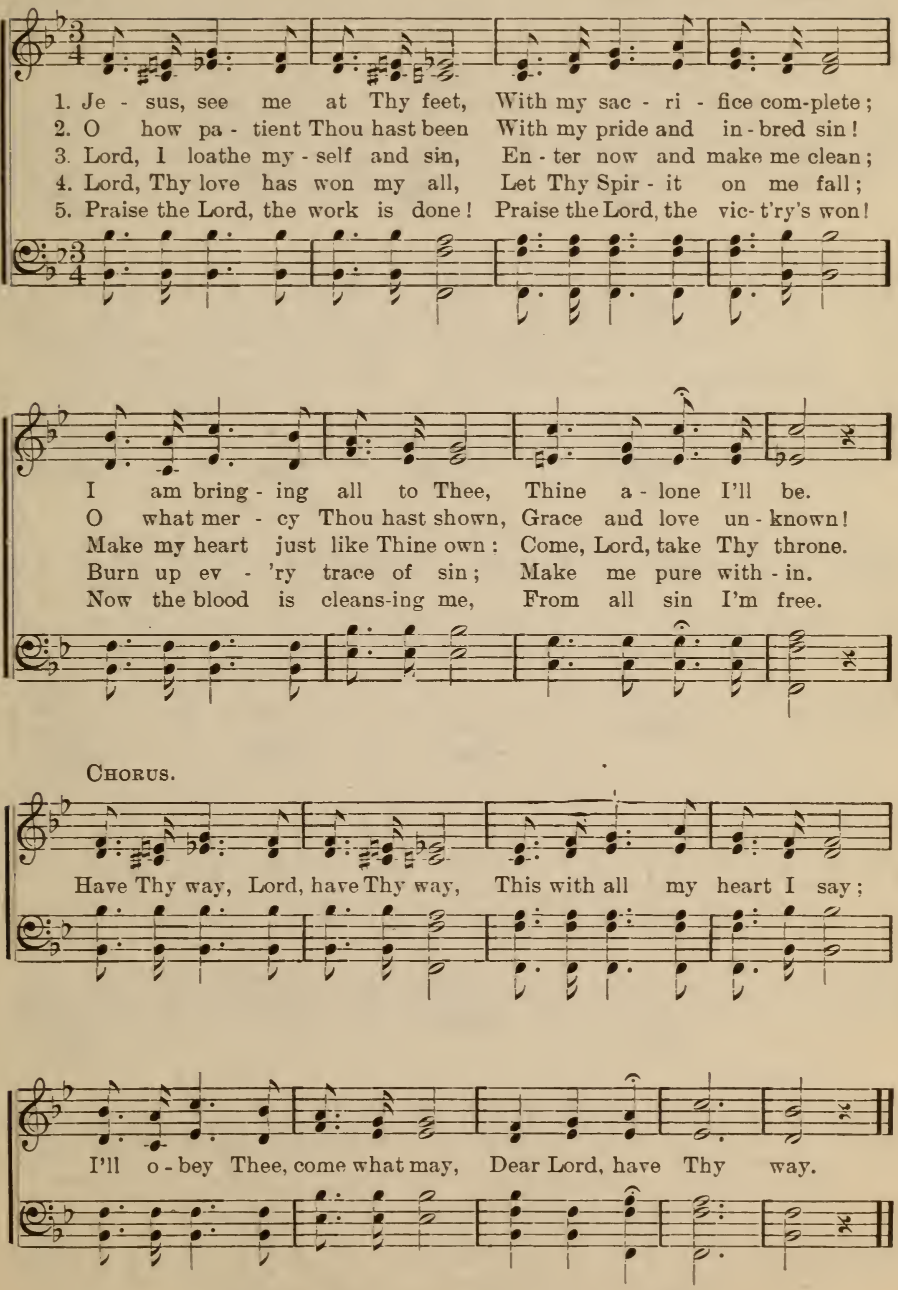
No. 218

Have Thy Way, Lord

(Effective as Soprano and Alto Duet.)

G. B. Rev. George Bennard.


1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, With my sac - ri - fice com-plete; I am bring - ing all to Thee, Thine a - lone I'll be.
2. O how pa - tient Thou hast been With my pride and in - bred sin! O what mer - cy Thou hast shown, Grace and love un - known!
3. Lord, I loathe my - self and sin, En - ter now and make me clean; Make my heart just like Thine own: Come, Lord, take Thy throne.
4. Lord, Thy love has won my all, Let Thy Spir - it on me fall; Burn up ev - 'ry trace of sin; Make me pure with - in.
5. Praise the Lord, the work is done! Praise the Lord, the vic- t'ry's won! Now the blood is cleans-ing me, From all sin I'm free.
Chorus.
Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way, This with all my heart I say; I'll o - bey Thee, come what may, Dear Lord, have Thy way.

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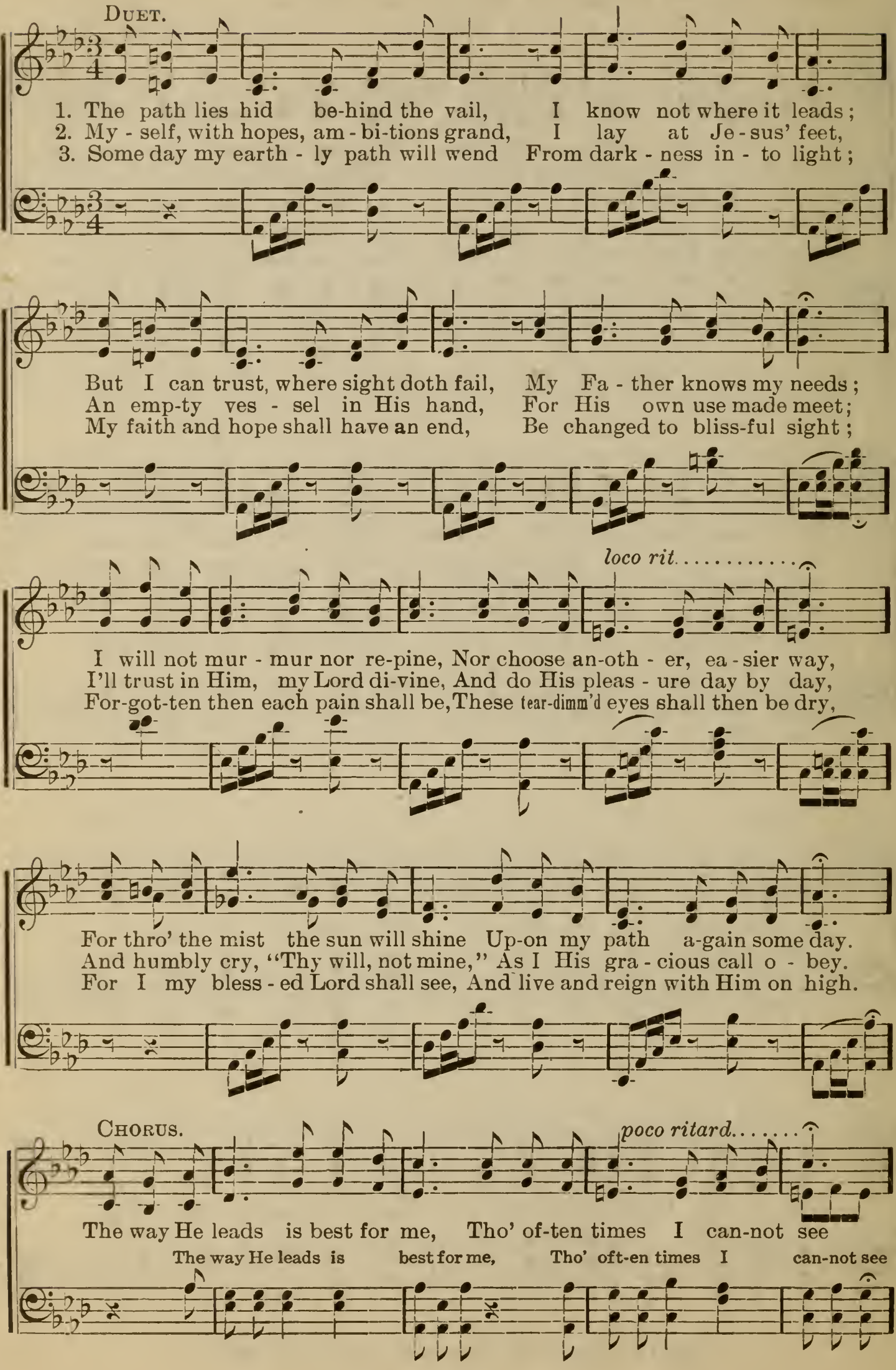
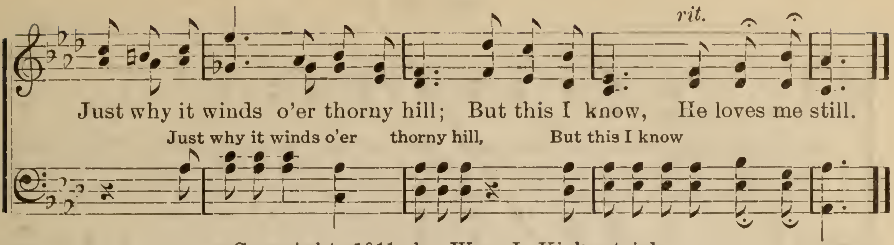
No. 219 The Way He Leads Is Best for Me

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.


Duet.
1. The path lies hid be-hind the vail, I know not where it leads;
2. My-self, with hopes, am-bi-tions grand, I lay at Je-sus' feet,
3. Some day my earth-ly path will wend From dark-ness in-to light;
But I can trust, where sight doth fail, My Fa-ther knows my needs;
An emp-ty ves-sel in His hand, For His own use made meet;
My faith and hope shall have an end, Be changed to bliss-ful sight;
loco rit............
I will not mur-mur nor re-pine, Nor choose an-oth-er, ea-sier way,
I'll trust in Him, my Lord di-vine, And do His pleas-ure day by day,
For-got-ten then each pain shall be, These tear-dimm'd eyes shall then be dry,
For thro' the mist the sun will shine Up-on my path a-gain some day.
And humbly cry, "Thy will, not mine," As I His gra-cious call o-bey.
For I my bless-ed Lord shall see, And live and reign with Him on high.
Chorus.
poco ritard.......
The way He leads is best for me, Tho' of-ten times I can-not see
The way He leads is best for me, Tho' oft-en times I can-not see

The Way He Leads Is Best for Me—Concluded


rit.
Just why it winds o'er thorny hill; But this I know, He loves me still.
Just why it winds o'er thorny hill, But this I know

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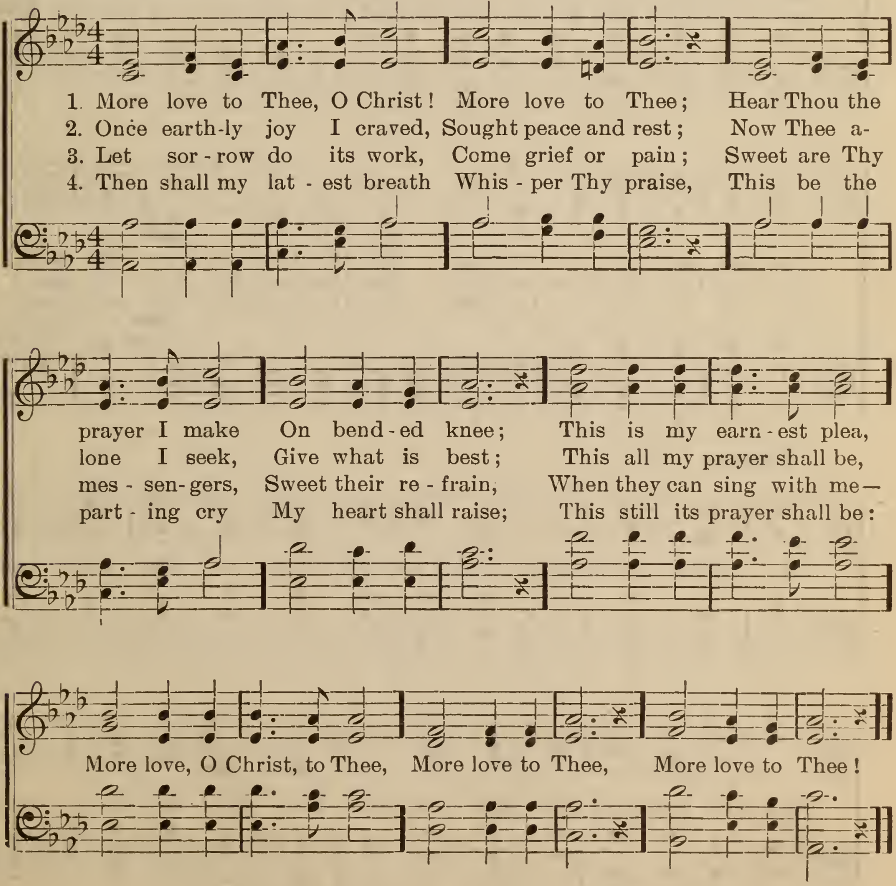
No. 220

More Love to Thee, O Christ

"Continue ye in my love."—John 15: 9.

Elizabeth Prentiss. William H. Doane.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
3. Let sor-row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me—
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise, This be the part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

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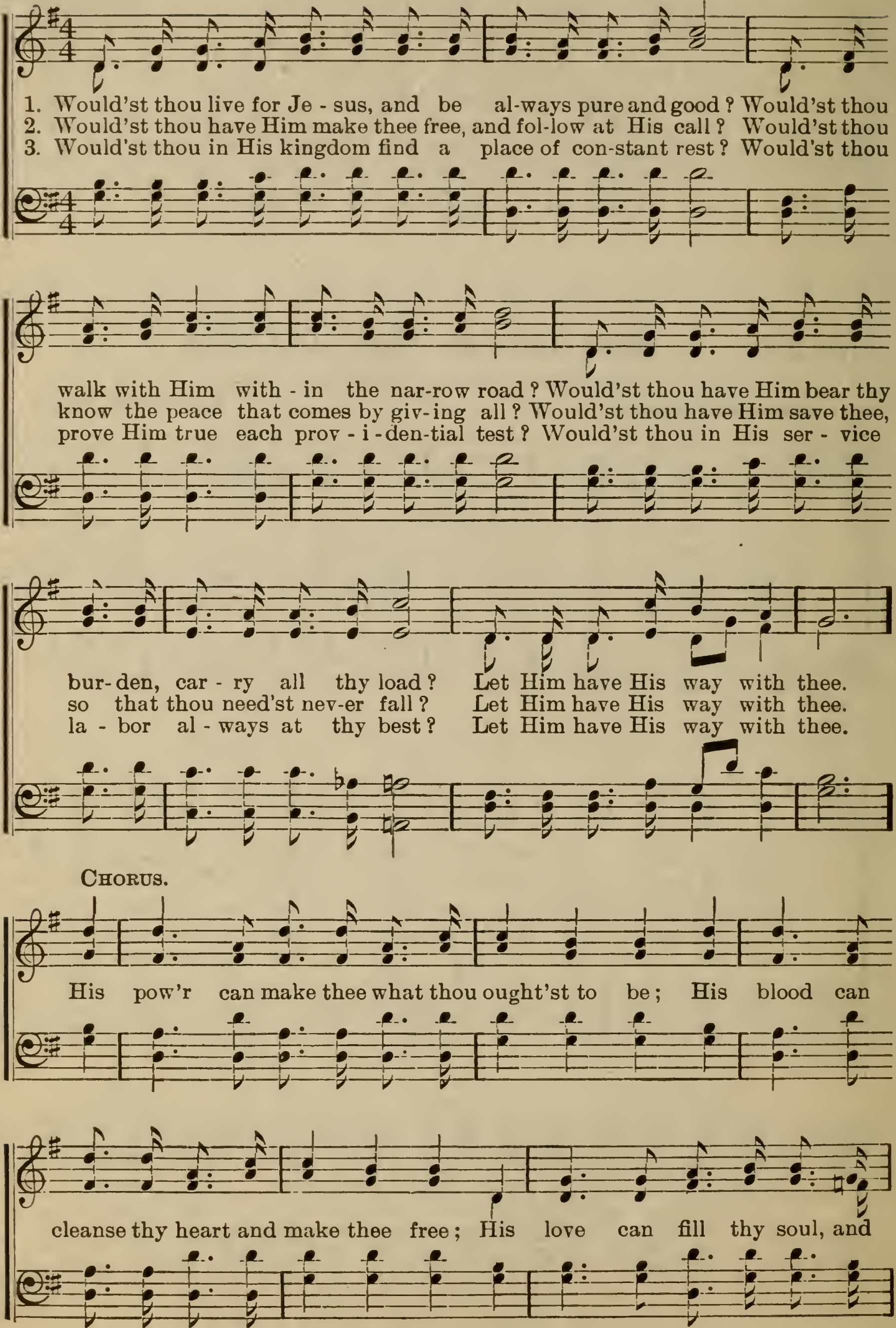
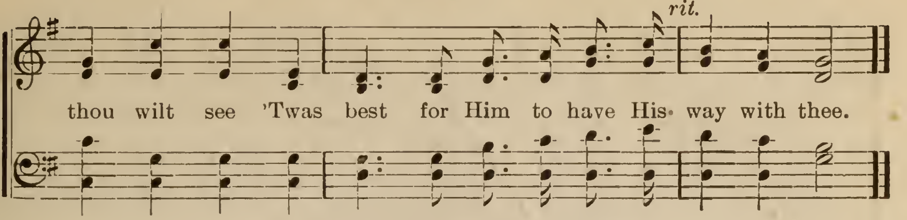
No. 221 His Way With Thee

Psalm 37: 5.

C. S. N. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.


1. Would'st thou live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would'st thou
2. Would'st thou have Him make thee free, and fol-low at His call? Would'st thou
3. Would'st thou in His kingdom find a place of con-stant rest? Would'st thou
walk with Him with - in the nar-row road? Would'st thou have Him bear thy
know the peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would'st thou have Him save thee,
prove Him true each prov - i - den-tial test? Would'st thou in His ser - vice
bur-den, car - ry all thy load? Let Him have His way with thee.
so that thou need'st nev-er fall? Let Him have His way with thee.
la - bor al - ways at thy best? Let Him have His way with thee.
Chorus.
His pow'r can make thee what thou ought'st to be; His blood can
cleanse thy heart and make thee free; His love can fill thy soul, and



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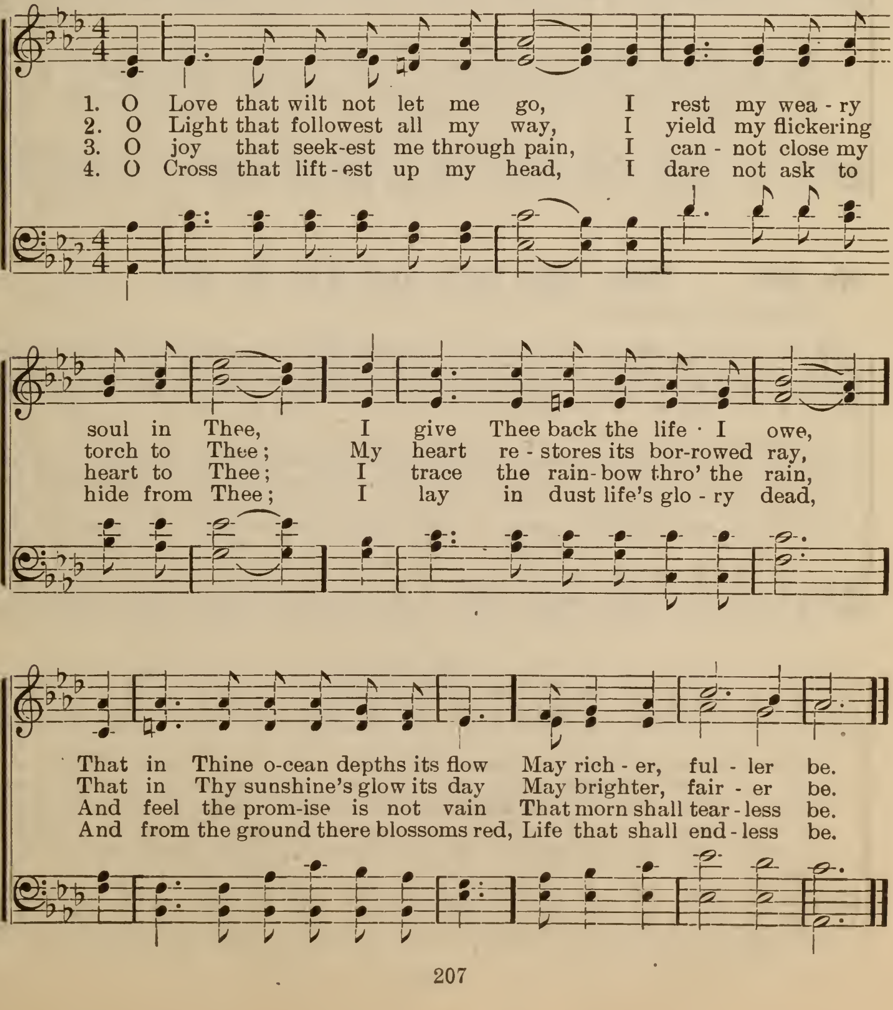
No. 222 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

St. Margaret.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

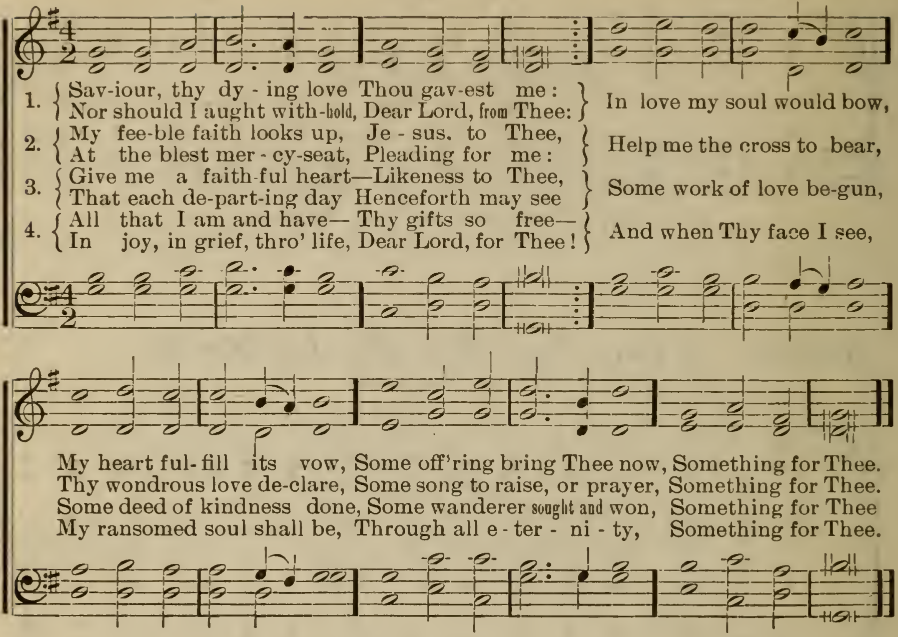

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering
3. O joy that seek-est me through pain, I can-not close my
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to
soul in Thee, I give Thee back the life I owe,
torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray,
heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain,
hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead,
That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, ful-ler be.
That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair-er be.
And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
And from the ground there blossoms red, Life that shall end-less be.

No. 223

Saviour, Thy Dying Love

Oak. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason.



1. Sav-iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav-est me:
Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.

2. My fee-ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee,
At the blest mer - cy-seat, Pleading for me:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.

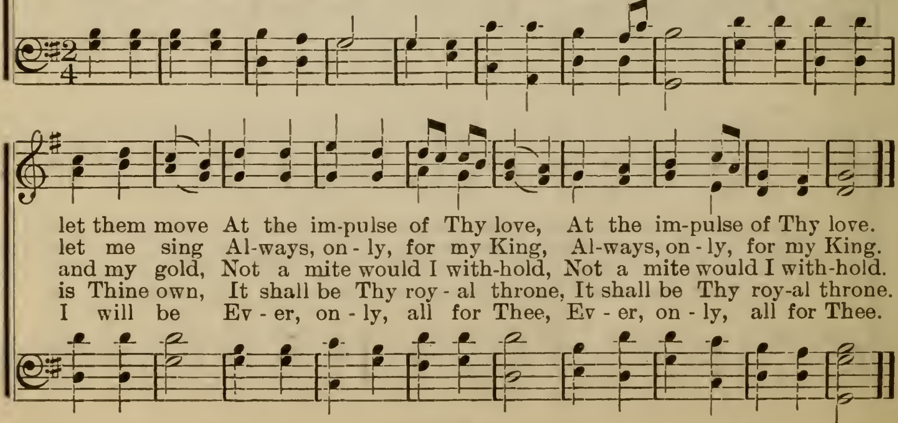
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Likeness to Thee,
That each de-part-ing day Henceforth may see
Some work of love be-gun,
Some deed of kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Something for Thee

4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

No. 224

Take My Life and Let It Be

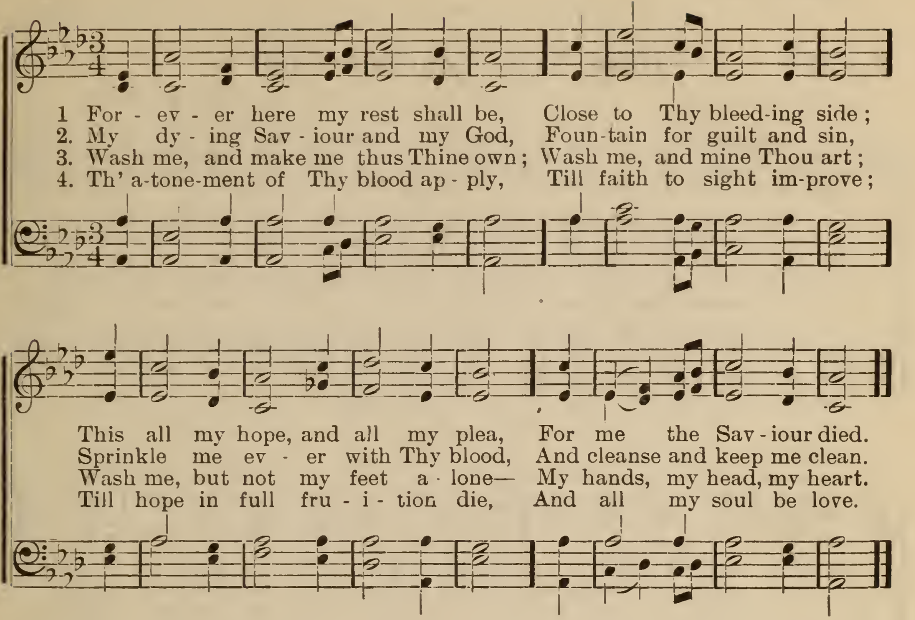
Frances R. Havergal.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with messages for Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
5. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take myself, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

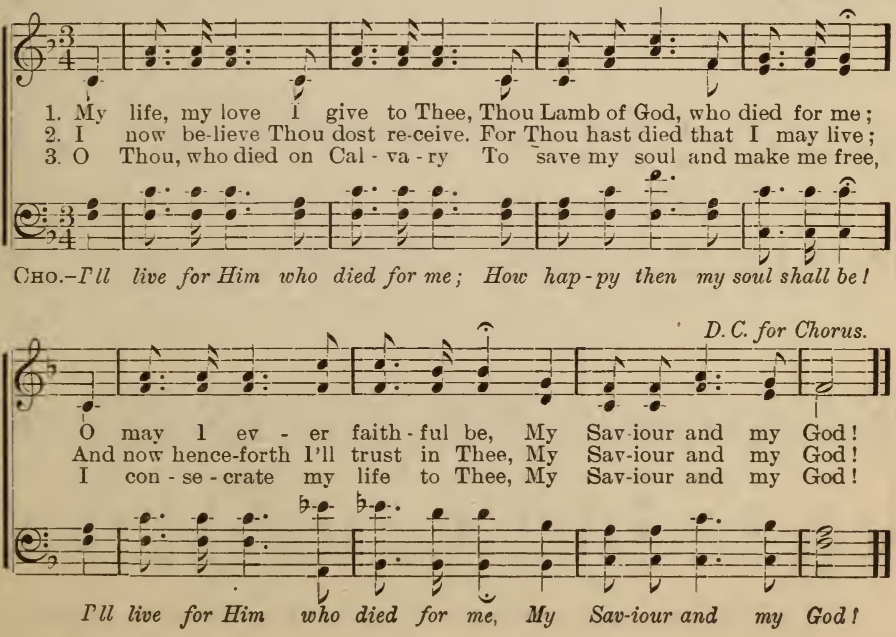
No. 225 Full Salvation

Hugh Wilson.


1 For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Foun-tain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th' a-tone-ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im-prove;
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.
Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone— My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

No. 226 I'll Live for Him

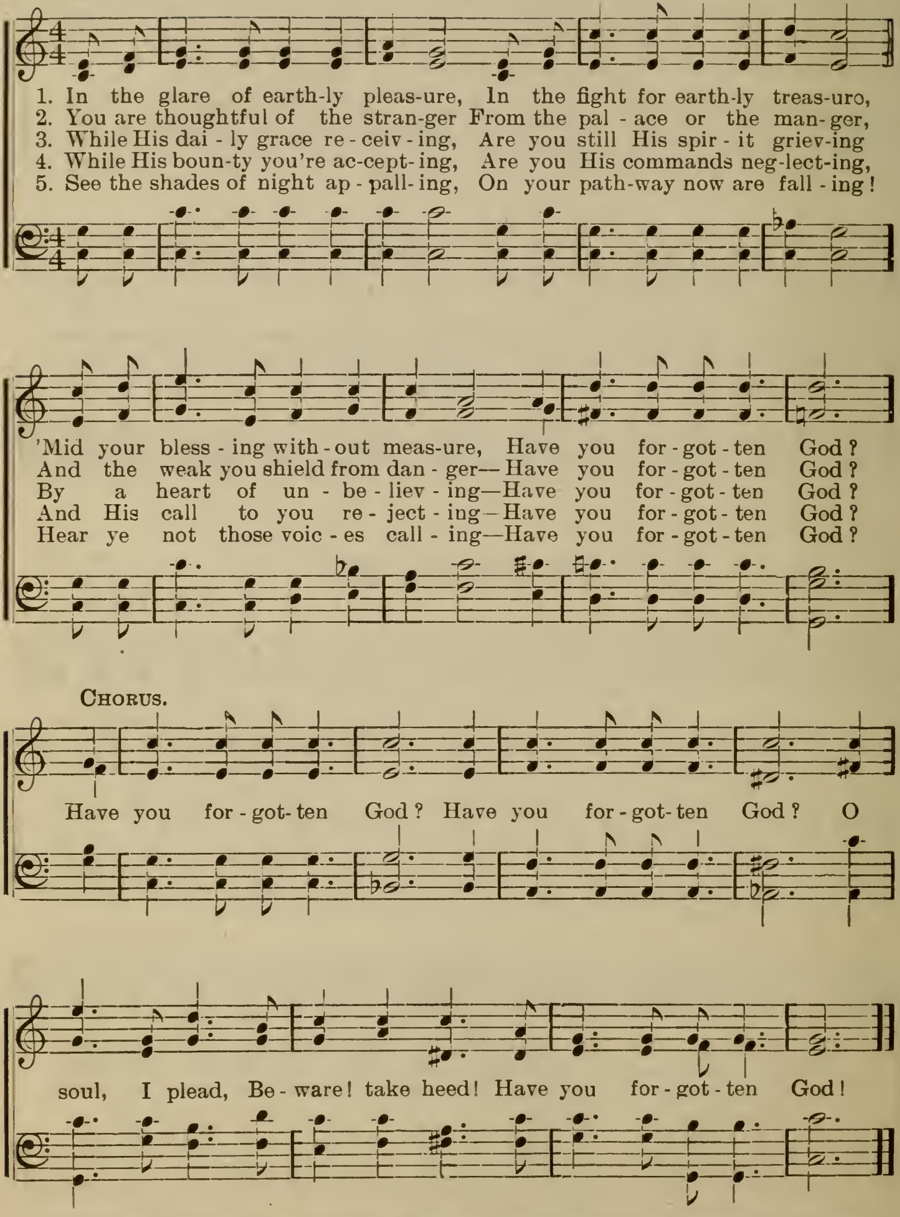
C. C. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive. For Thou hast died that I may live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me; How hap-py then my soul shall be!
D. C. for Chorus.
O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

XXI. WARNING

No. 227 Have You Forgotten God?

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. In the glare of earth-ly pleas-ure, In the fight for earth-ly treas-uro,
2. You are thoughtful of the stran-ger From the pal - ace or the man-ger,
3. While His dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing, Are you still His spir - it griev-ing
4. While His boun-ty you're ac-cept- ing, Are you His commands neg-lect-ing,
5. See the shades of night ap - pall- ing, On your path-way now are fall - ing!
'Mid your bless - ing with - out meas-ure, Have you for - got - ten God?
And the weak you shield from dan - ger— Have you for - got - ten God?
By a heart of un - be - liev - ing—Have you for - got - ten God?
And His call to you re - ject - ing—Have you for - got - ten God?
Hear ye not those voic - es call - ing—Have you for - got - ten God?
CHORUS.
Have you for - got- ten God? Have you for - got- ten God? O
soul, I plead, Be - ware! take heed! Have you for - got - ten God!

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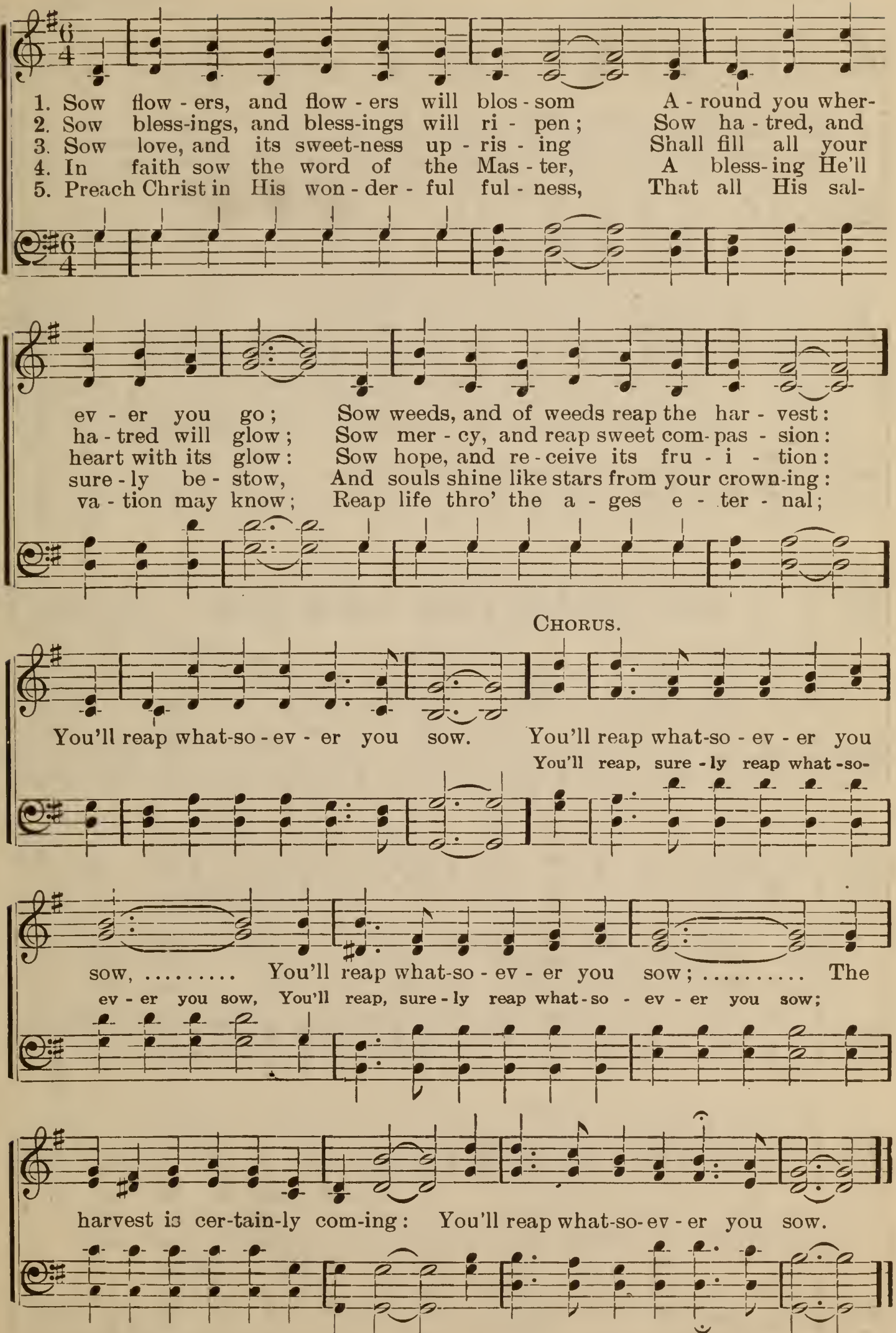
No. 228 Sowing and Reaping

Ella Lauder. D. B. Towner.


1. Sow flow - ers, and flow - ers will blos - som A - round you wher - ev - er you go; Sow weeds, and of weeds reap the har - vest:
2. Sow bless-ings, and bless-ings will ri - pen; Sow ha - tred, and ha - tred will glow; Sow mer - cy, and reap sweet com - pas - sion:
3. Sow love, and its sweet-ness up - ris - ing Shall fill all your heart with its glow: Sow hope, and re - ceive its fru - i - tion:
4. In faith sow the word of the Mas - ter, A bless - ing He'll sure - ly be - stow, And souls shine like stars from your crown-ing:
5. Preach Christ in His won - der - ful ful - ness, That all His sal - va - tion may know; Reap life thro' the a - ges e - ter - nal;
You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow.
Chorus.
You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow, ... You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow; .... The harvest is cer-tain-ly com-ing: You'll reap what-so-ev - er you sow.
You'll reap, sure - ly reap what - so - ev - er you sow, You'll reap, sure - ly reap what - so - ev - er you sow;

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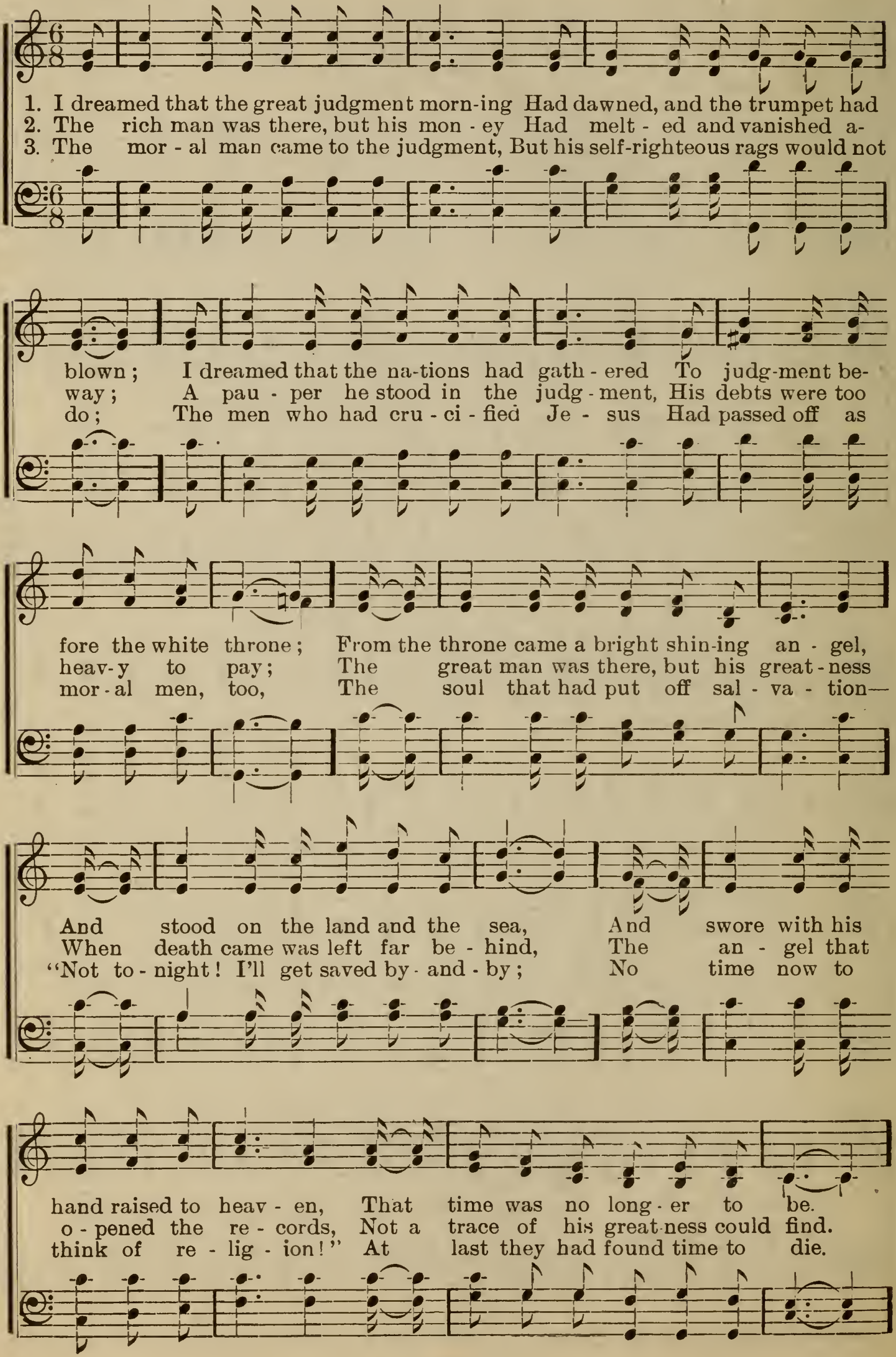
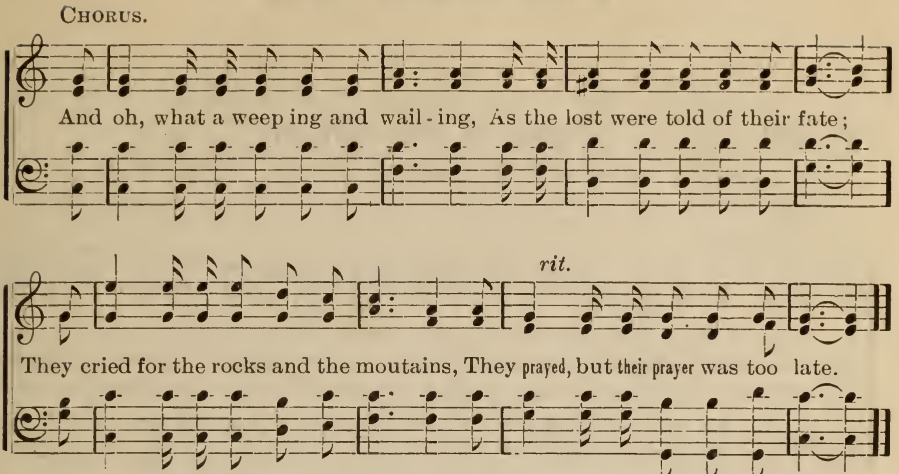
No. 229 The Great Judgment Morning

Rev. Bert Shadduck. L. L. Pickett.


1. I dreamed that the great judgment morn-ing Had dawned, and the trumpet had
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt - ed and vanished a-
3. The mor - al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not
blown; I dreamed that the na-tions had gath - ered To judg-ment be-
way; A pau - per he stood in the judg - ment, His debts were too
do; The men who had cru - ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as
fore the white throne; From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel,
heav-y to pay; The great man was there, but his great - ness
mor - al men, too, The soul that had put off sal - va - tion—
And stood on the land and the sea, And swore with his
When death came was left far be - hind, The an - gel that
"Not to - night! I'll get saved by - and - by; No time now to
hand raised to heav - en, That time was no long - er to be.
o - pened the re - cords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.

The Great Judgment Morning—Concluded


CHORUS.
And oh, what a weep ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the moutains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.
rit.

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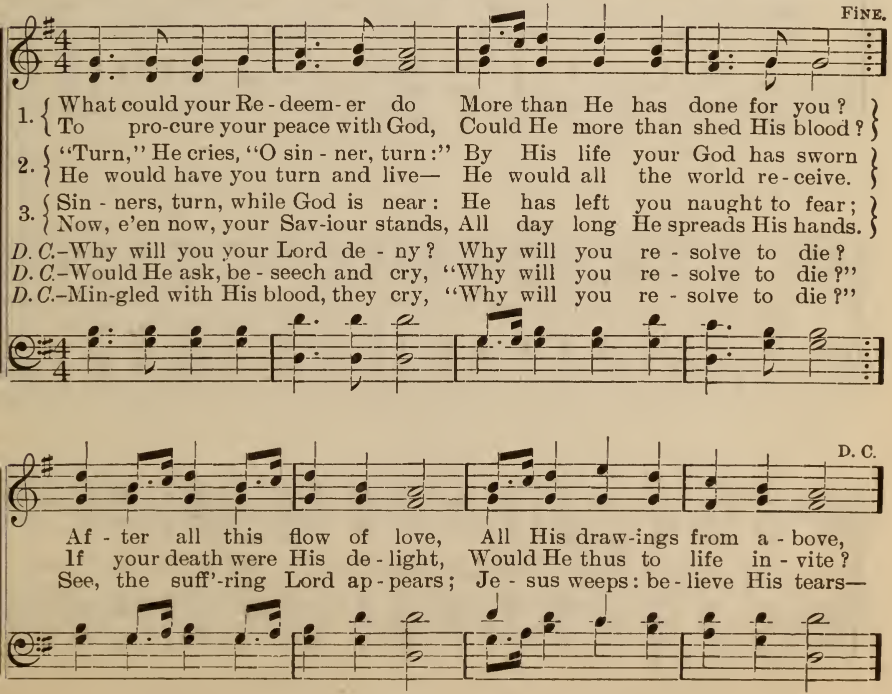
No. 230 What Could Your Redeemer Do?

Charles Wesley. **MERDIN.** Lowell Mason.

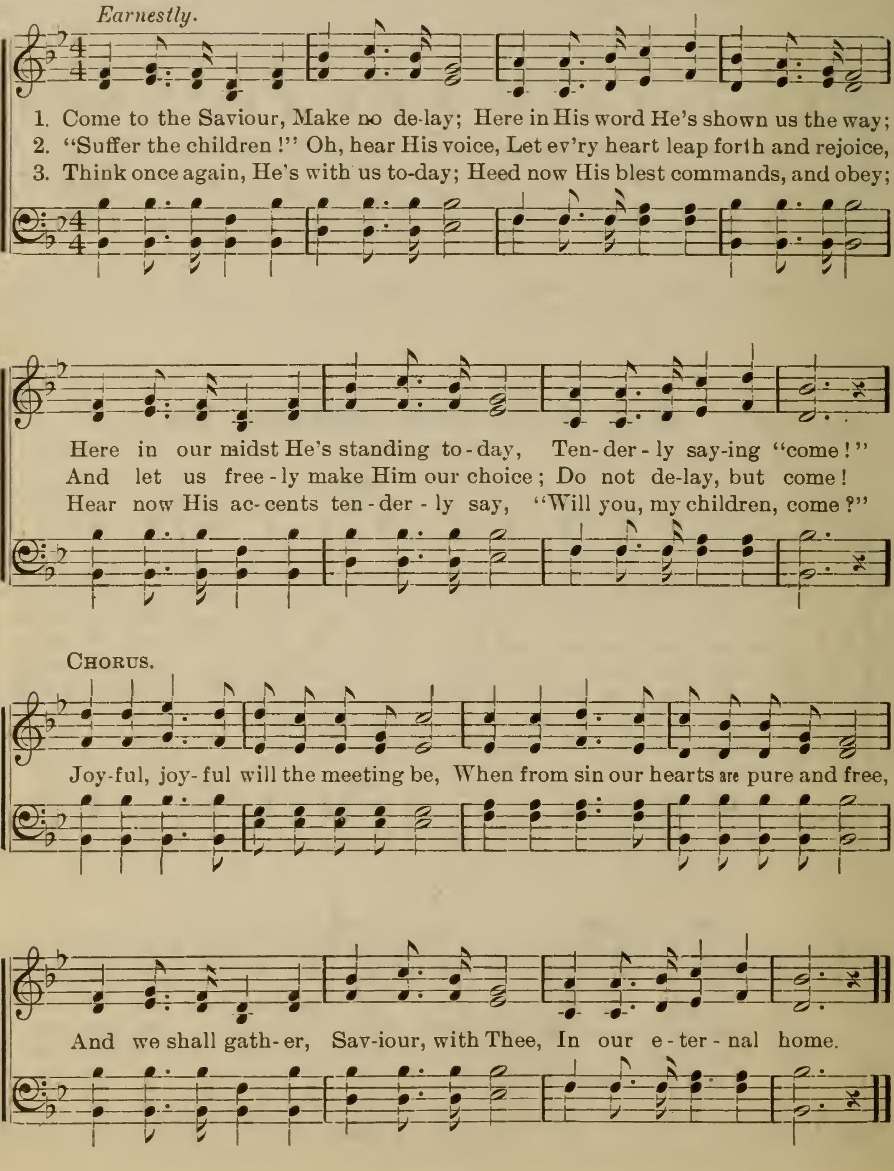

FINE.
1. What could your Re-deem-er do More than He has done for you? To pro-cure your peace with God, Could He more than shed His blood?
2. "Turn," He cries, "O sin-ner, turn:" By His life your God has sworn He would have you turn and live— He would all the world re-ceive.
3. Sin-ners, turn, while God is near: He has left you naught to fear; Now, e'en now, your Sav-iour stands, All day long He spreads His hands.
D. C.–Why will you your Lord de-ny? Why will you re-solve to die?
D. C.–Would He ask, be-seech and cry, "Why will you re-solve to die?"
D. C.–Min-gled with His blood, they cry, "Why will you re-solve to die?"
Af-ter all this flow of love, All His draw-ings from a-bove,
If your death were His de-light, Would He thus to life in-vite?
See, the suff'-ring Lord ap-pears; Je-sus weeps: be-lieve His tears—
D. C.

XXII. INVITATION

No. 231 Come to the Saviour

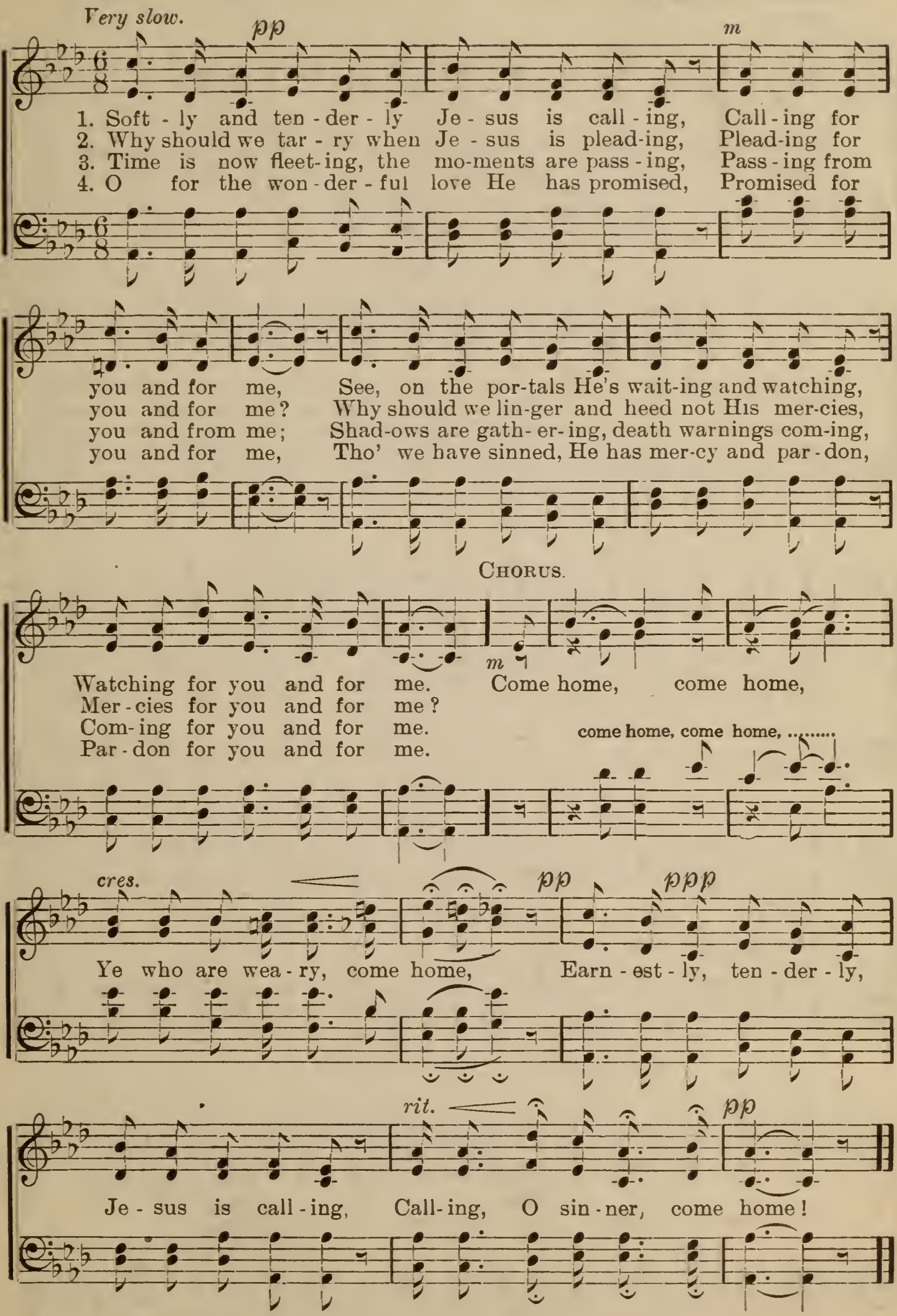
"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—Psalm 66: 1.

Geo. F. Root. Geo. F. Root, by Per.


Earnestly.
1. Come to the Saviour, Make no de-lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;
2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
3. Think once again, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Ten-der-ly say-ing "come!"
And let us free-ly make Him our choice; Do not de-lay, but come!
Hear now His ac-cents ten-der-ly say, "Will you, my children, come?"
Chorus.
Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

No. 232 Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


Very slow.
pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
4. O for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for
you and for me, See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death warnings com - ing,
you and for me, Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don,
Watch - ing for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.
Chorus.
m
Come home, come home,
come home, come home, ...
cres.
Ye who are wea - ry, come home,
pp
ppp
Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,
Je - sus is call - ing,
rit.
Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!
pp

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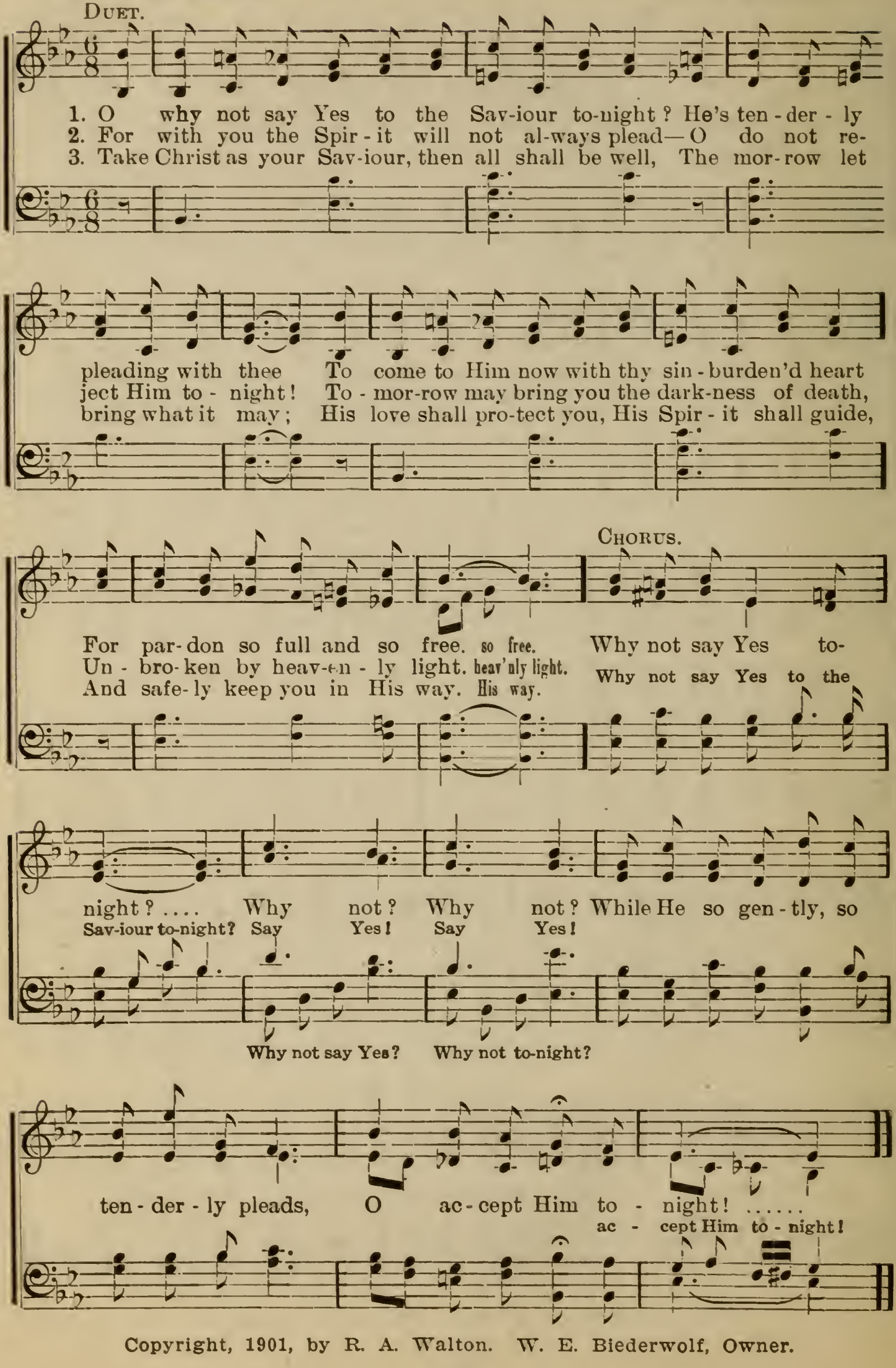
No. 233 Why Not Say Yes To-Night?

Effie Wells Loucks. Louis D. Eichhorn.


Duet.
1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-iour to-night? He's ten-der-ly pleading with thee To come to Him now with thy sin-burden'd heart For par-don so full and so free. so free.
2. For with you the Spir-it will not al-ways plead— O do not re-ject Him to-night! To-mor-row may bring you the dark-ness of death, Un-bro-ken by heav-en-ly light. heav'nly light.
3. Take Christ as your Sav-iour, then all shall be well, The mor-row let bring what it may; His love shall pro-tect you, His Spir-it shall guide, And safe-ly keep you in His way. His way.
Chorus.
Why not say Yes to-night? .... Why not? Why not? While He so gen-tly, so ten-der-ly pleads, O ac-cept Him to-night! ......
Why not say Yes to the Sav-iour to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!
Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?
ac-cept Him to-night!

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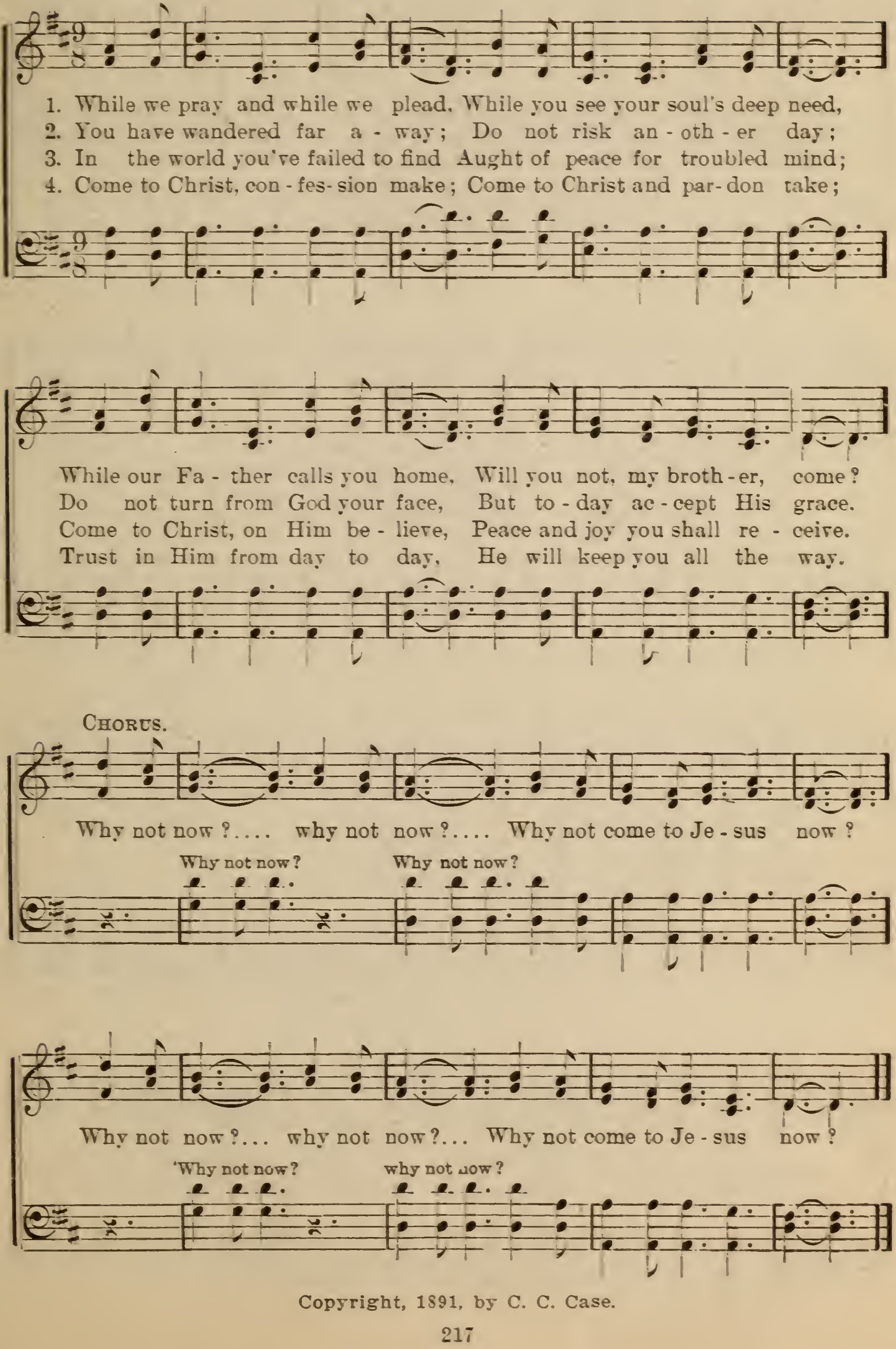
No. 234

Why Not Now?

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

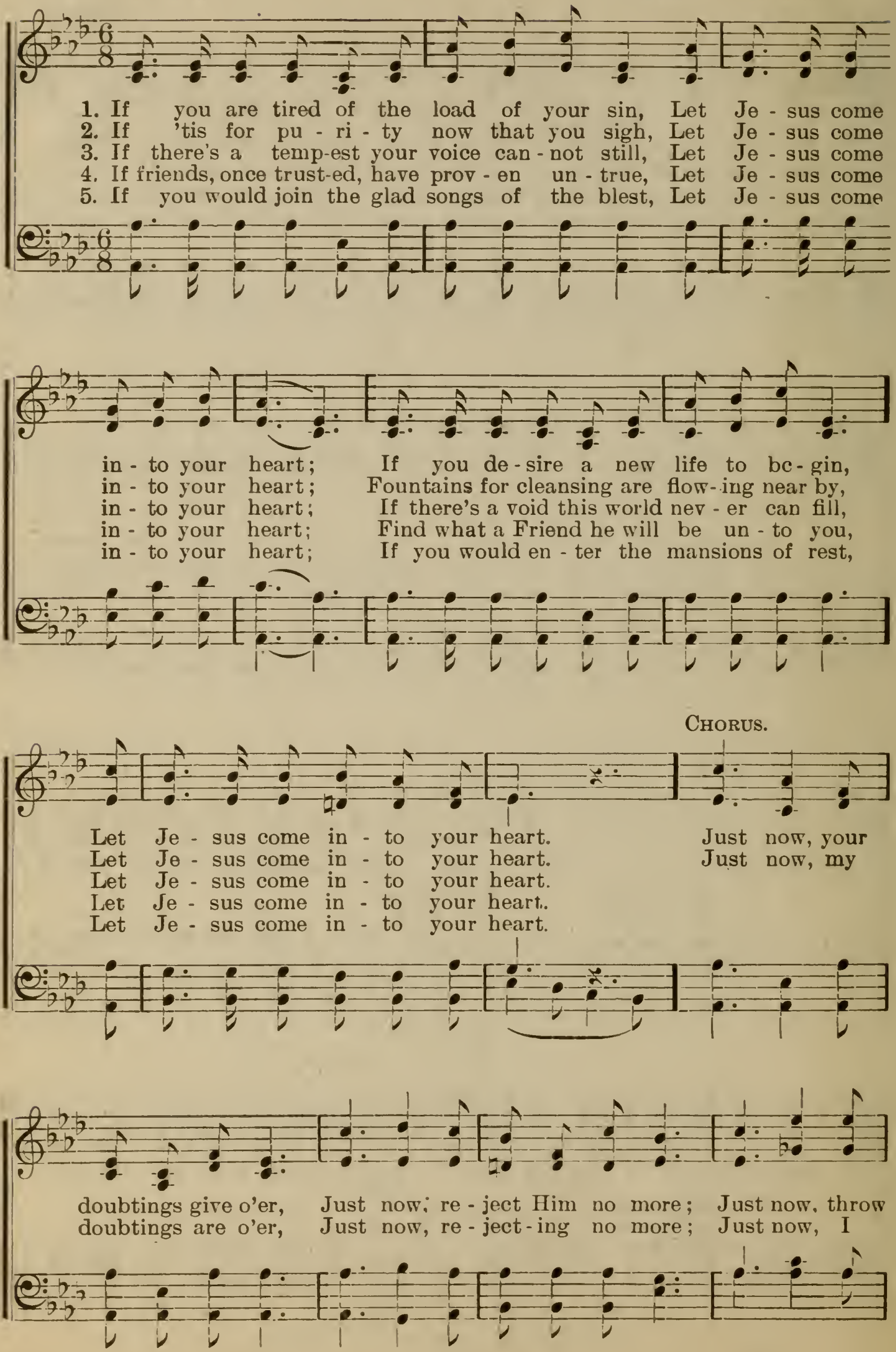
El. Nathan. C. C. Case.


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
Chorus.
Why not now?.... why not now?.... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now?
Why not now?
Why not now?... why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now?
why not now?

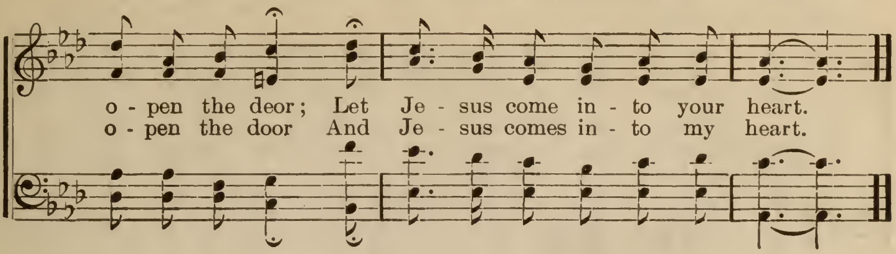
Copyright, 1891, by C. C. Case.

No. 235 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a temp-est your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If friends, once trust-ed, have prov - en un - true, Let Je - sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; Find what a Friend he will be un - to you,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
CHORUS.
Just now, your
Just now, my
doubtings give o'er, Just now; re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
doubtings are o'er, Just now, re - ject - ing no more; Just now, I

Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart—Concluded


o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
o - pen the door And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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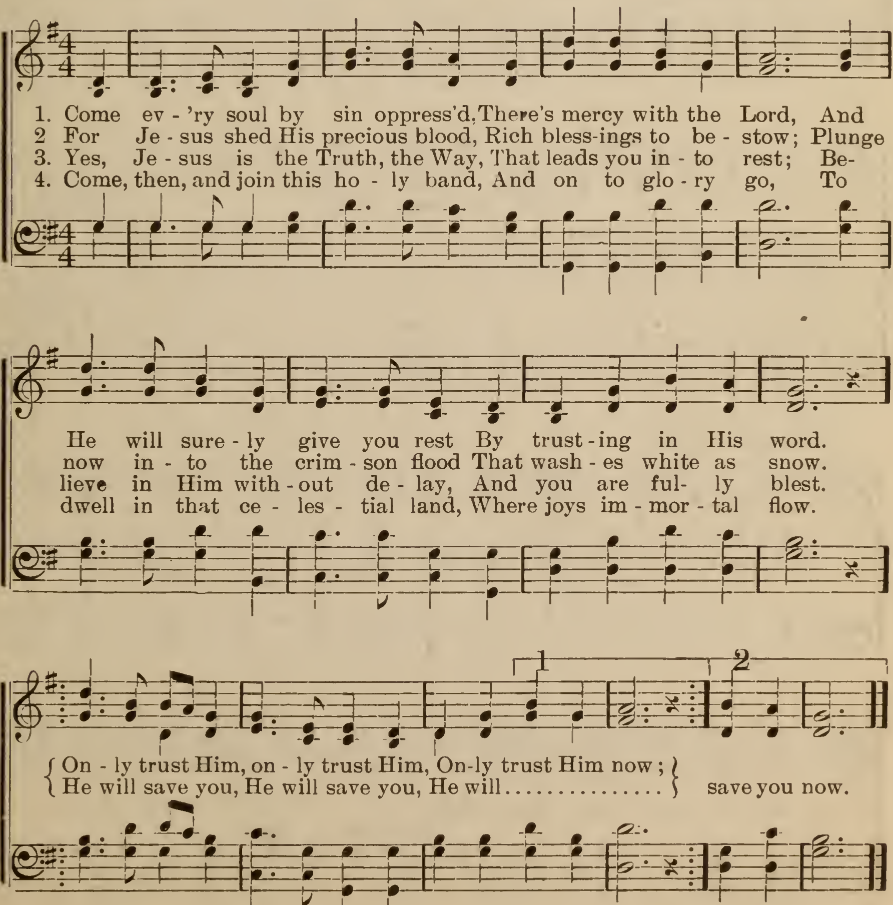
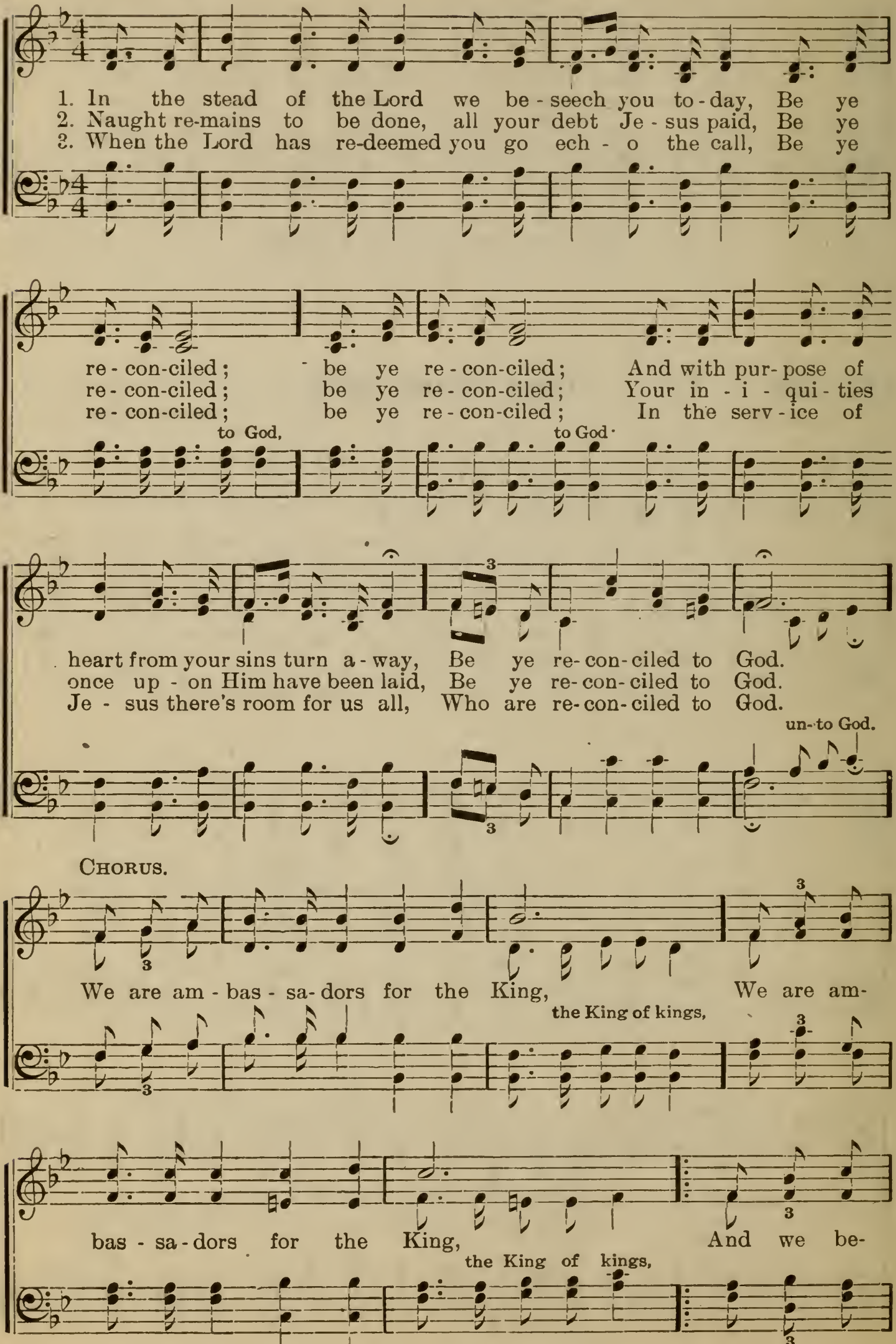
No. 236 Only Trust Him

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

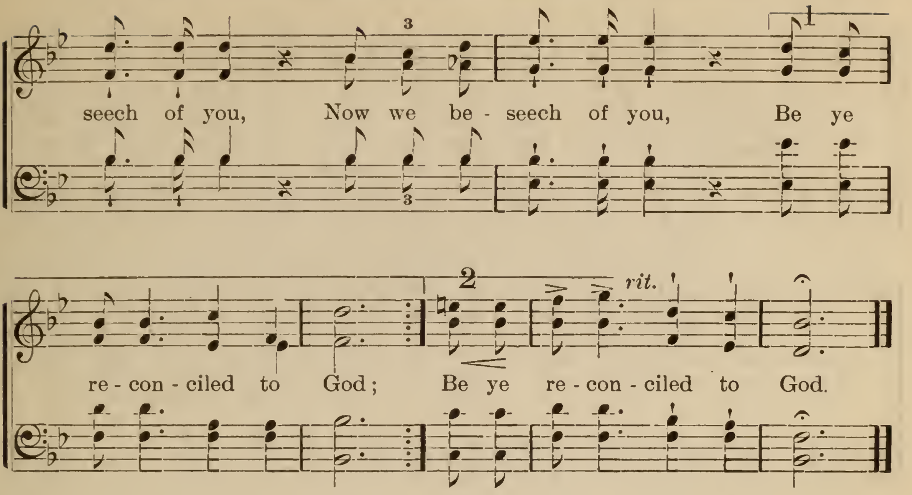

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And
2 For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow; Plunge
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be-
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To
He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will .... save you now.
1
2

No. 237 Ambassadors for the King

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. In the stead of the Lord we be-seech you to-day, Be ye
2. Naught re-mains to be done, all your debt Je-sus paid, Be ye
3. When the Lord has re-deemed you go ech-o the call, Be ye
re-con-ciled; be ye re-con-ciled; And with pur-pose of
re-con-ciled; be ye re-con-ciled; Your in-i-qui-ties
re-con-ciled; be ye re-con-ciled; In the serv-ice of
to God,
to God
heart from your sins turn a-way, Be ye re-con-ciled to God.
once up-on Him have been laid, Be ye re-con-ciled to God.
Je-sus there's room for us all, Who are re-con-ciled to God.
un-to God.
CHORUS.
We are am-bas-sa-dors for the King, We are am-
the King of kings,
bas-sa-dors for the King, And we be-
the King of kings,
3

Ambassadors for the King—Concluded


3
1
seech of you, Now we be - seech of you, Be ye
3
2
rit.
re - con - ciled to God; Be ye re - con - ciled to God.

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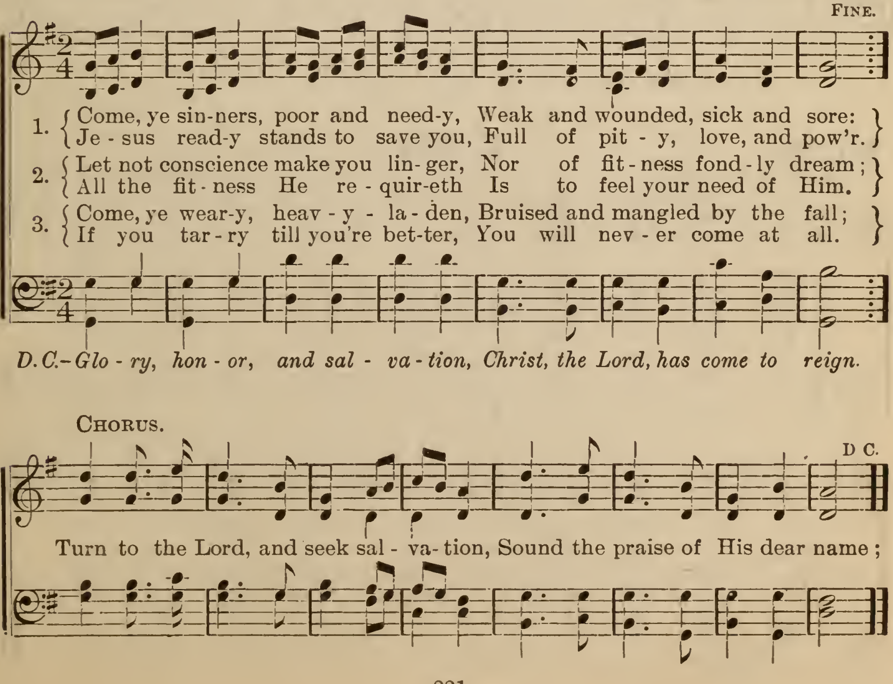
No. 238

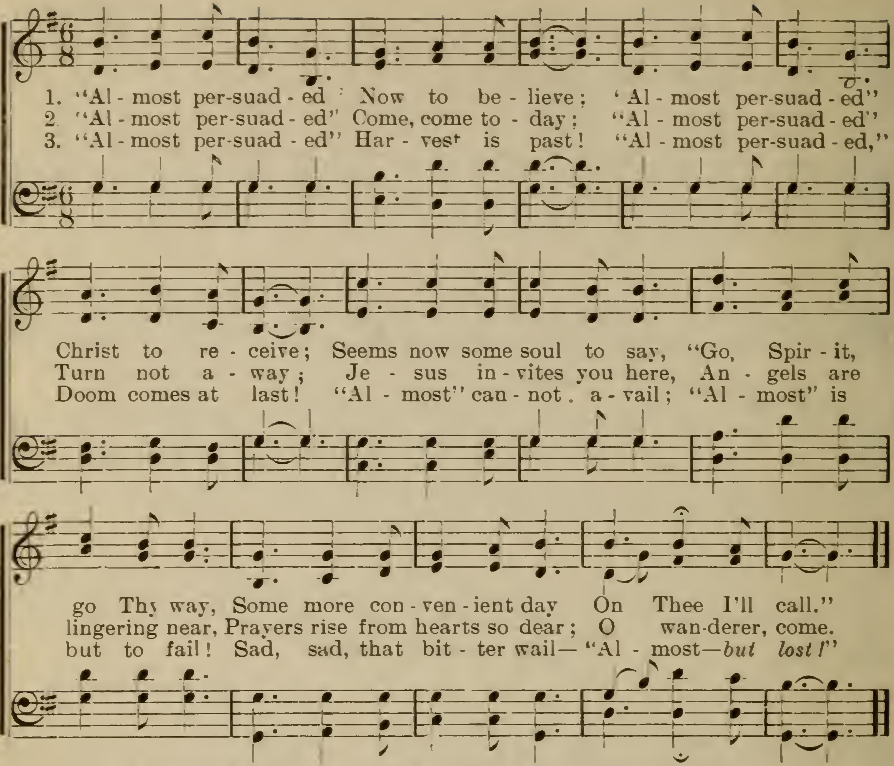
Turn to the Lord

Joseph Hart.
Jeremiah Ingalls.


FINE.
1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore: }
{ Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. }
2. { Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream; }
{ All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. }
3. { Come, ye wear-y, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall; }
{ If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all. }
D.C.–Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.
CHORUS.
D C.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

No. 239 Almost Persuaded

P. P. Bliss. Philip P. Bliss.


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; 'Al - most per-suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it, go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed" Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed" Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan-derer, come.
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed" Har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed," Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost!"

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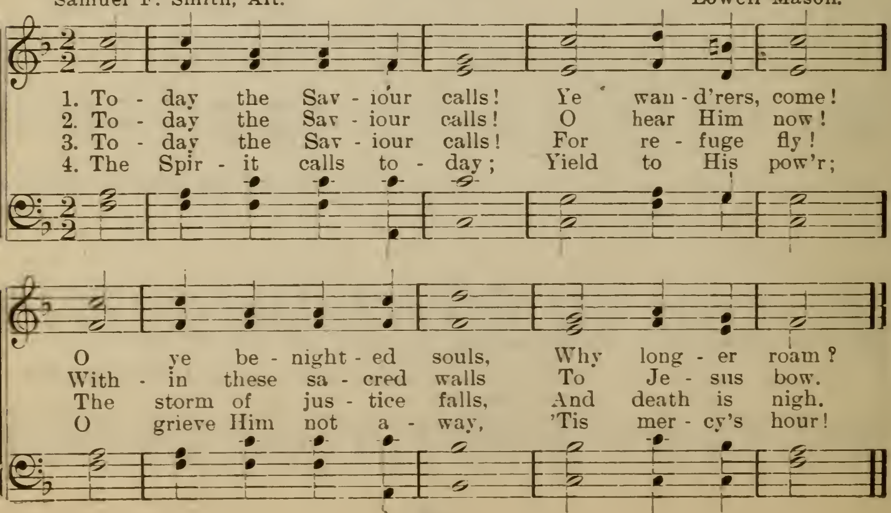
No. 240 To-Day!

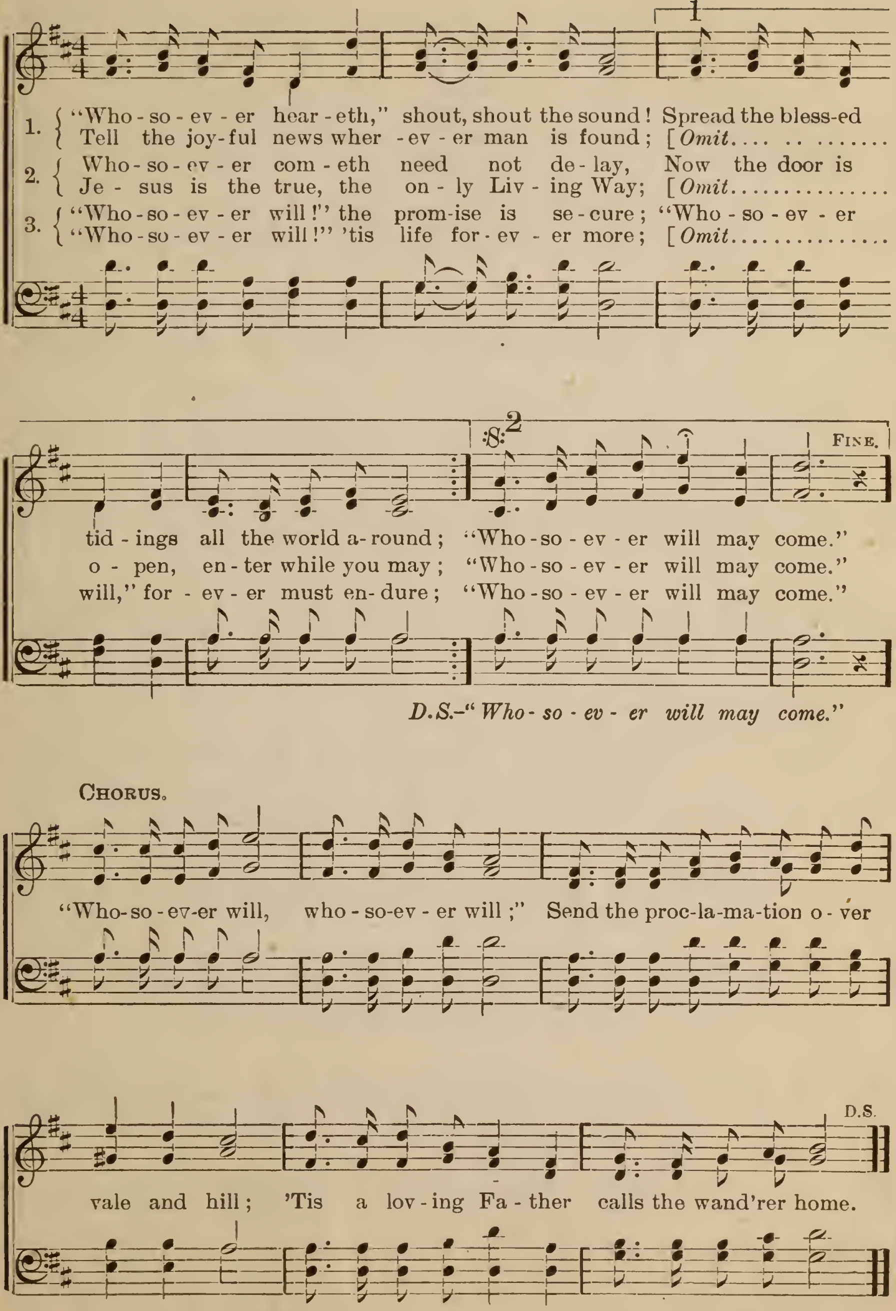
Samuel F. Smith, Alt. Lowell Mason.


1. To - day the Sav - iour calls! Ye wan - d'rers, come! O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls! O hear Him now! With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sav - iour calls! For re - fuge fly! The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour!

No. 241

"Whosoever Will"

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1
1. { "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed
{ Tell the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found; [Omit.... .. ..
2. { Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is
{ Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way; [Omit...............
3. { "Who - so - ev - er will!" the prom-ise is se - cure; "Who - so - ev - er
{ "Who - so - ev - er will!" 'tis life for - ev - er more; [Omit...............
tid - ings all the world a - round; "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
o - pen, en - ter while you may; "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
will," for - ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
2
FINE.
D.S.—"Who - so - ev - er will may come."
CHORUS.
"Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will;" Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver
vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home.
D.S.

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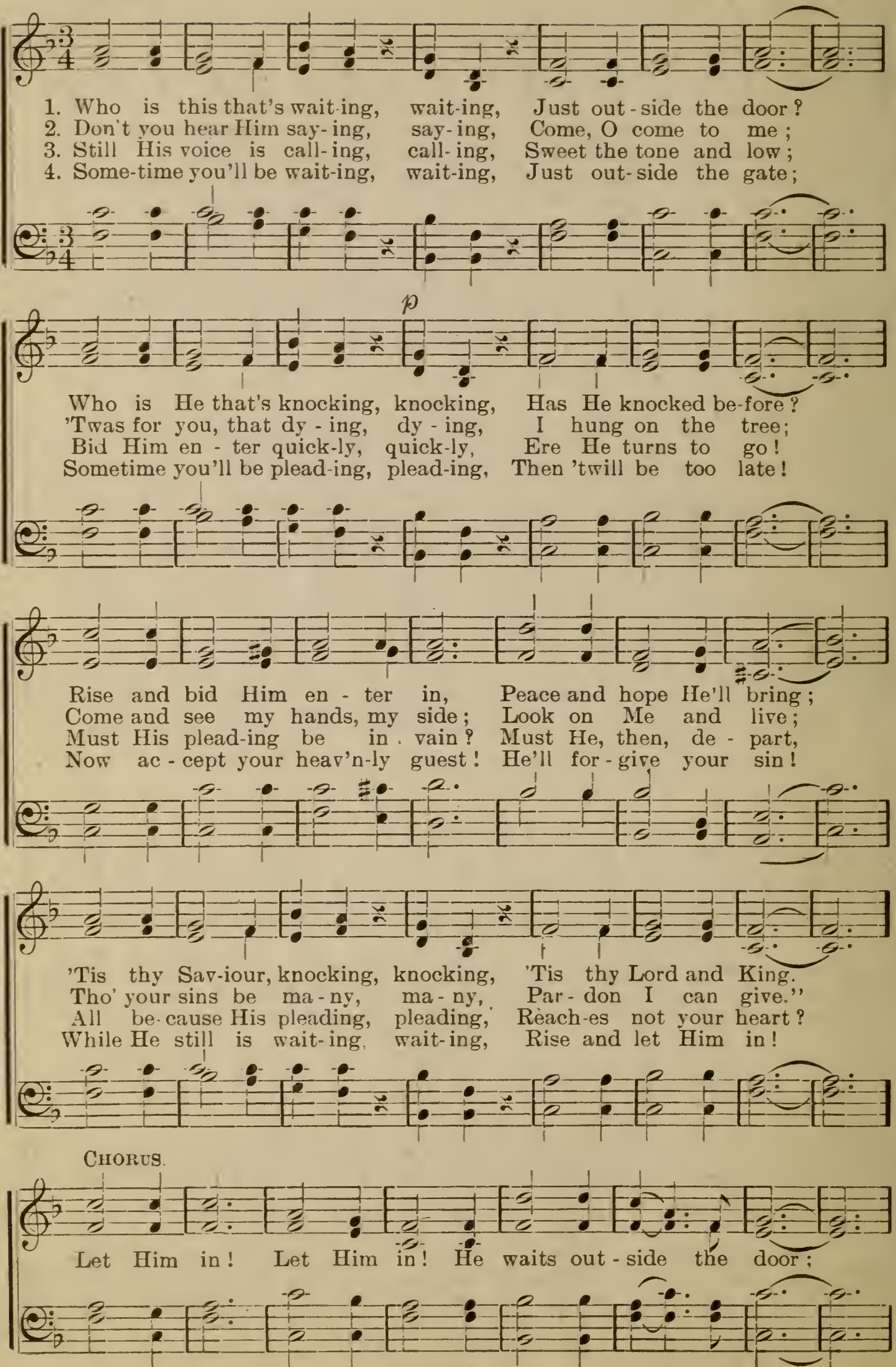
No. 242

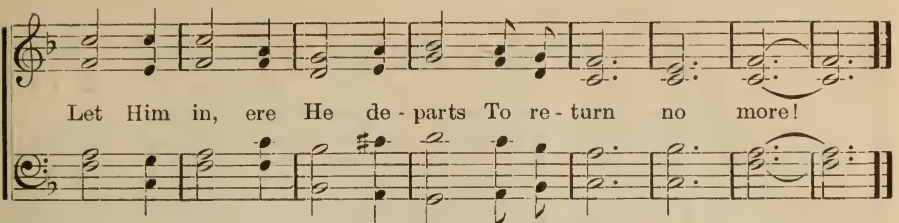
Let Him In

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.


1. Who is this that's wait-ing, wait-ing, Just out-side the door?
2. Don't you hear Him say-ing, say-ing, Come, O come to me;
3. Still His voice is call-ing, call-ing, Sweet the tone and low;
4. Some-time you'll be wait-ing, wait-ing, Just out-side the gate;
p
Who is He that's knocking, knocking, Has He knocked be-fore?
'Twas for you, that dy - ing, dy - ing, I hung on the tree;
Bid Him en - ter quick-ly, quick-ly, Ere He turns to go!
Sometime you'll be plead-ing, plead-ing, Then 'twill be too late!
Rise and bid Him en - ter in, Peace and hope He'll bring;
Come and see my hands, my side; Look on Me and live;
Must His plead-ing be in vain? Must He, then, de - part,
Now ac - cept your heav'n-ly guest! He'll for - give your sin!
'Tis thy Sav-iour, knocking, knocking, 'Tis thy Lord and King.
Tho' your sins be ma - ny, ma - ny, Par - don I can give."
All be-cause His pleading, pleading, Reach-es not your heart?
While He still is wait-ing, wait-ing, Rise and let Him in!
CHORUS.
Let Him in! Let Him in! He waits out - side the door;

Let Him In—Concluded



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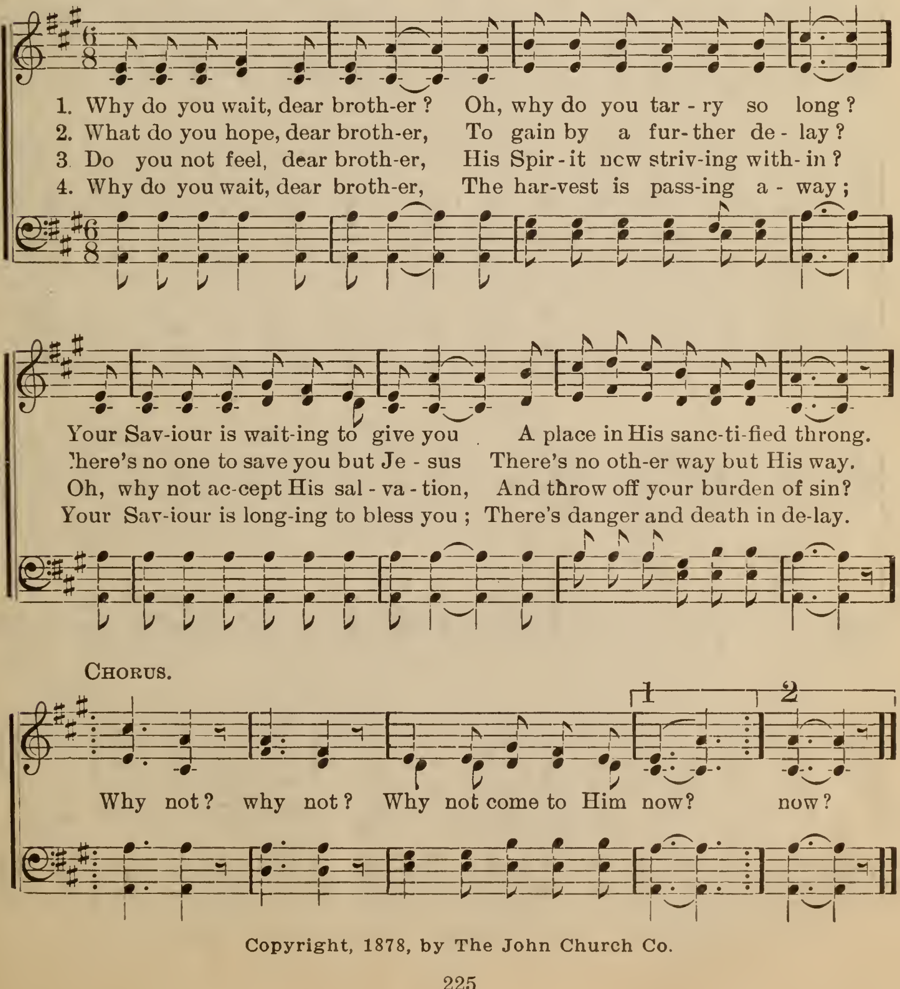
No. 243 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but Je - sus There's no oth-er way but His way.
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in? Oh, why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your burden of sin?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way; Your Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de-lay.
Chorus.
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?
1
2

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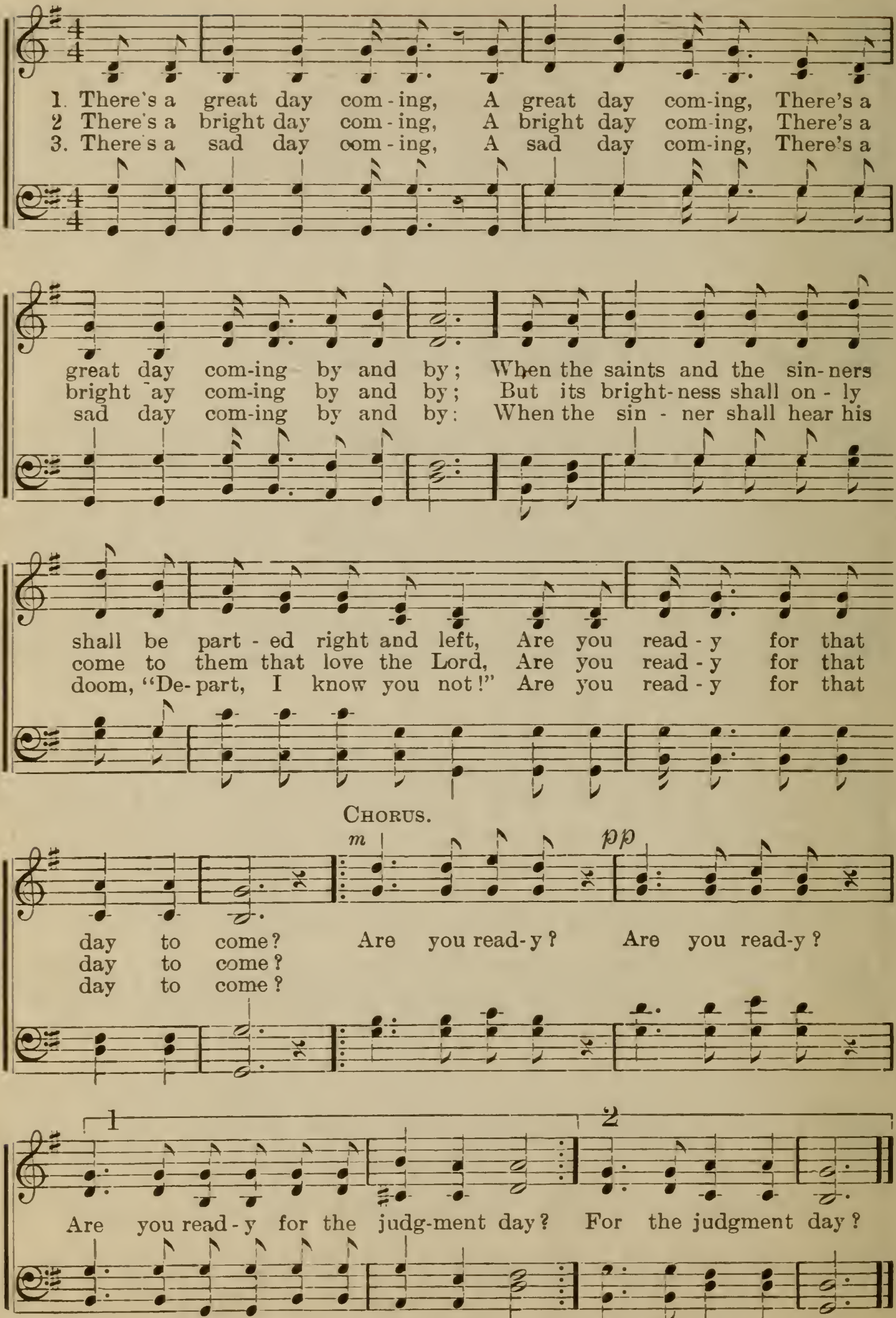
No. 244 There's a Great Day Coming

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
2 There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright ˉay com-ing by and by; But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by: When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know you not!" Are you read-y for that day to come?
Chorus.
m
Are you read-y?
pp
Are you read-y?
1
Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?
2
For the judgment day?

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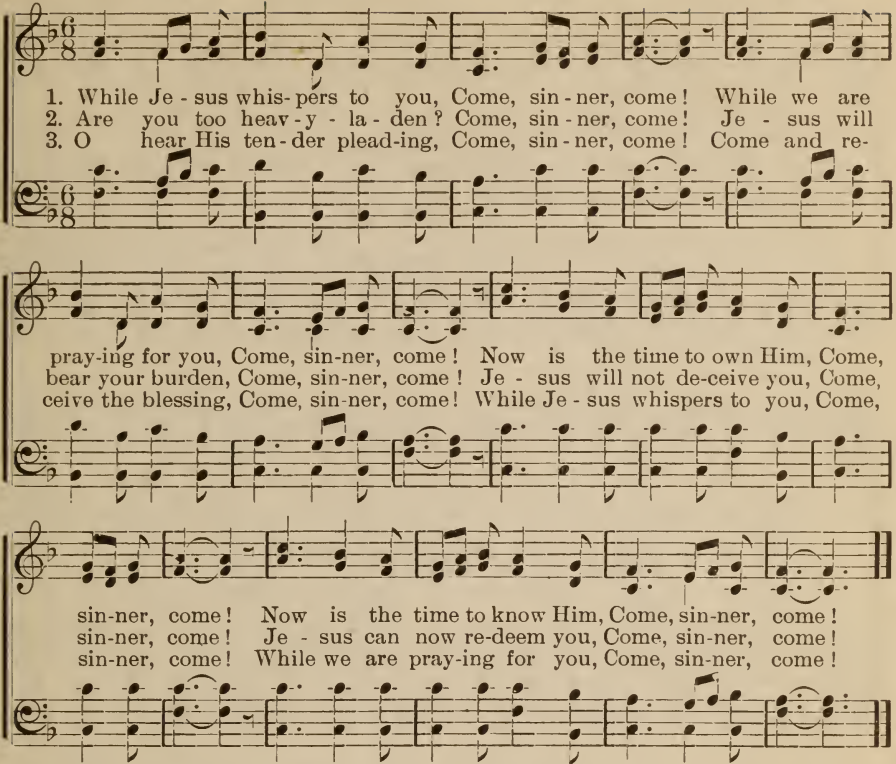
No. 245 While Jesus Whispers

W. E. Witter.

H. R. Palmer.


1. While Je - sus whis- pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. O hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-
pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come,
bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you, Come,
sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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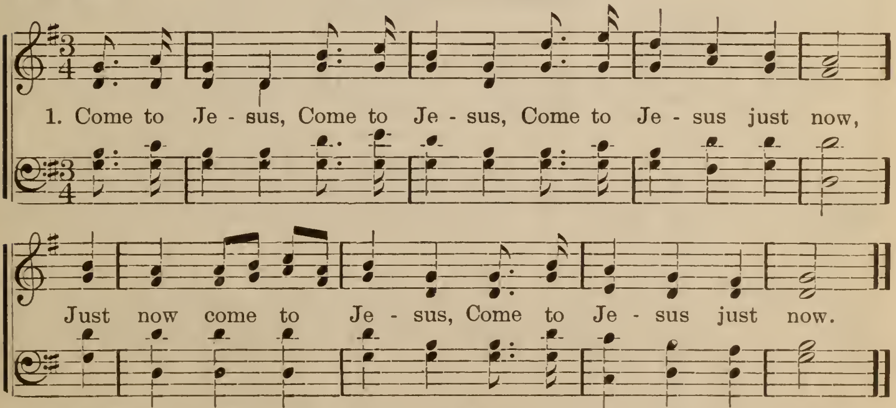
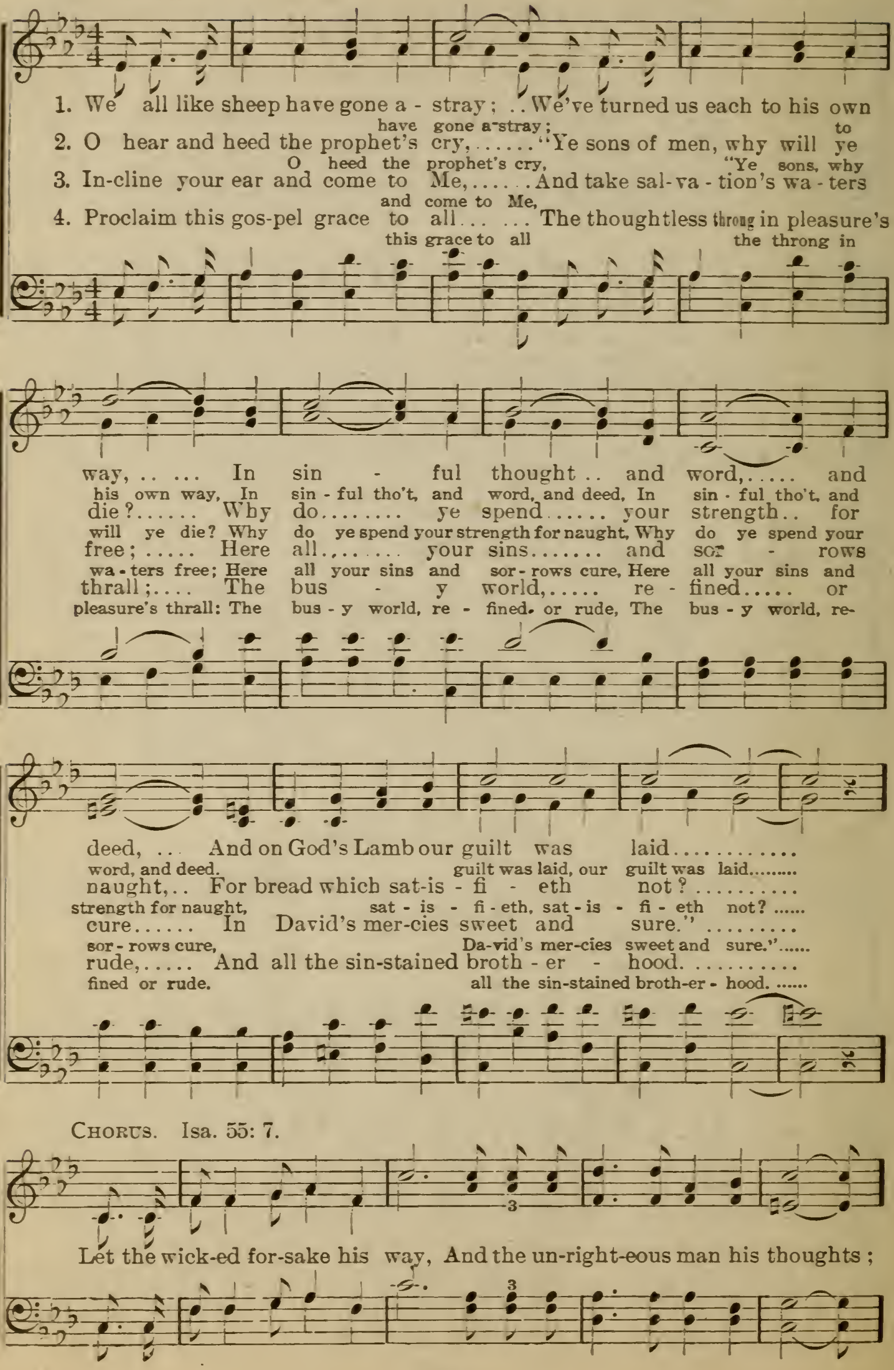
No. 246 Come to Jesus

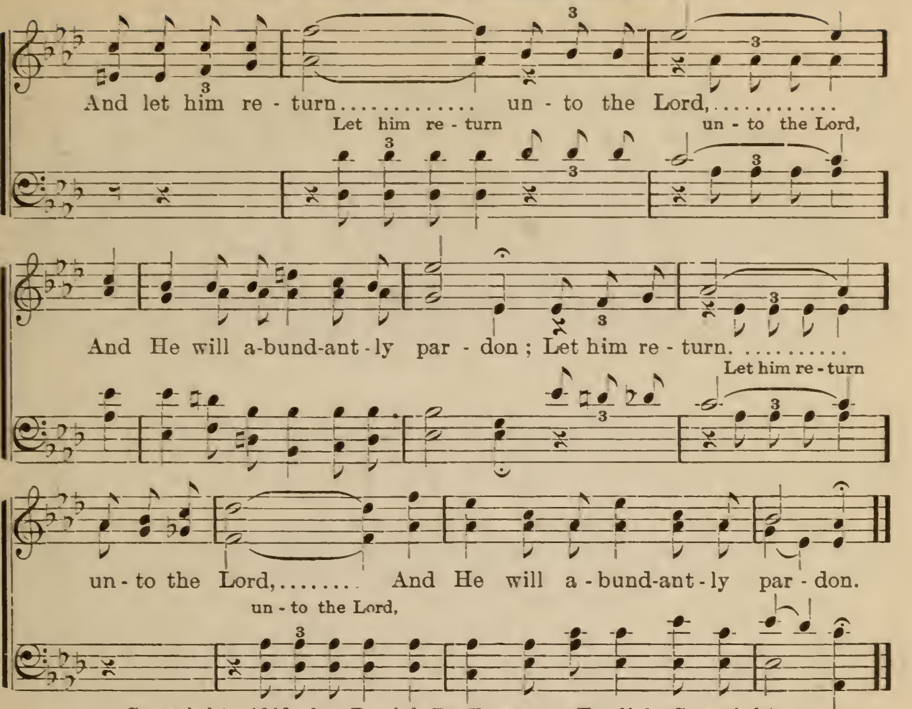

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,
Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 Call upon Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 Look unto Him.
9 He'll forgive you.
10 Only trust Him.
11 Jesus loves you.
12 Don't reject Him.
13 I believe Him.

No. 247 The Promise of Pardon

J. H Sammis. D. B. Towner.


1. We all like sheep have gone a - stray; .. We've turned us each to his own
have gone a-stray; to
2. O hear and heed the prophet's cry, ... "Ye sons of men, why will ye
O heed the prophet's cry, "Ye sons, why
3. In-cline your ear and come to Me, ... And take sal-va - tion's wa - ters
and come to Me,
4. Proclaim this gos-pel grace to all ... ... The thoughtless throng in pleasure's
this grace to all the throng in
way, ... In sin - ful thought .. and word, ... and
his own way, In sin - ful tho't, and word, and deed, In sin - ful tho't, and
die? ...... Why do .... ye spend ..... your strength .. for
will ye die? Why do ye spend your strength for naught, Why do ye spend your
free; ..... Here all .... your sins .... and sor - rows
wa - ters free; Here all your sins and sor - rows cure, Here all your sins and
thrall; .... The bus - y world, ... re - fined ..... or
pleasure's thrall: The bus - y world, re - fined. or rude, The bus - y world, re-
deed, ... And on God's Lamb our guilt was laid ....
word, and deed. guilt was laid, our guilt was laid ....
naught, .. For bread which sat-is - fi - eth not? ....
strength for naught, sat - is - fi - eth, sat - is - fi - eth not? ......
cure ...... In David's mer-cies sweet and sure." ....
sor - rows cure, Da-vid's mer-cies sweet and sure." ......
rude, ... And all the sin-stained broth - er - hood. ....
fined or rude. all the sin-stained broth-er - hood. ......
CHORUS. Isa. 55: 7.
Let the wick-ed for-sake his way, And the un-right-eous man his thoughts;
3
3


And let him re - turn............. un - to the Lord,............
Let him re - turn un - to the Lord,
And He will a-bund-ant-ly par - don; Let him re - turn..........
Let him re - turn
un - to the Lord,........ And He will a - bund-ant - ly par - don.
un - to the Lord,

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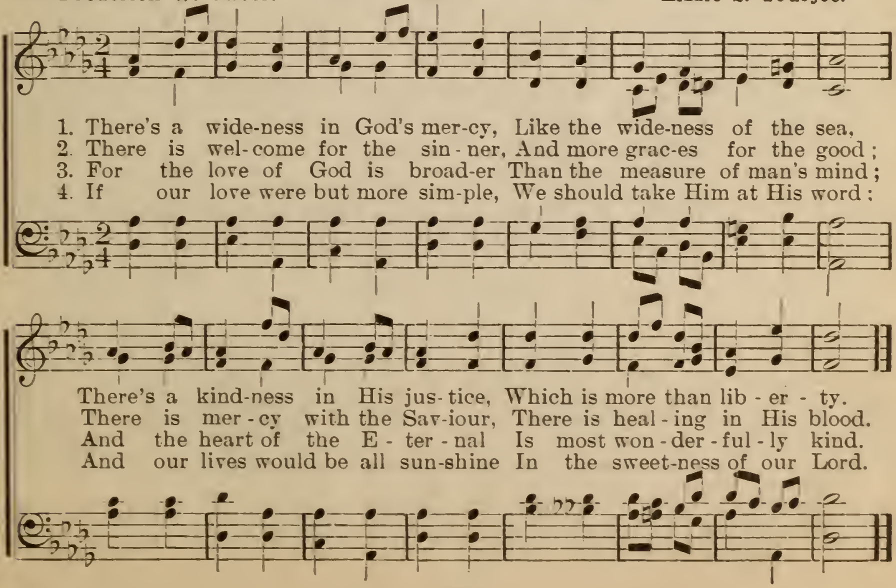
No. 248. There's a Wideness

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

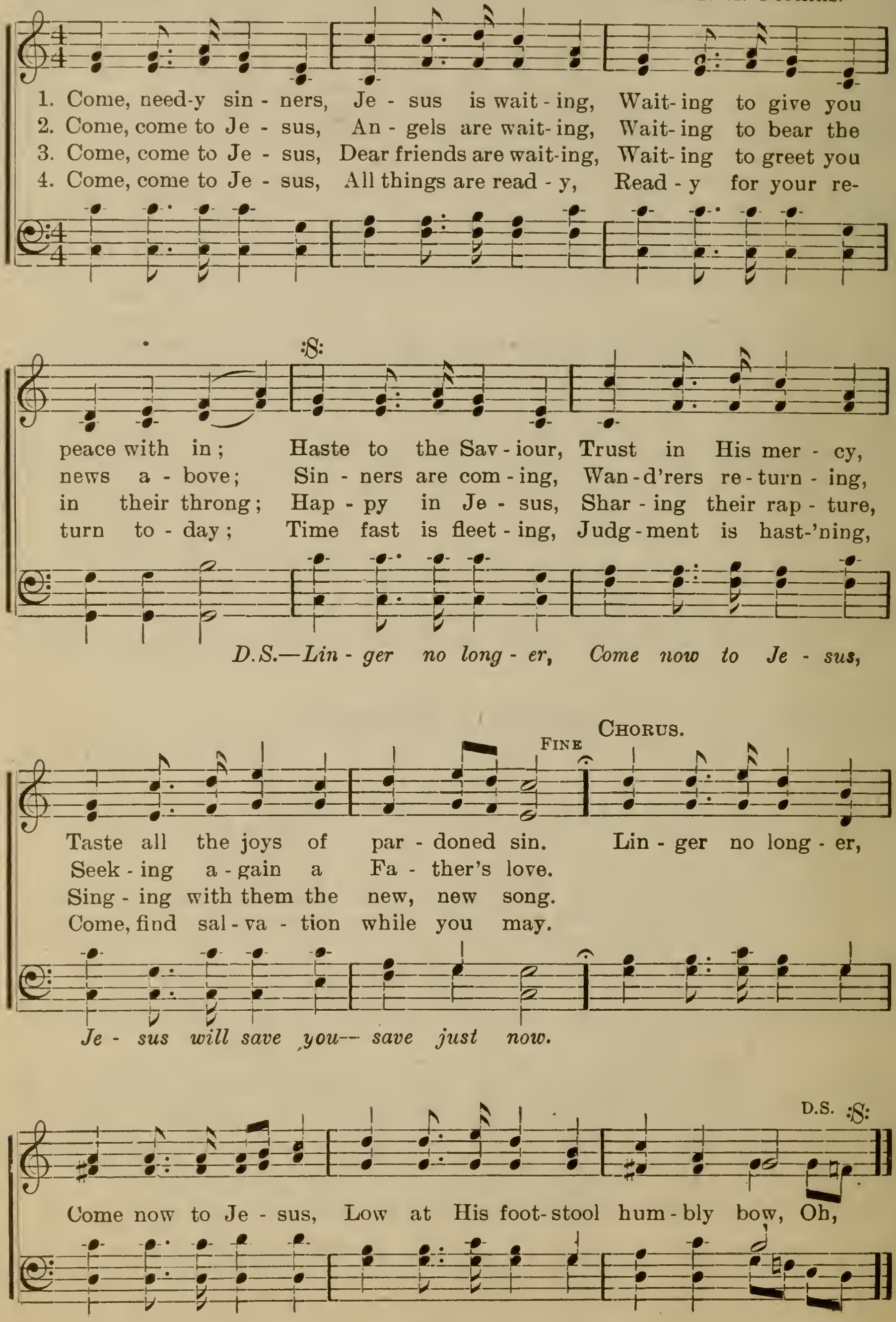

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea,
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-iour, There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

No. 249

Linger No Longer

My son, give me thine heart.—Prov. 23: 26.

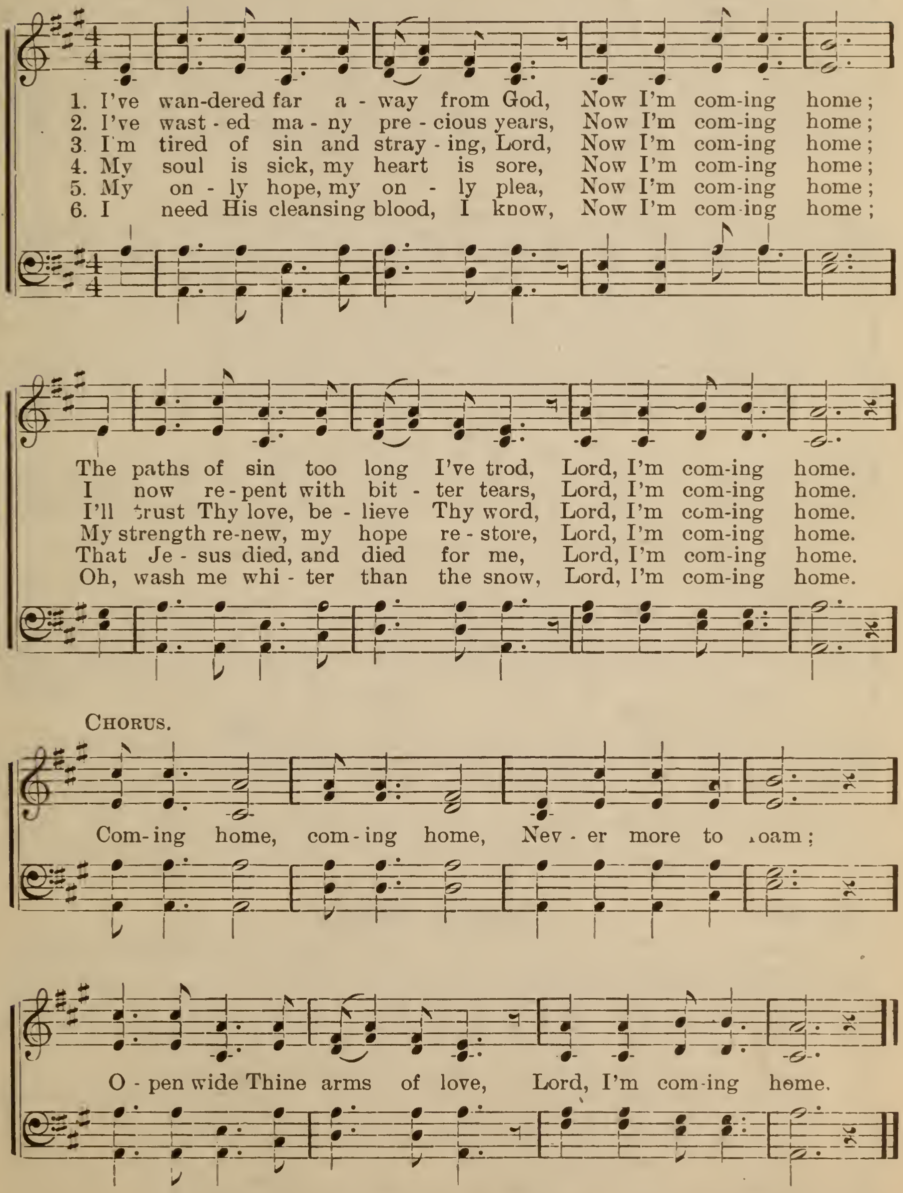
T. C. O'K. Theme from T. E. Perkins.


1. Come, need-y sin - ners, Je - sus is wait - ing, Wait- ing to give you peace with in; Haste to the Sav - iour, Trust in His mer - cy, Taste all the joys of par - doned sin.
2. Come, come to Je - sus, An - gels are wait- ing, Wait- ing to bear the news a - bove; Sin - ners are com - ing, Wan - d'rers re - turn - ing, Seek - ing a - gain a Fa - ther's love.
3. Come, come to Je - sus, Dear friends are wait-ing, Wait- ing to greet you in their throng; Hap - py in Je - sus, Shar - ing their rap - ture, Sing - ing with them the new, new song.
4. Come, come to Je - sus, All things are read - y, Read - y for your re- turn to - day; Time fast is fleet - ing, Judg - ment is hast-'ning, Come, find sal - va - tion while you may.
D.S.—Lin - ger no long - er, Come now to Je - sus, Je - sus will save you— save just now.
FINE
CHORUS.
Lin - ger no long - er, Come now to Je - sus, Low at His foot- stool hum - bly bow, Oh,
D.S.

XXIII. PENITENTIAL

No. 250 Lord, I'm Coming Home

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Oh, wash me whi - ter than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
CHORUS.
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

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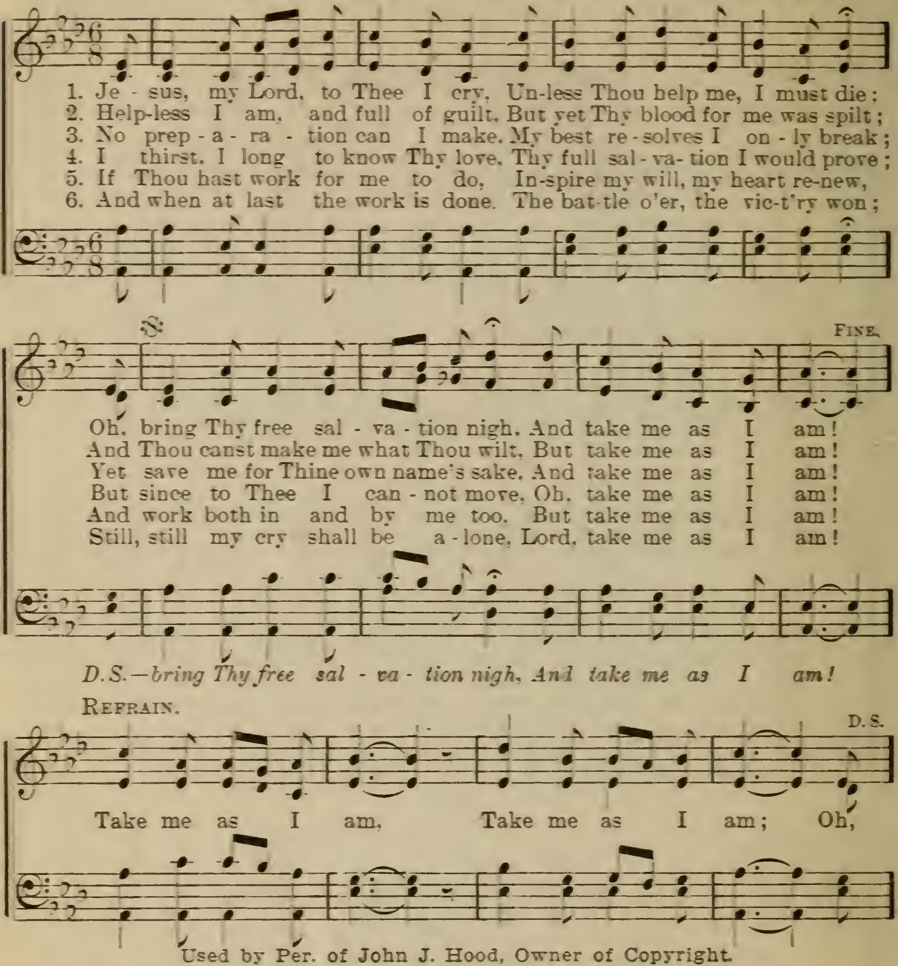
No. 251

Take Me As I Am

Melody by the late Rev. J. H. Stockton. Har. by W. J. K.



1. Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Unless Thou help me, I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am!

2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!

3. No preparation can I make, My best resolves I only break;
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!

4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move, Oh, take me as I am!

5. If Thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!

6. And when at last the work is done, The battle o'er, the vic-t'ry won;
Still, still my cry shall be alone, Lord, take me as I am!

D.S.—bring Thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

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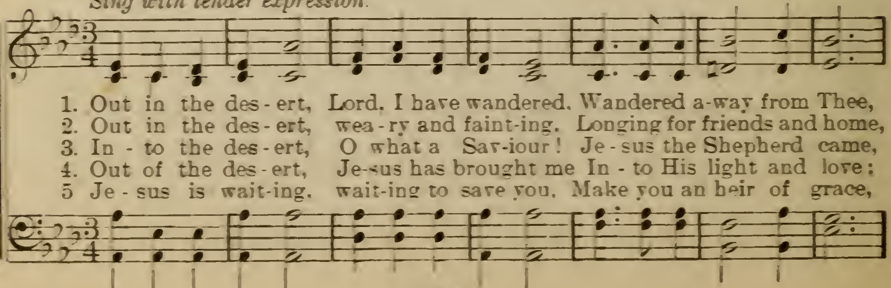
No. 252

Coming Home

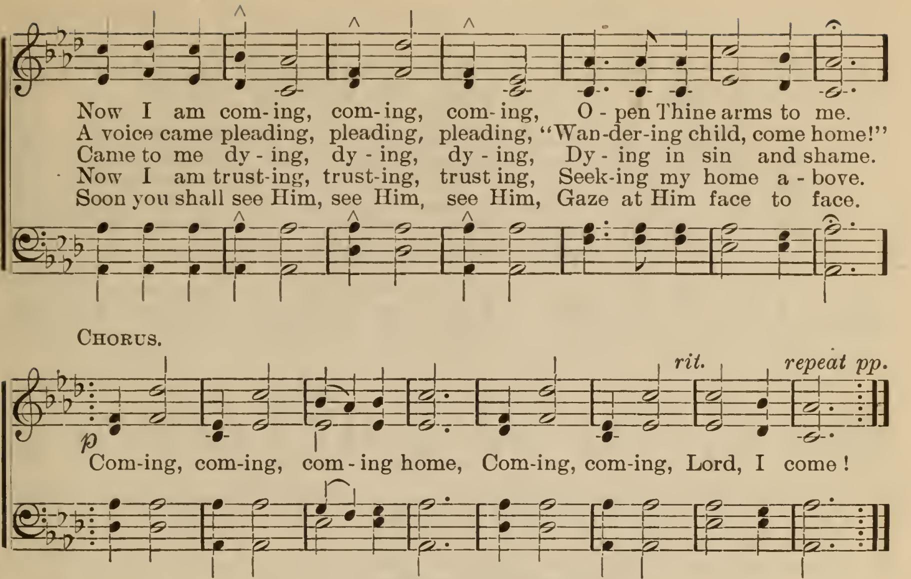
A. W. S. Arthur Willis Spooner, D. D.

Sing with tender expression.



1. Out in the desert, Lord, I have wandered, Wandered away from Thee,
2. Out in the desert, weary and fainting, Longing for friends and home,
3. Into the desert, O what a Saviour! Jesus the Shepherd came,
4. Out of the desert, Jesus has brought me Into His light and love;
5 Jesus is waiting, waiting to save you, Make you an heir of grace,

Coming Home—Concluded


Now I am com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, O-pen Thine arms to me.
A voice came pleading, pleading, pleading, "Wan-der-ing child, come home!"
Came to me dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing, Dy-ing in sin and shame.
Now I am trust-ing, trust-ing, trust ing, Seek-ing my home a-bove.
Soon you shall see Him, see Him, see Him, Gaze at Him face to face.
Chorus.
p
rit.
repeat pp.
Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing home, Com-ing, com-ing, Lord, I come!

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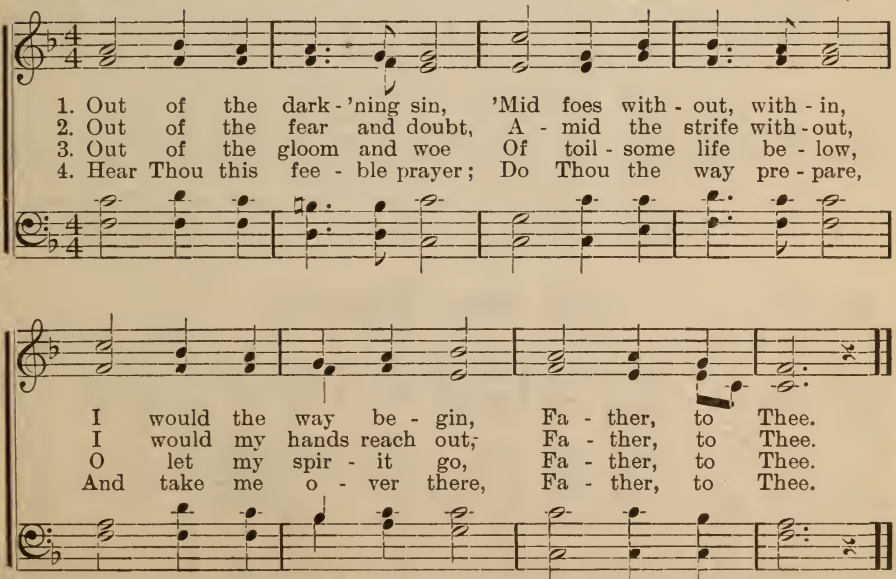
No. 253

Father, to Thee

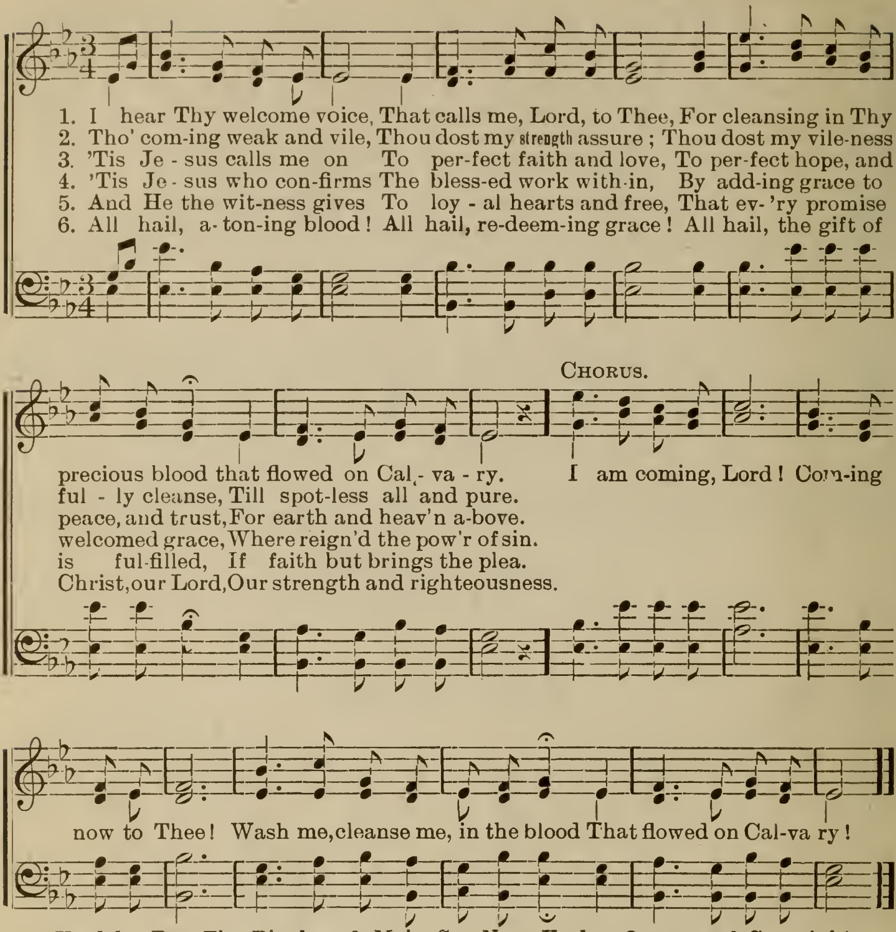
C. I. Stacy. E. O. Sellers.


1. Out of the dark-'ning sin, 'Mid foes with-out, with-in,
2. Out of the fear and doubt, A-mid the strife with-out,
3. Out of the gloom and woe Of toil-some life be-low,
4. Hear Thou this fee-ble prayer; Do Thou the way pre-pare,
I would the way be-gin, Fa-ther, to Thee.
I would my hands reach out, Fa-ther, to Thee.
O let my spir-it go, Fa-ther, to Thee.
And take me o-ver there, Fa-ther, to Thee.

Copyright, 1903, by E. O. Sellers.

No. 254 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure ; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to
5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That ev- 'ry promise
6. All hail, a- ton-ing blood ! All hail, re-deem-ing grace ! All hail, the gift of
precious blood that flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.
is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
Christ, our Lord, Our strength and righteousness.
CHORUS.
I am coming, Lord ! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal-va ry !

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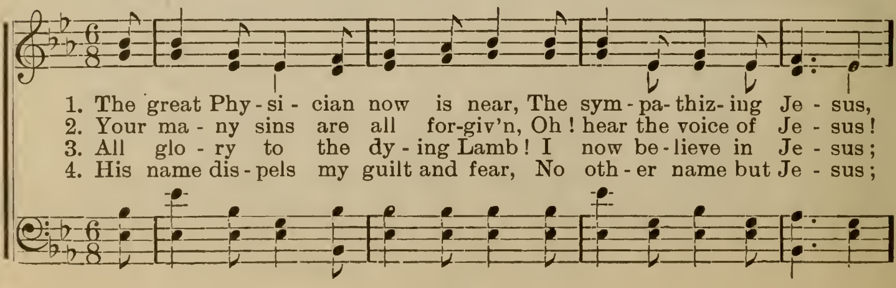
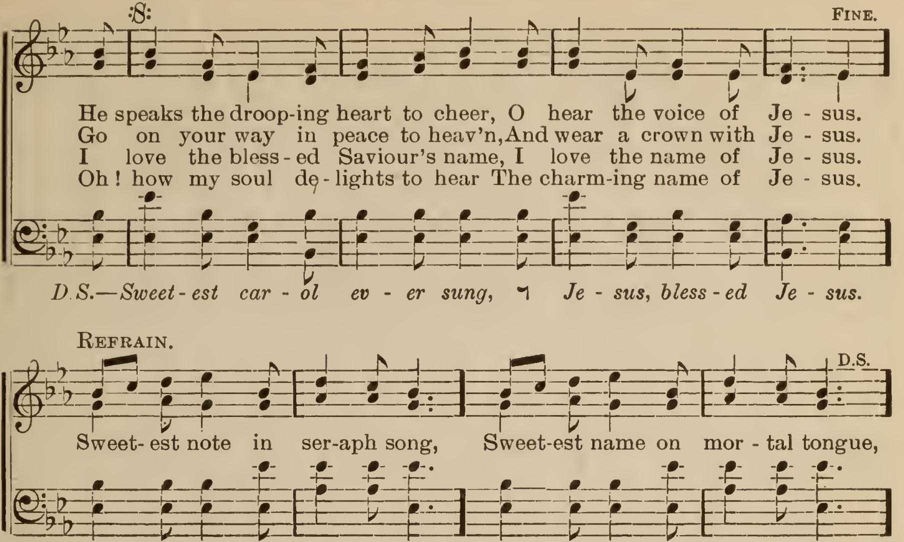
No. 255 The Great Physician

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

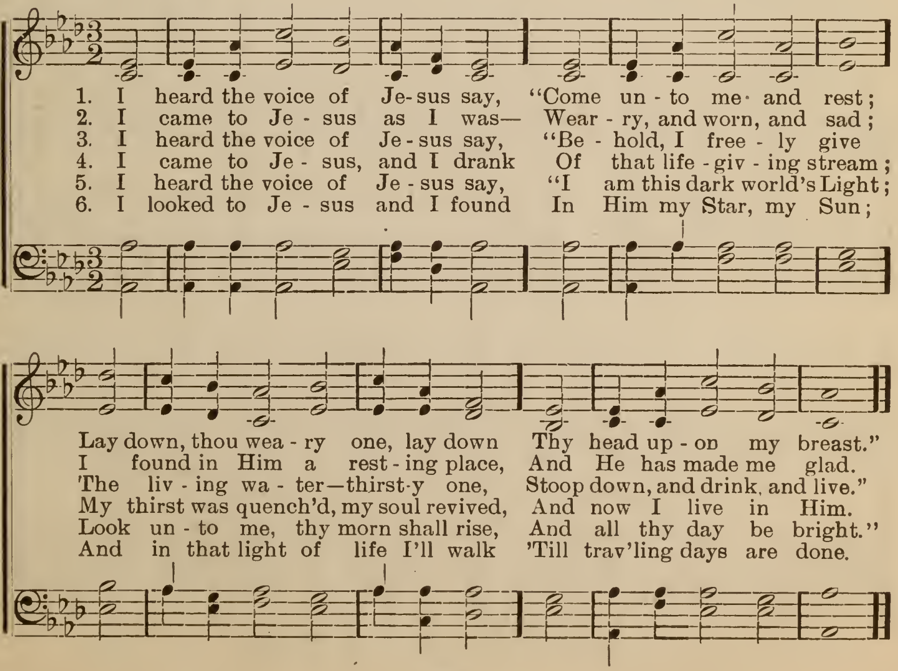

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa- thiz- ing Je - sus,
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh ! hear the voice of Je - sus !
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb ! I now be - lieve in Je - sus ;
4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus ;


Fine.
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de - lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.
D.S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.
Refrain.
Sweet - est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,
D.S.

No. 256 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

(Evan. C. M.)

H. Bonar, D. D. Wm. H. Havergal.

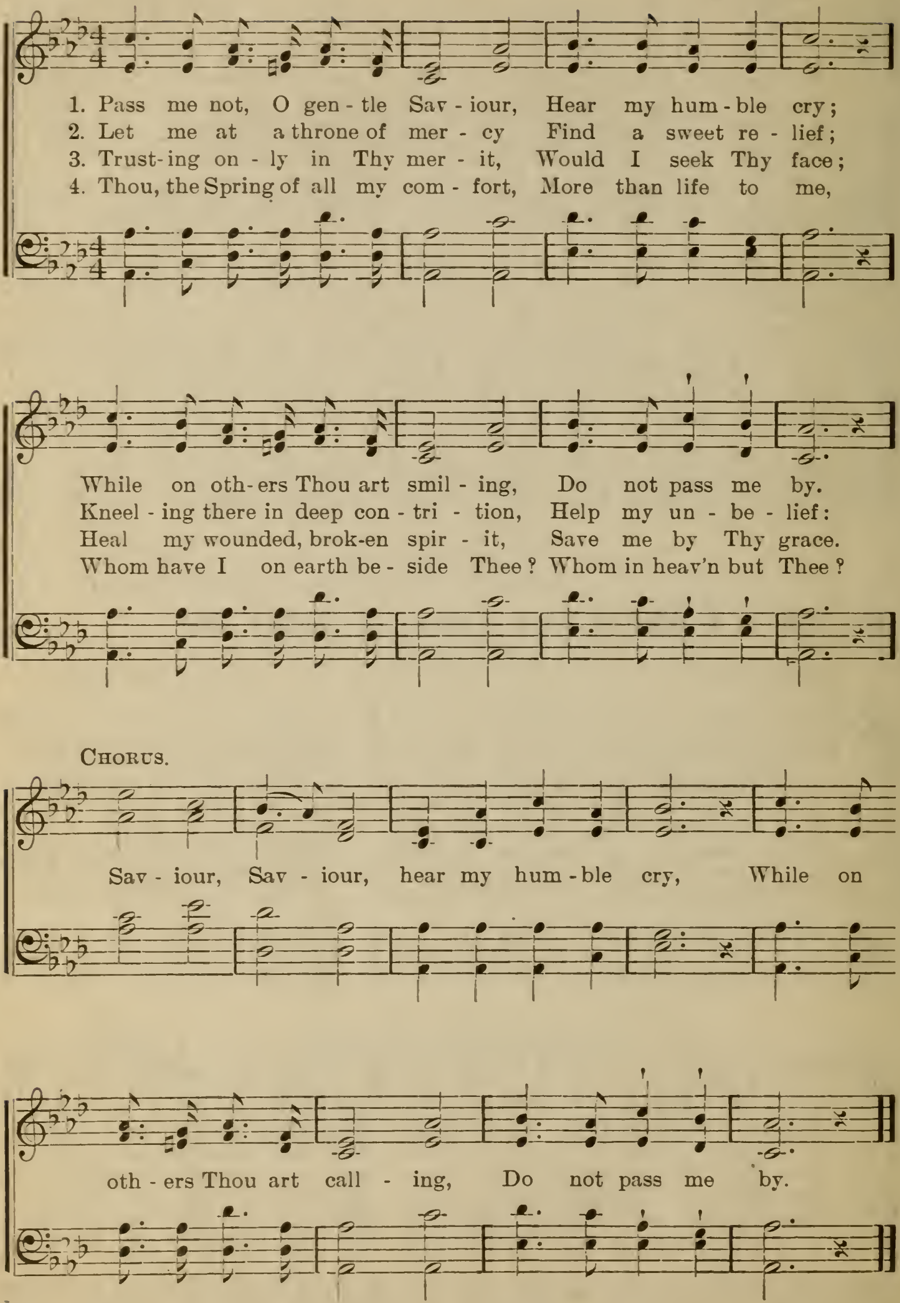

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was— Wear - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
6. I looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
And in that light of life I'll walk 'Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 257

Pass Me Not

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:
Heal my wounded, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Chorus.
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry, While on
oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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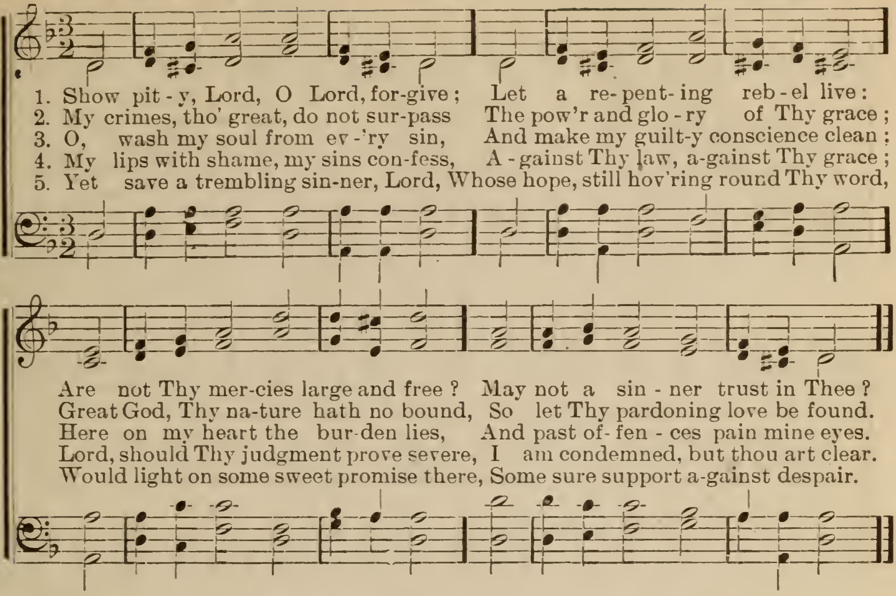
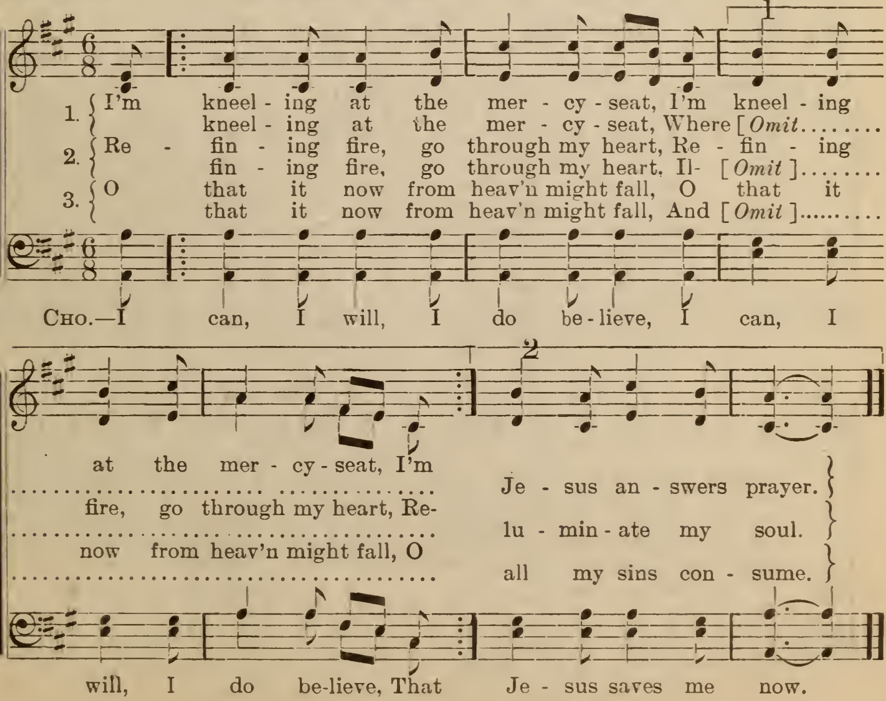
No. 258 Windham

Isaac Watts, 1719. (L. M.) Daniel Read.

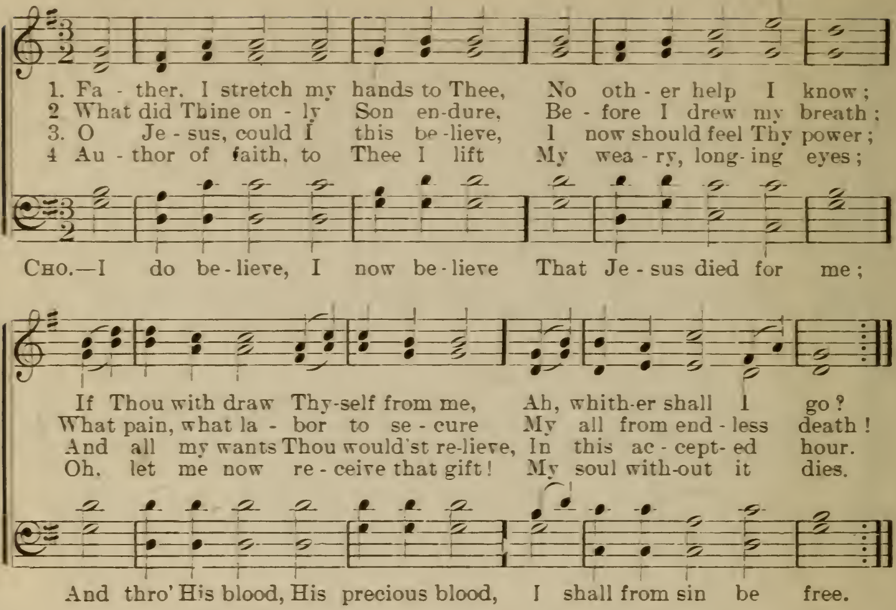

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live:
2. My crimes, tho' great, do not sur-pass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
3. O, wash my soul from ev-'ry sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean;
4. My lips with shame, my sins con-fess, A-gainst Thy law, a-gainst Thy grace;
5. Yet save a trembling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found.
Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of-fen-ces pain mine eyes.
Lord, should Thy judgment prove severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a-gainst despair.

No. 259 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe


1. I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, I'm
kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, Where [Omit.................................] Je-sus an-swers prayer.
2. Re-fin-ing fire, go through my heart, Re-fin-ing fire, go through my heart, Re-
fin-ing fire, go through my heart, Il- [Omit]................................. lu-min-ate my soul.
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall, O
that it now from heav'n might fall, And [Omit]................................. all my sins con-sume.
CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.

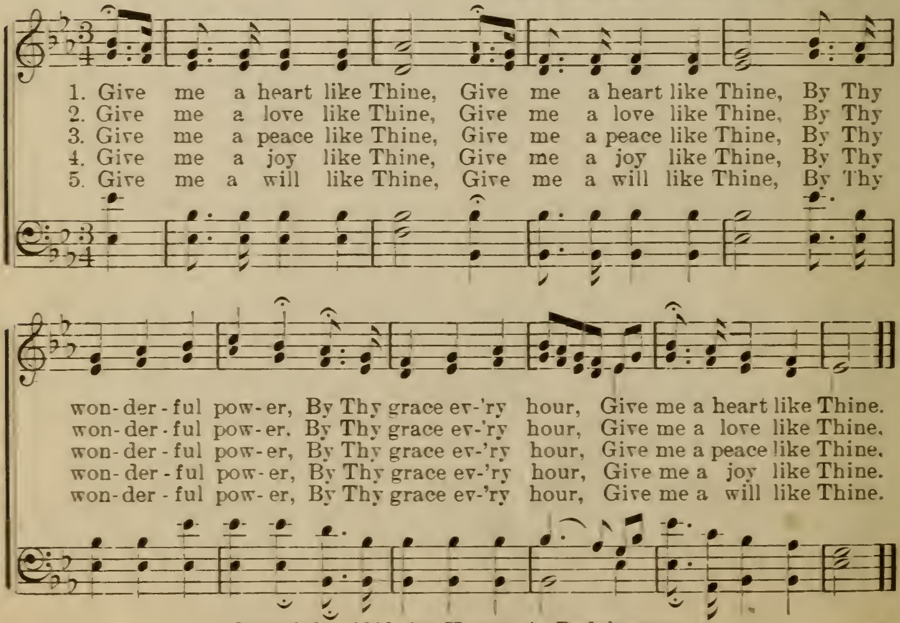
No. 260 I Do Believe

Charles Wesley. Unknown.


1. Fa - ther. I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2 What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be -lieve, I now should feel Thy power;
4 Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long-ing eyes;
Cho.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;
If Thou with draw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My all from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re-lieve, In this ac - cept- ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift! My soul with-out it dies.
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 261 Give Me a Heart Like Thine

Arr. fr. Major James H. Cole.


1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy
2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine, By Thy
3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine, By Thy
4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine, By Thy
5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine, By Thy
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine.
won-der-ful pow-er. By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a love like Thine.
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a peace like Thine.
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a joy like Thine.
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a will like Thine.

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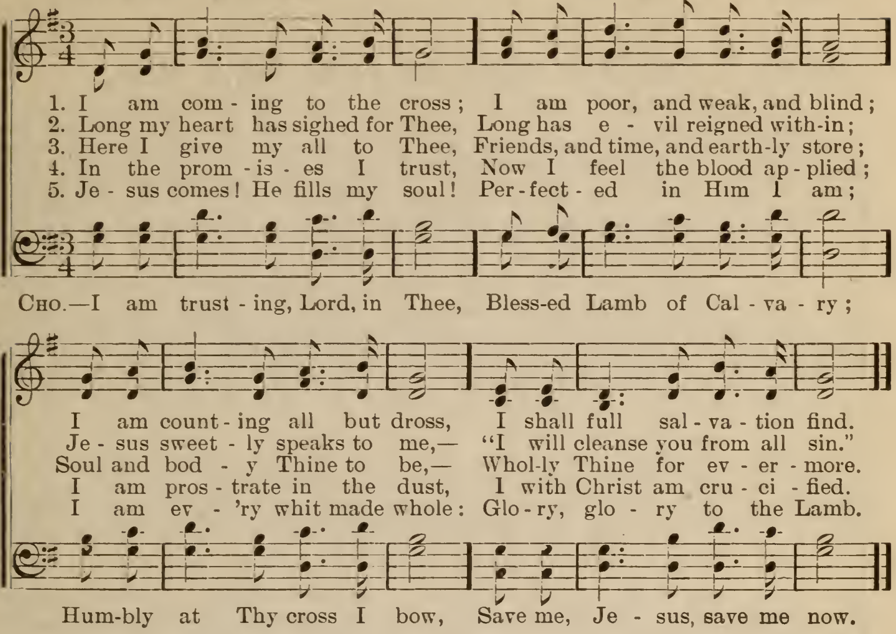
No. 262

I Am Coming to the Cross

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Rev. William McDonald. William G. Fischer.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;
Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,— Whol-ly Thine for ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

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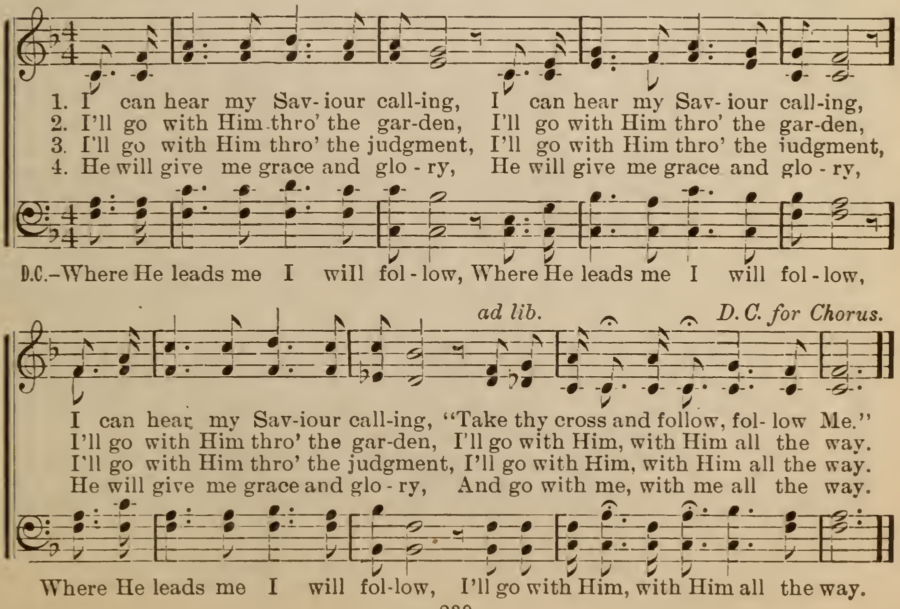
No. 263

The Way of the Cross

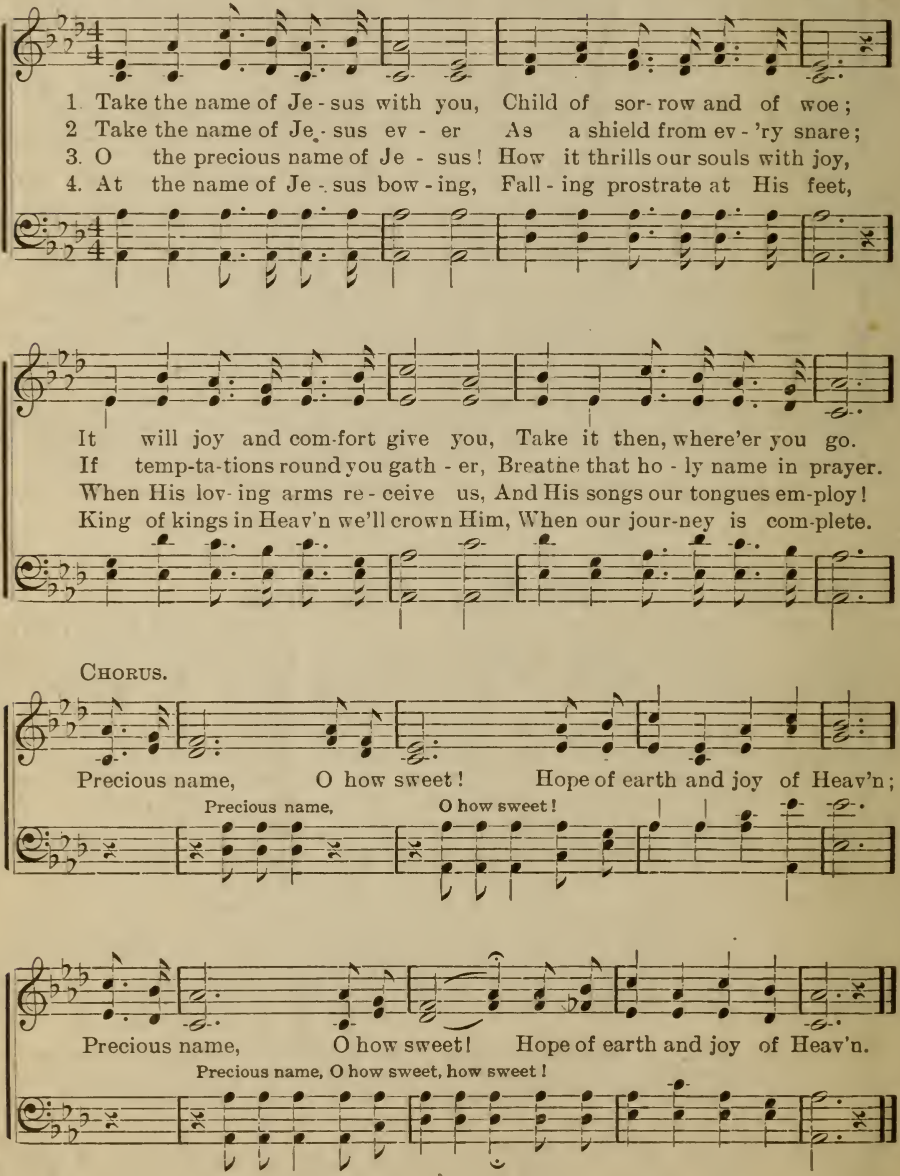
E. W. Blandly. Arr. from P. P. Bliss.


1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D.C.–Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
D. C. for Chorus.
I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol- low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

XXIV. FAMILIAR HYMNS AND CHORUSES

No. 264 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor- row and of woe;
2 Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov- ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
Chorus.
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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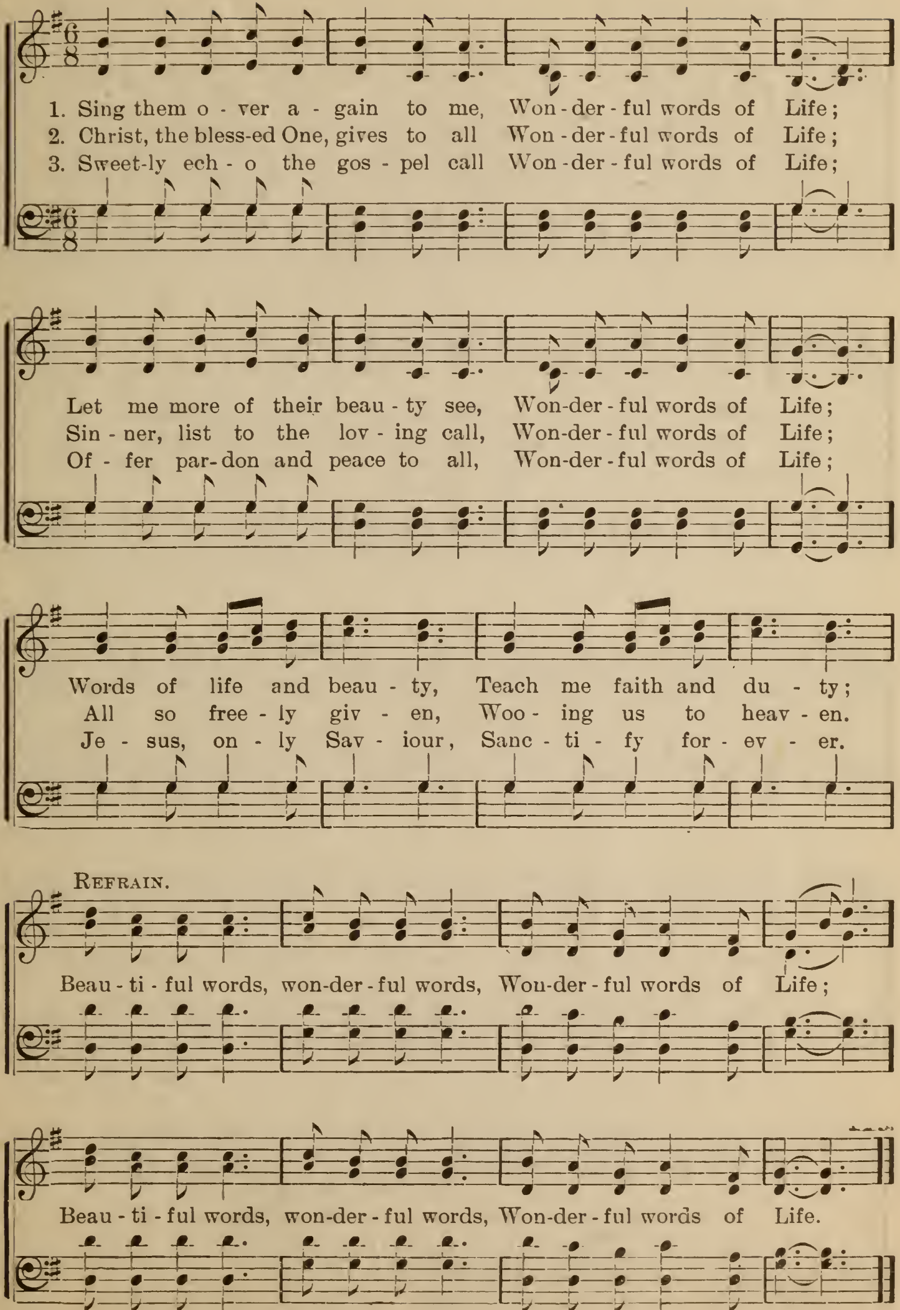
No. 265 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call Won - der - ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
Refrain.
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life.

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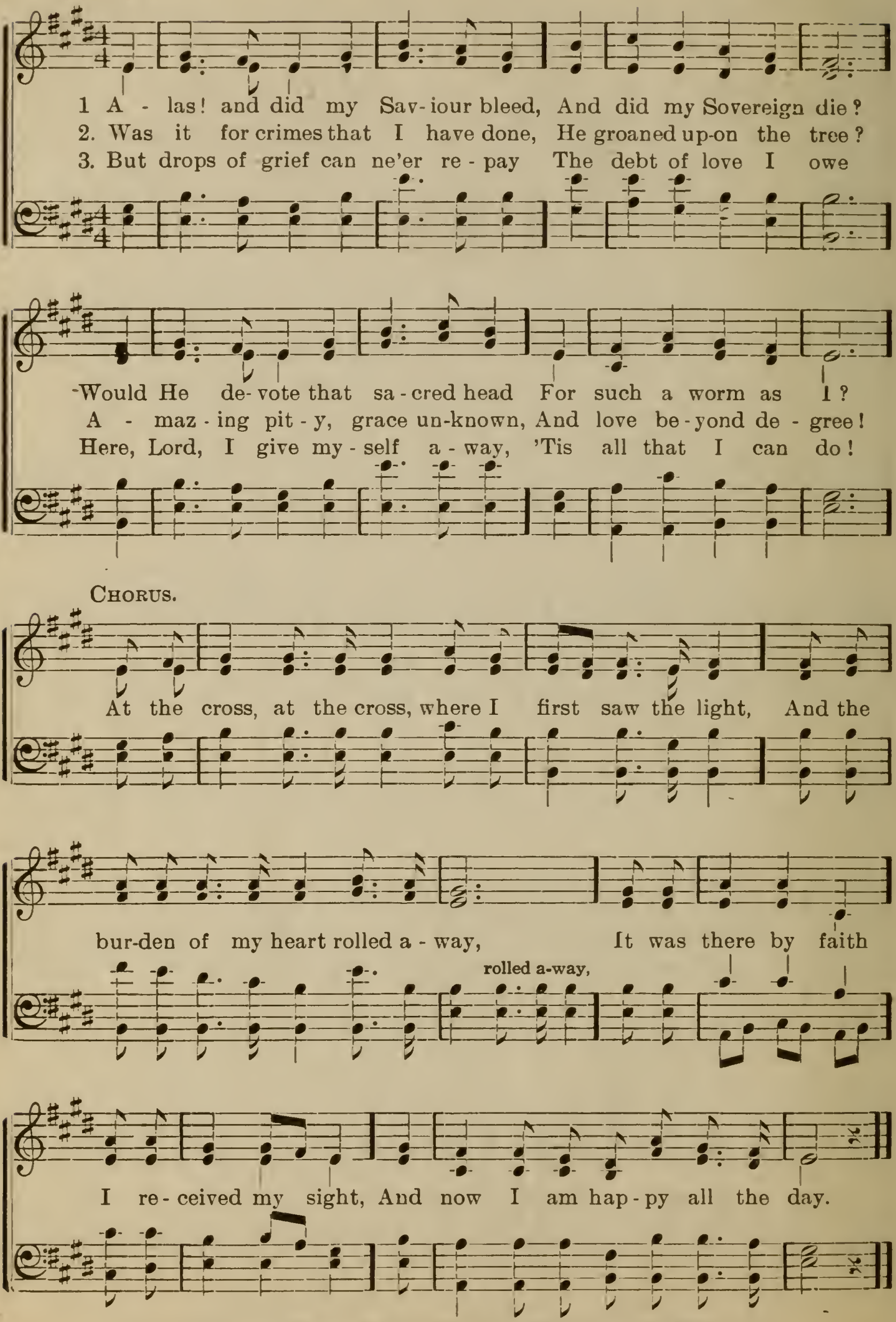
No. 266

At the Cross

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

Isaac Watts.

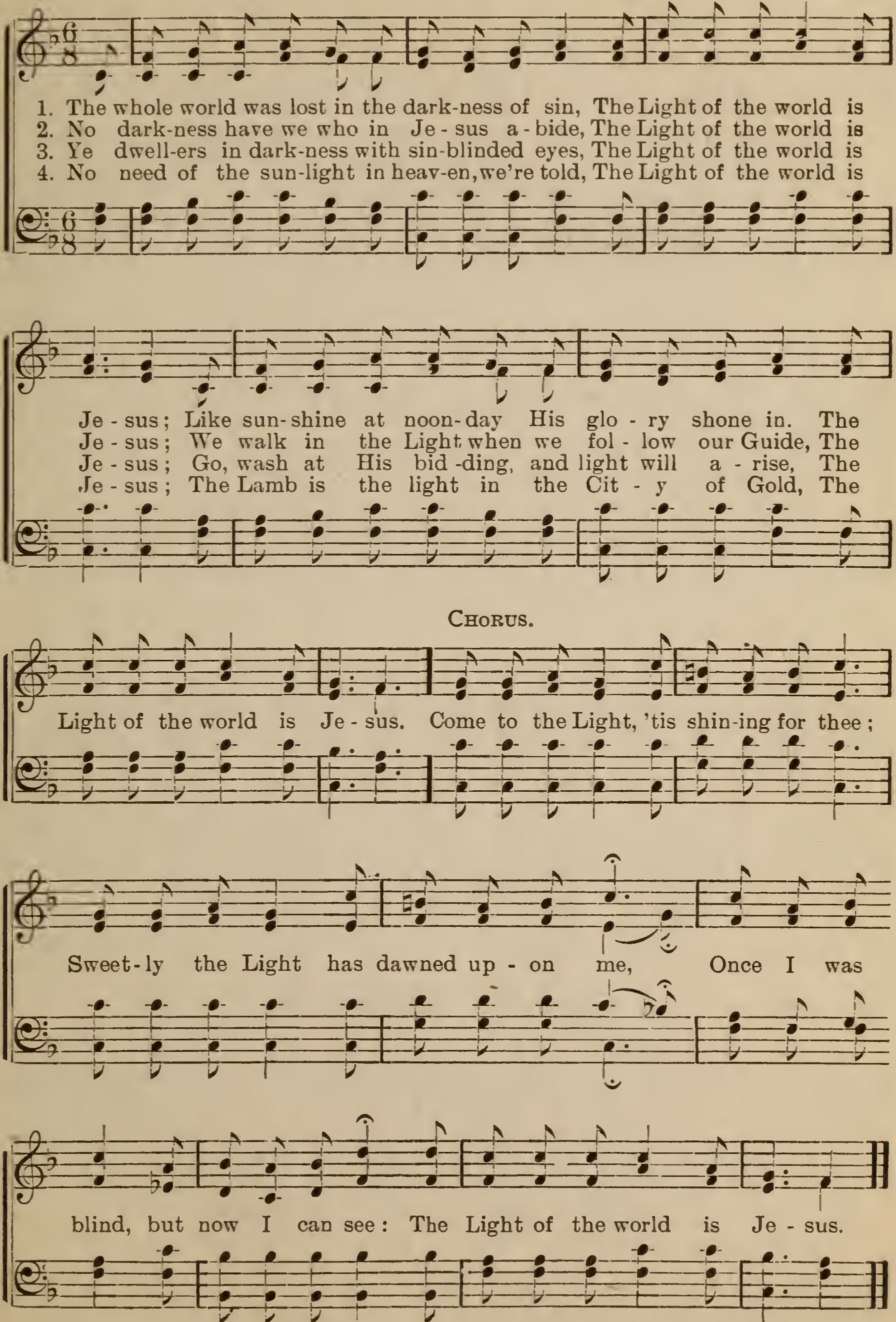
R. E. Hudson.


1 A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit-y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!
Chorus.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart rolled a-way,
rolled a-way,
It was there by faith
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

By per. of Mrs. Mary Hudson, copyrighted 1916.

No. 267 The Light of the World Is Jesus

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin, The Light of the world is Je-sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in. The
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The Light of the world is Je-sus; We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide, The
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blinded eyes, The Light of the world is Je-sus; Go, wash at His bid-ding, and light will a-rise, The
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the world is Je-sus; The Lamb is the light in the Cit-y of Gold, The
Light of the world is Je-sus.
Chorus.
Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me, Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je-sus.

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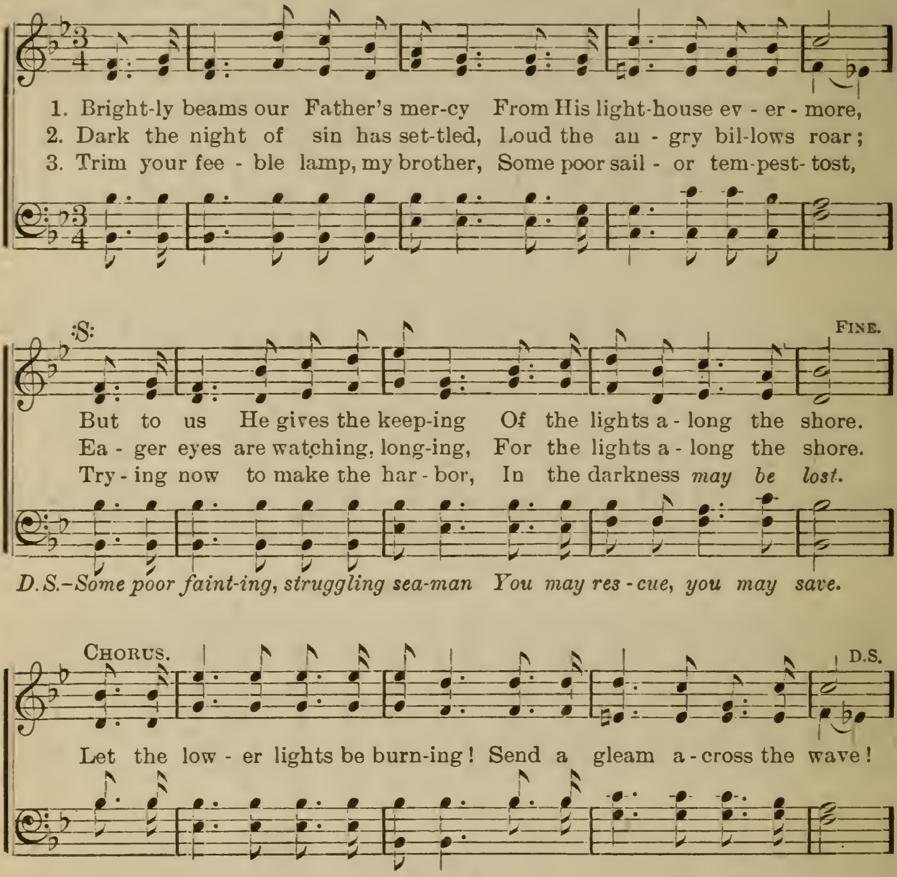
No. 268 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

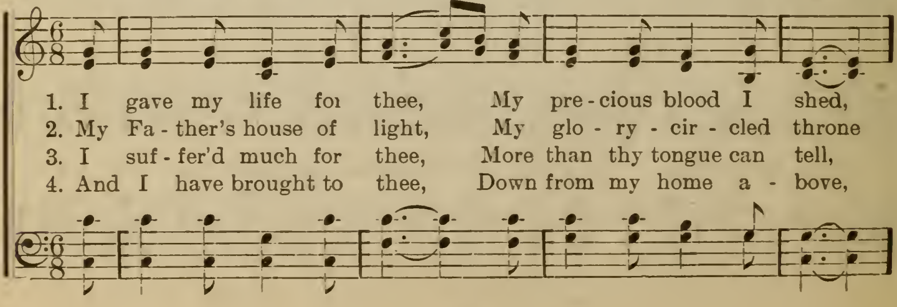
(Matt. 5: 16.)

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss. By Per.

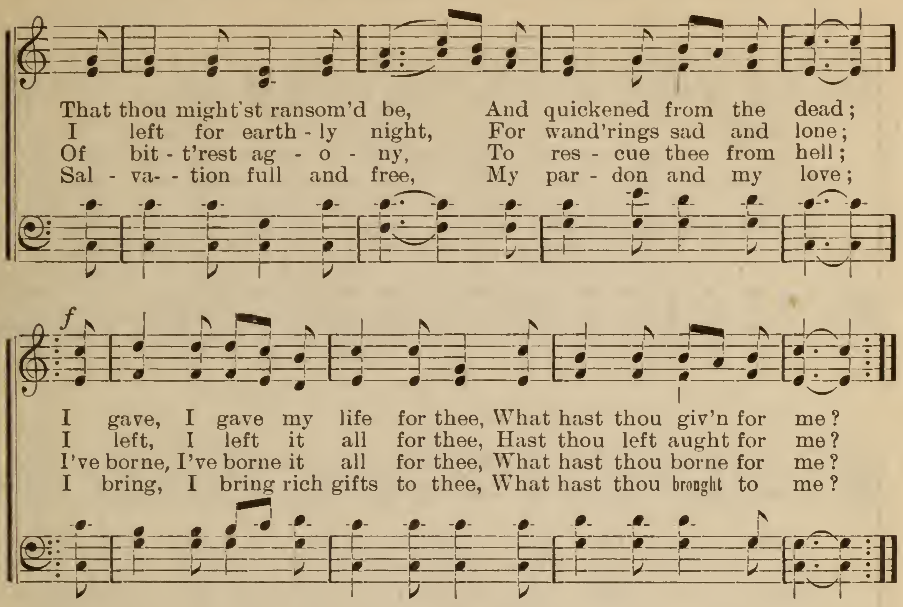

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother, Some poor sail - or tem-pest- tost,
𝄋
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the darkness may be lost.
Fine.
D.S.–Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.
Chorus.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
D.S.

No. 269 I Gave My Life for Thee

Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.


1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fer'd much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,

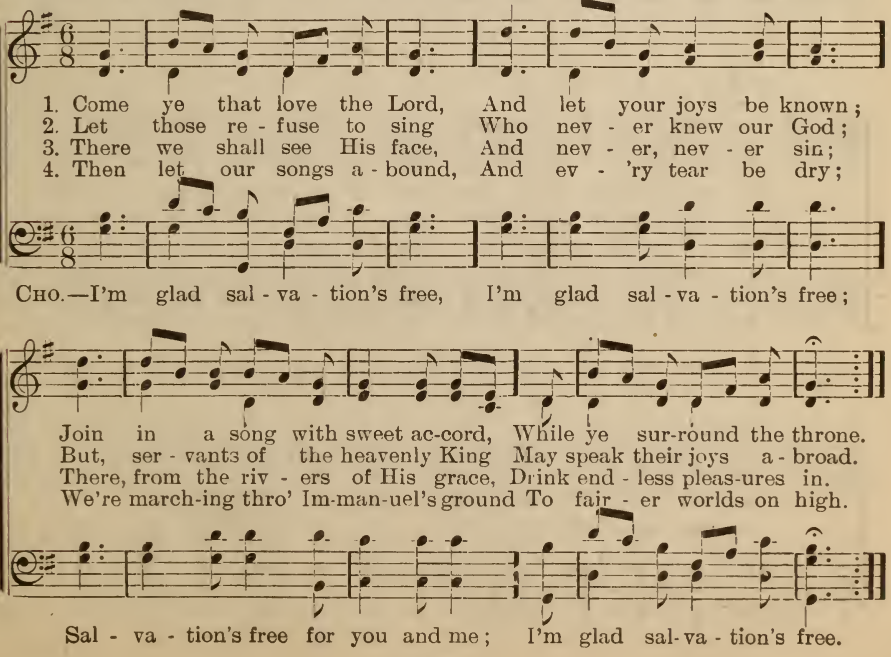
I Gave My Life for Thee—Concluded


That thou might'st ransom'd be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va- - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;
f
I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

No. 270 Come Ye That Love the Lord

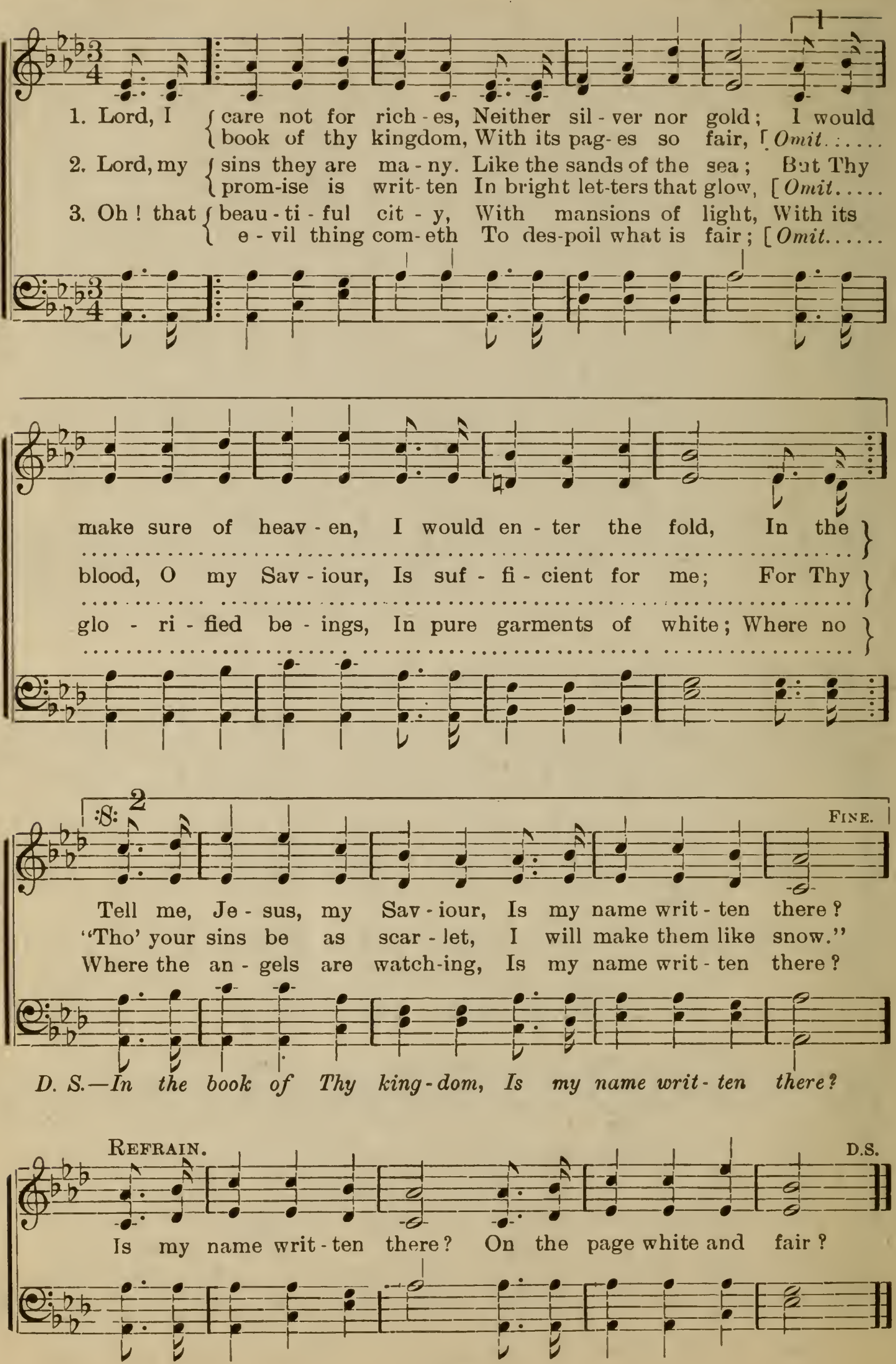
Isaac Watts.

Arranged.


1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
Cho.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;
Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne.
But, ser - vants of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.
There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink end - less pleas-ures in.
We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal- va - tion's free.

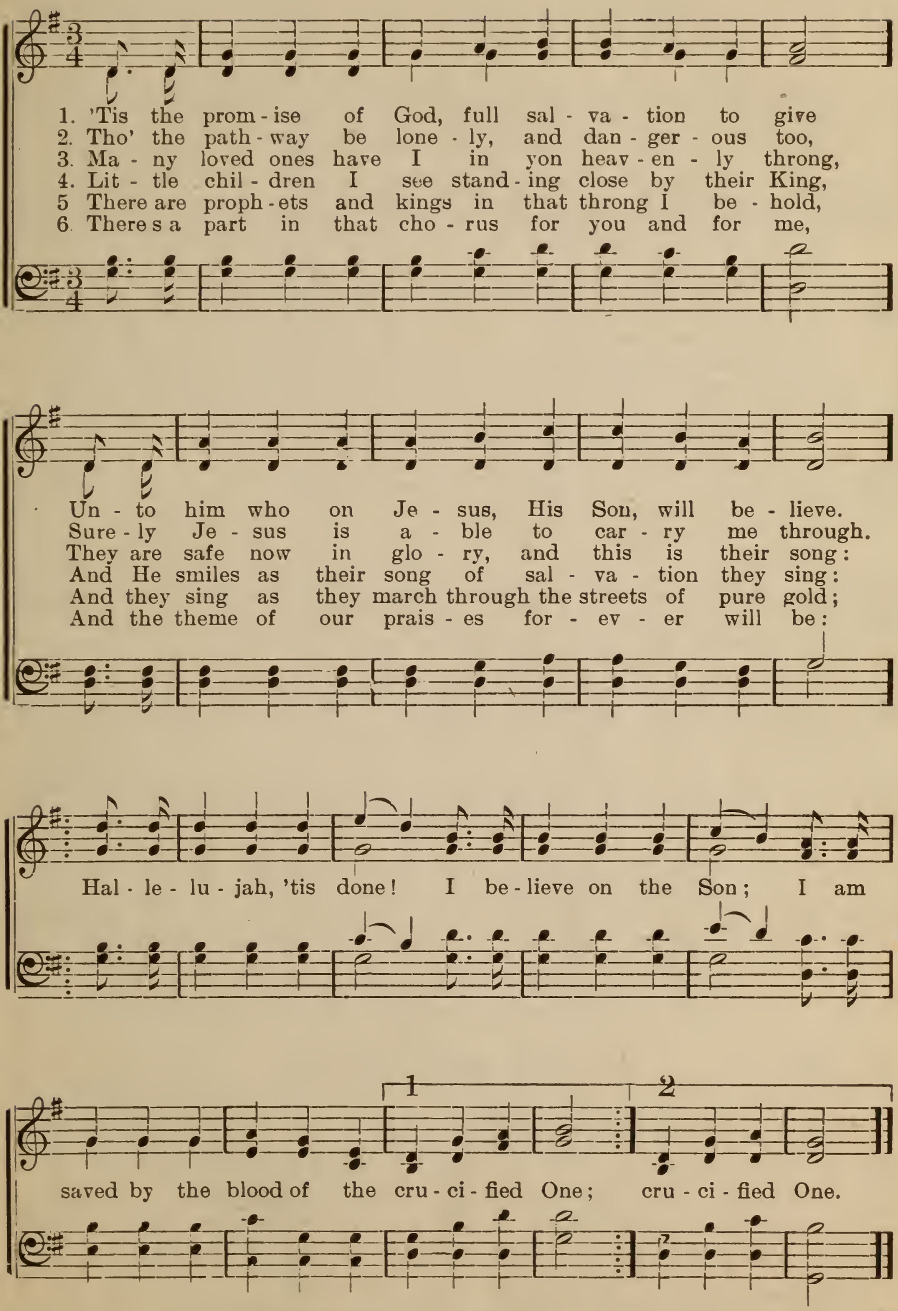
No. 271 Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. Frank M. Davis.


1. Lord, I { care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would
book of thy kingdom, With its pag - es so fair, [Omit.......
2. Lord, my { sins they are ma - ny. Like the sands of the sea; But Thy
prom - ise is writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, [Omit.....
3. Oh! that { beau - ti - ful cit - y, With mansions of light, With its
e - vil thing com - eth To des - poil what is fair; [Omit......
make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold, In the }
blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy }
glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no }
𝄋 2
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Is my name writ - ten there?
Fine.
D. S.—In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
Refrain.
Is my name writ - ten there? On the page white and fair?
D.S.

No. 272 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.


1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too,
3. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng,
4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see stand - ing close by their King,
5 There are proph - ets and kings in that throng I be - hold,
6 There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me,
Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is their song:
And He smiles as their song of sal - va - tion they sing:
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold;
And the theme of our prais - es for - ev - er will be:
Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am
saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.
1
2

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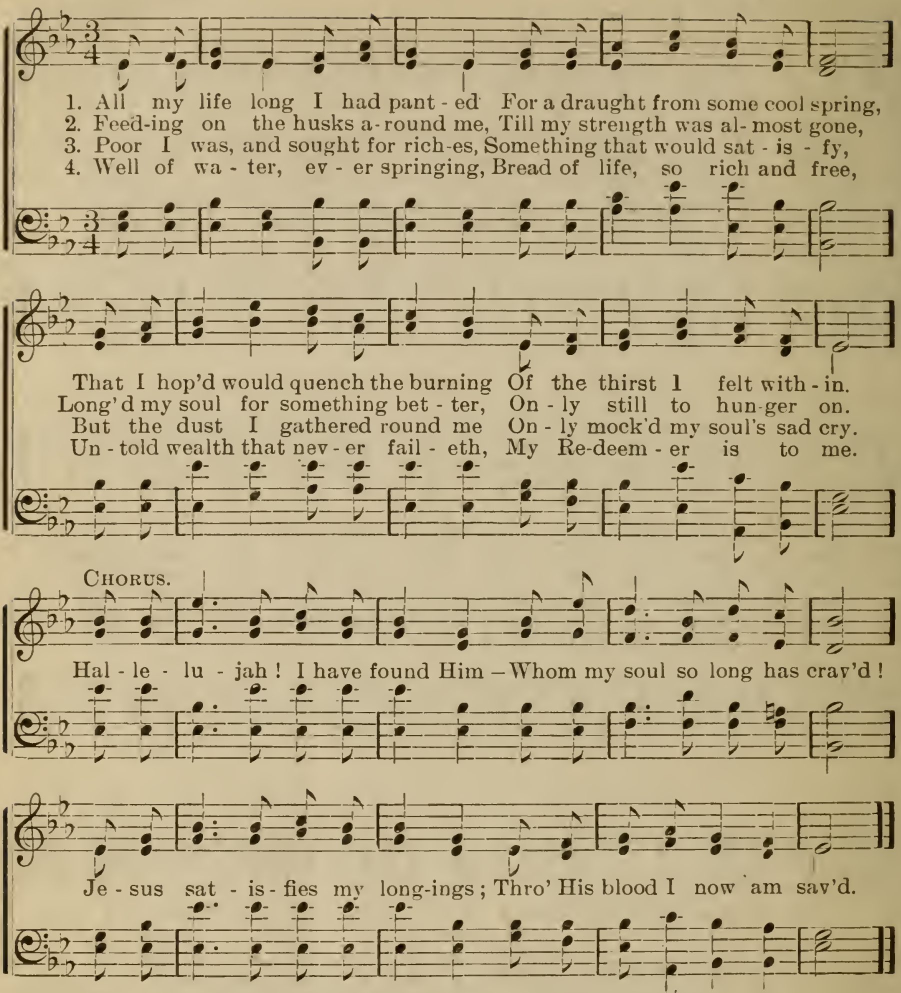
No. 273

Satisfied

Miss Clara Teare.

R. E. Hudson.

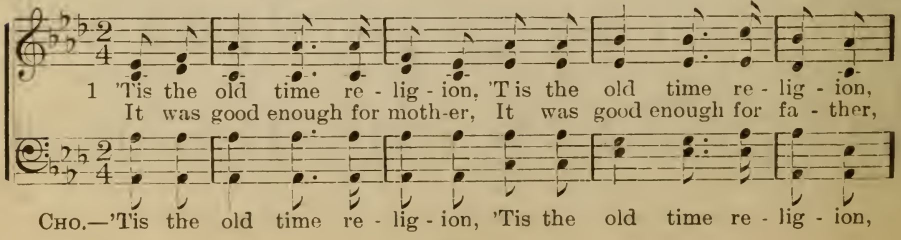

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feed-ing on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was al-most gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would sat-is-fy,
4. Well of wa-ter, ev-er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,
That I hop'd would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
Long'd my soul for something bet-ter, On-ly still to hun-ger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On-ly mock'd my soul's sad cry.
Un-told wealth that nev-er fail-eth, My Re-deem-er is to me.
Chorus.
Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has crav'd!
Je-sus sat-is-fies my long-ings; Thro' His blood I now am sav'd.

By per. Mrs. Mary Hudson, copyrighted 1891.

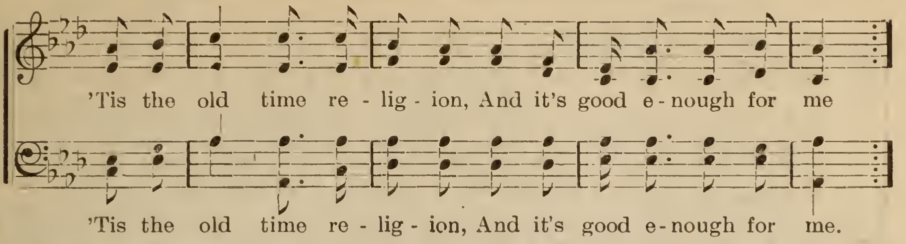
No. 274

The Old Time Religion

Arranged.


1 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
It was good enough for moth-er, It was good enough for fa-ther,
Cho.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,

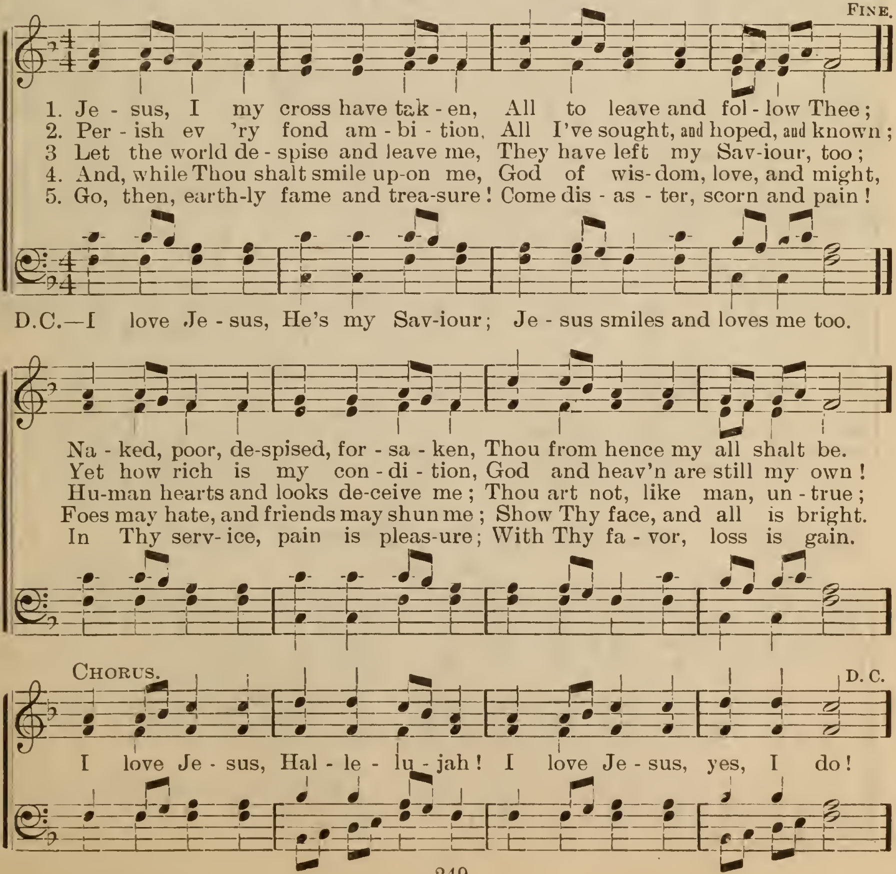
The Old Time Religion—Concluded


'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody,
And it's good enough for me.
3 Makes us love the good old Bible,
And it's good enough for me.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
And it's good enough for me.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
And it's good enough for me.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
And it's good enough for me.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
And it's good enough for me.
8 'Twill be good when you are dying,
And it's good enough for me.
9 It will take you home to glory,
And it's good enough for me.

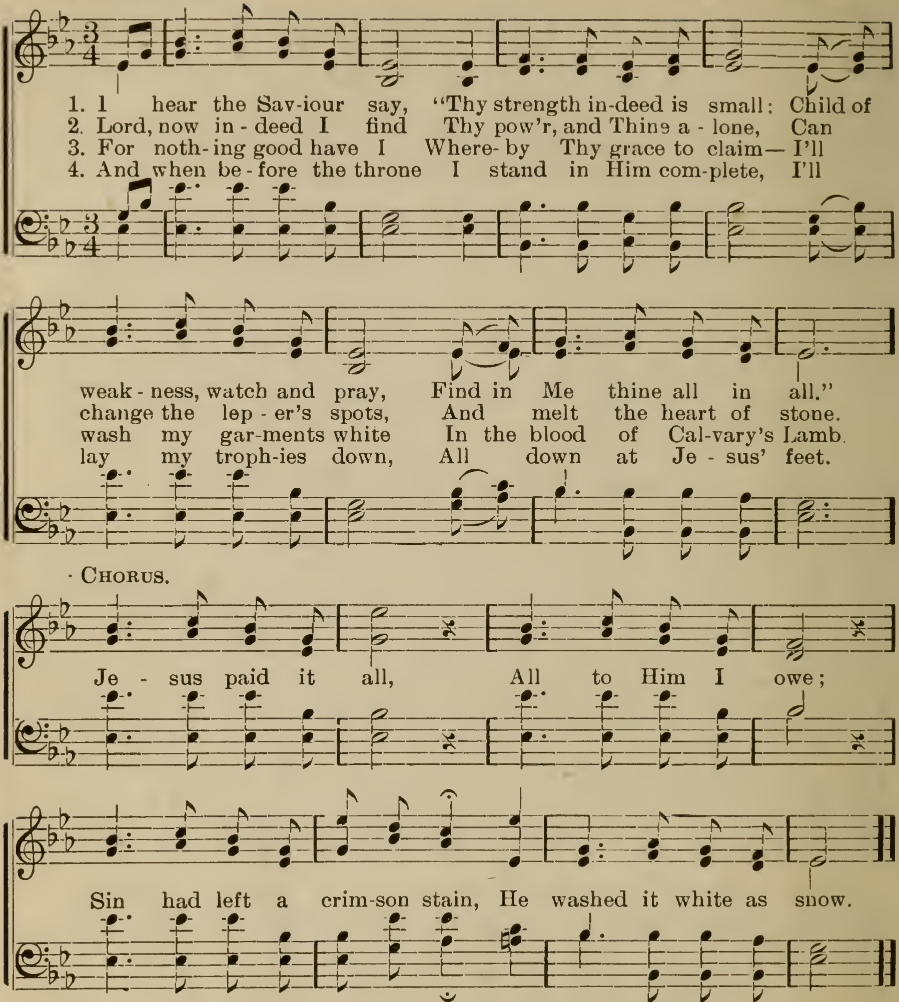
No. 275 I Love Jesus, He's My Saviour

Henry F. Lyte. (Greenville 8s. 7s.) J. J. Rousseau.


Fine.
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Per - ish ev 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
3 Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;
4. And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
5. Go, then, earth-ly fame and trea-sure! Come dis - as - ter, scorn and pain!
D.C.—I love Je - sus, He's my Sav-iour; Je - sus smiles and loves me too.
Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
In Thy serv- ice, pain is pleas-ure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
Chorus.
D. C.
I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do!

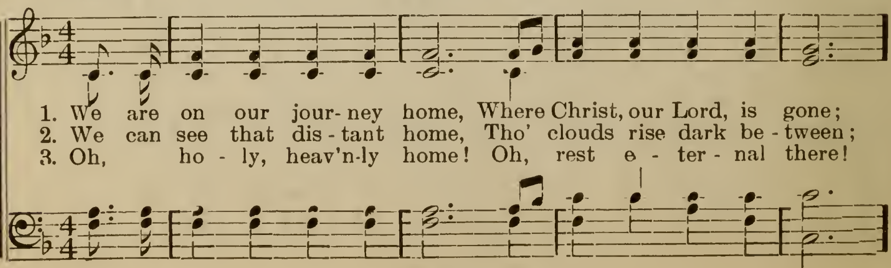
No. 276 Jesus Paid It All

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

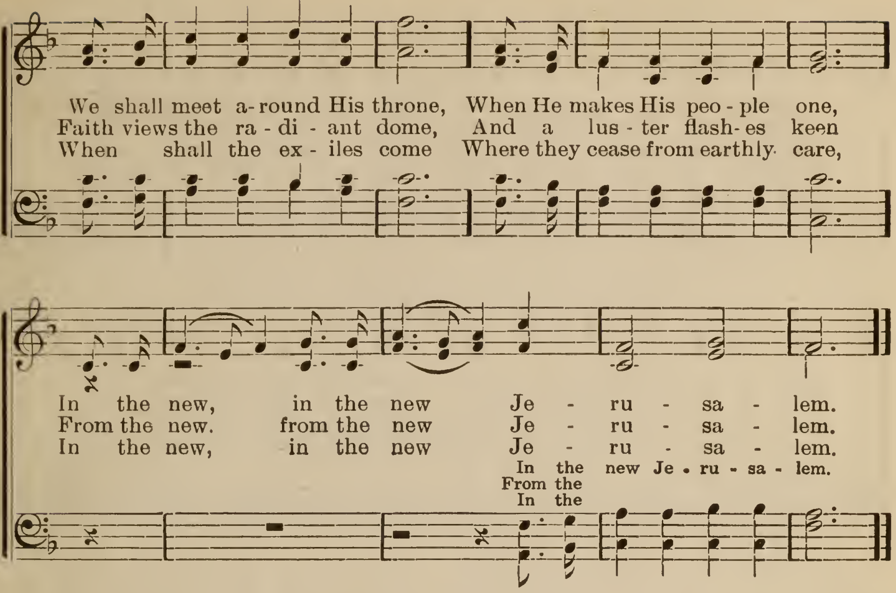

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small: Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-vary's Lamb.
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my troph-ies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
Chorus.
Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 277 We Are On Our Journey Home

Charles Beecher. **Mt. Blanc.** J. J. Husband.


1. We are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ, our Lord, is gone;
2. We can see that dis-tant home, Tho' clouds rise dark be-tween;
3. Oh, ho-ly, heav'n-ly home! Oh, rest e-ter-nal there!

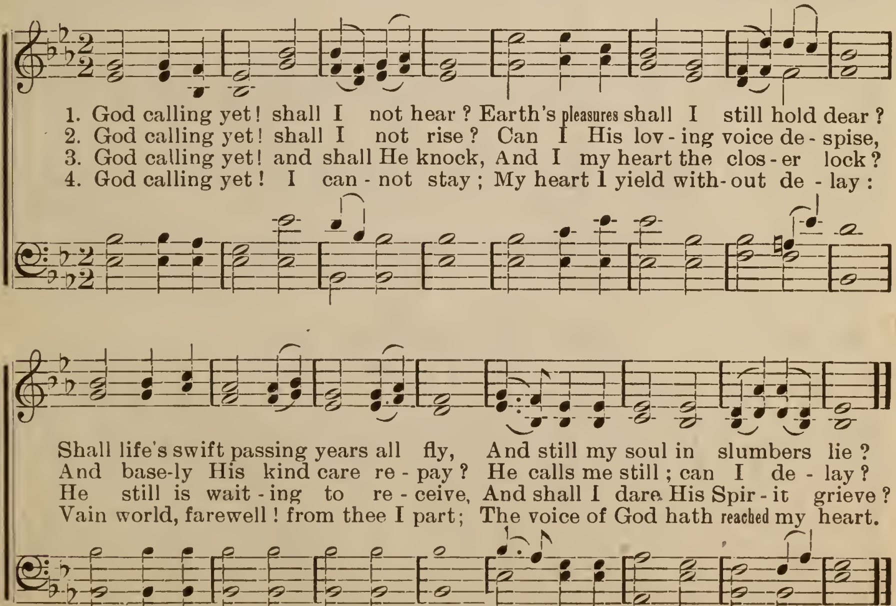
We Are On Our Journey Home—Concluded


We shall meet a-round His throne, When He makes His peo-ple one,
Faith views the ra-di-ant dome, And a lus-ter flash-es keen
When shall the ex-iles come Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new, in the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
From the new. from the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
In the new, in the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
From the
In the

No. 278

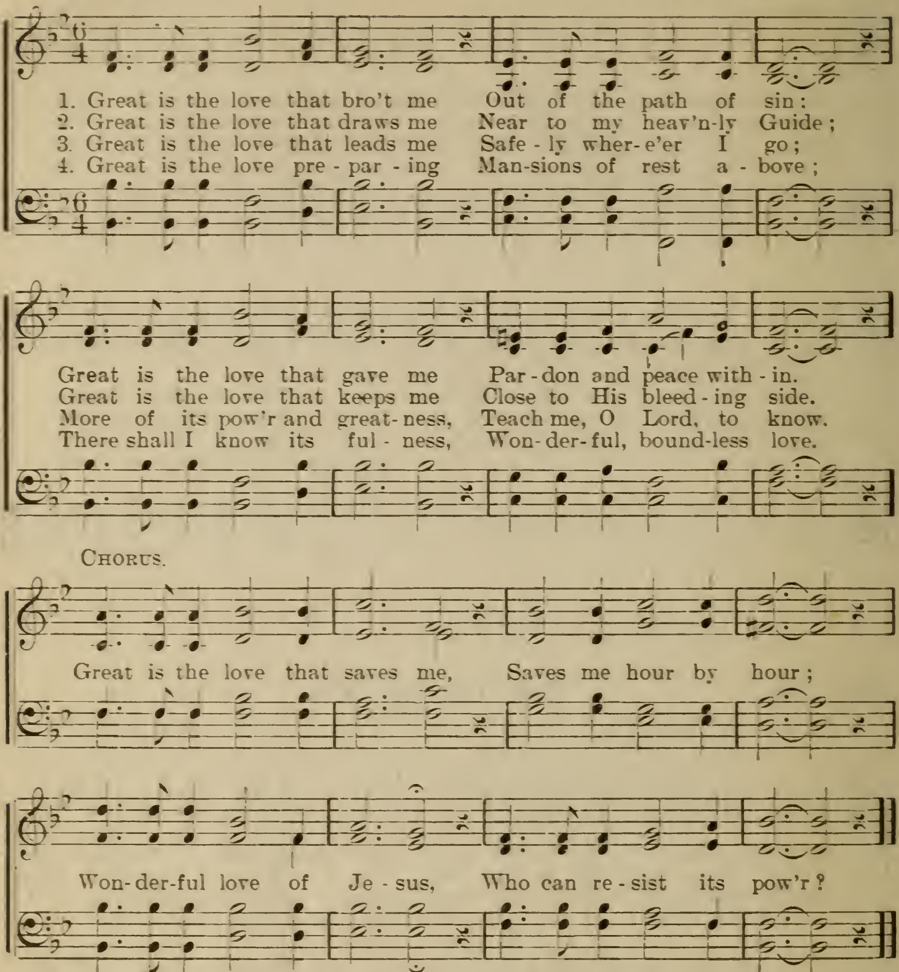
God Calling Yet

Tr. Jane Borthwick. John E. Gould.


1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumbers lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

No. 279 Great Is the Love of Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Great is the love that bro't me Out of the path of sin:
2. Great is the love that draws me Near to my heav'n-ly Guide;
3. Great is the love that leads me Safe-ly wher-e'er I go;
4. Great is the love pre-par-ing Man-sions of rest a-bove;
Great is the love that gave me Par-don and peace with-in.
Great is the love that keeps me Close to His bleed-ing side.
More of its pow'r and great-ness, Teach me, O Lord, to know.
There shall I know its ful-ness, Won-der-ful, bound-less love.
CHORUS.
Great is the love that saves me, Saves me hour by hour;
Won-der-ful love of Je-sus, Who can re-sist its pow'r?

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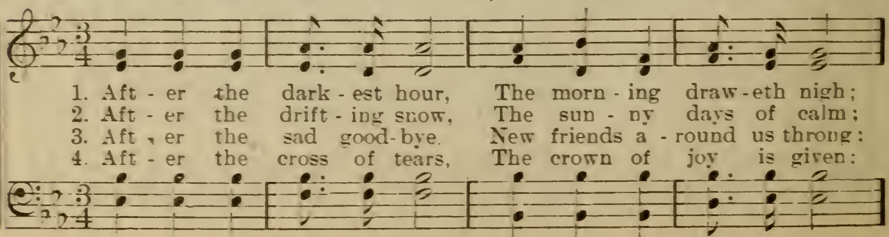
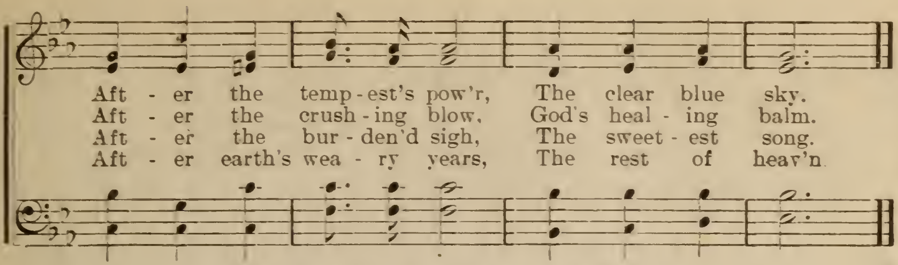
No. 280 After the Darkest Hour

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. R. Tilden. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Aft-er the dark-est hour, The morn-ing draw-eth nigh;
2. Aft-er the drift-ing snow, The sun-ny days of calm;
3. Aft-er the sad good-bye, New friends a-round us throng;
4. Aft-er the cross of tears, The crown of joy is given;

After The Darkest Hour—Concluded


Aft - er the temp-est's pow'r, The clear blue sky.
Aft - er the crush-ing blow, God's heal - ing balm.
Aft - er the bur-den'd sigh, The sweet - est song.
Aft - er earth's wea - ry years, The rest of heav'n.

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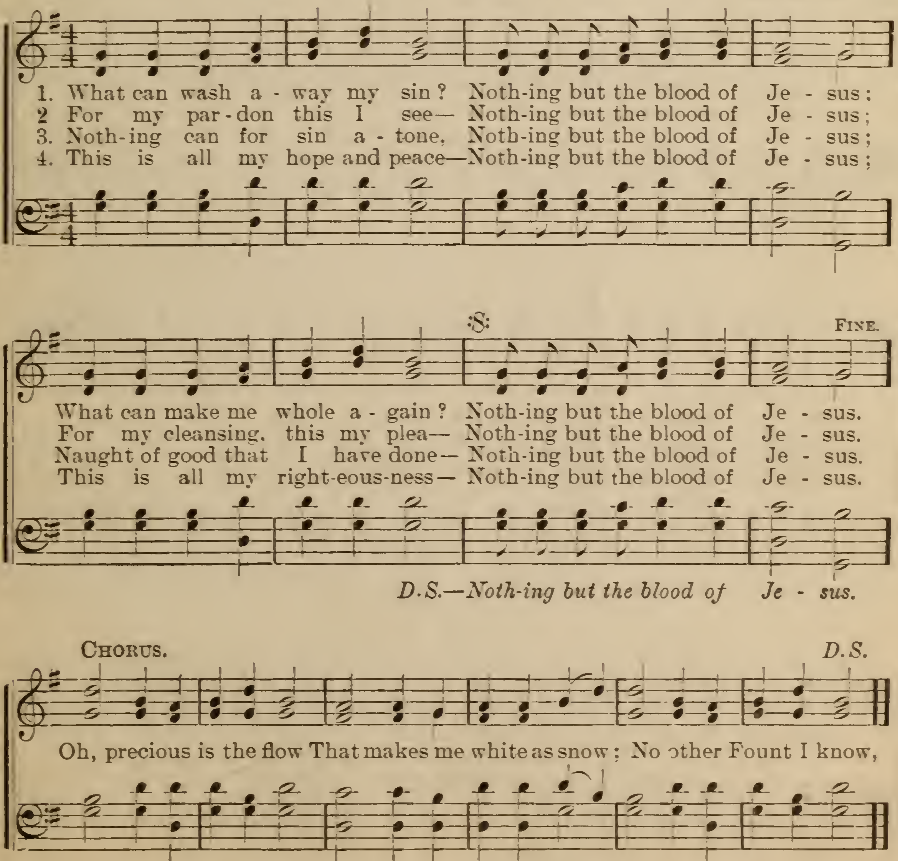
No. 281 Nothing But the Blood

R. L. R. Lowry.


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2 For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleansing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Fine.
D.S.—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Chorus.
D.S.
Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount I know,

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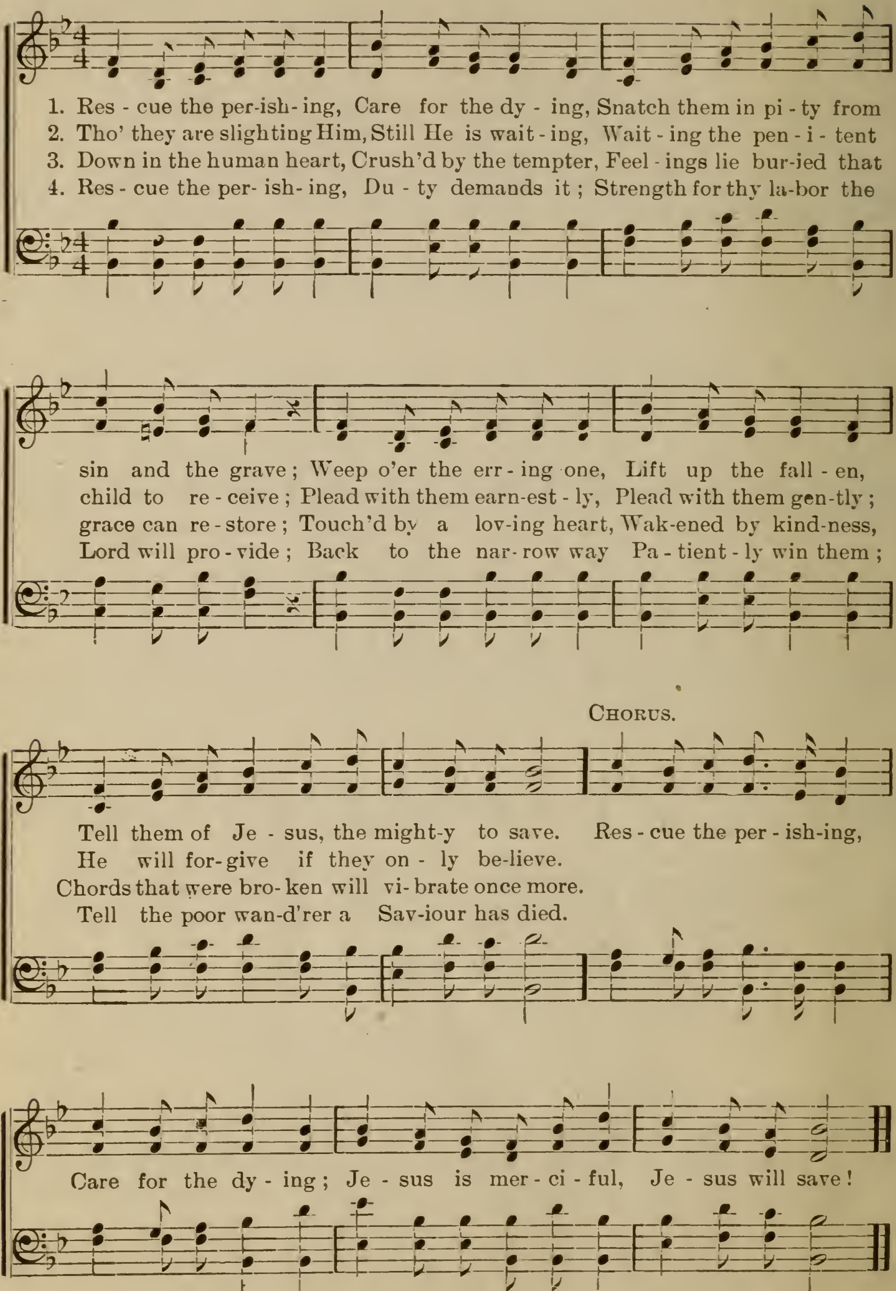
No. 282 Rescue the Perishing

F. J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per- ish- ing, Du - ty demands it ; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave ; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive ; Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gen-tly ;
grace can re - store ; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide ; Back to the nar- row way Pa - tient - ly win them ;
Chorus.
Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
He will for- give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were bro- ken will vi- brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-iour has died.
Care for the dy - ing ; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save !

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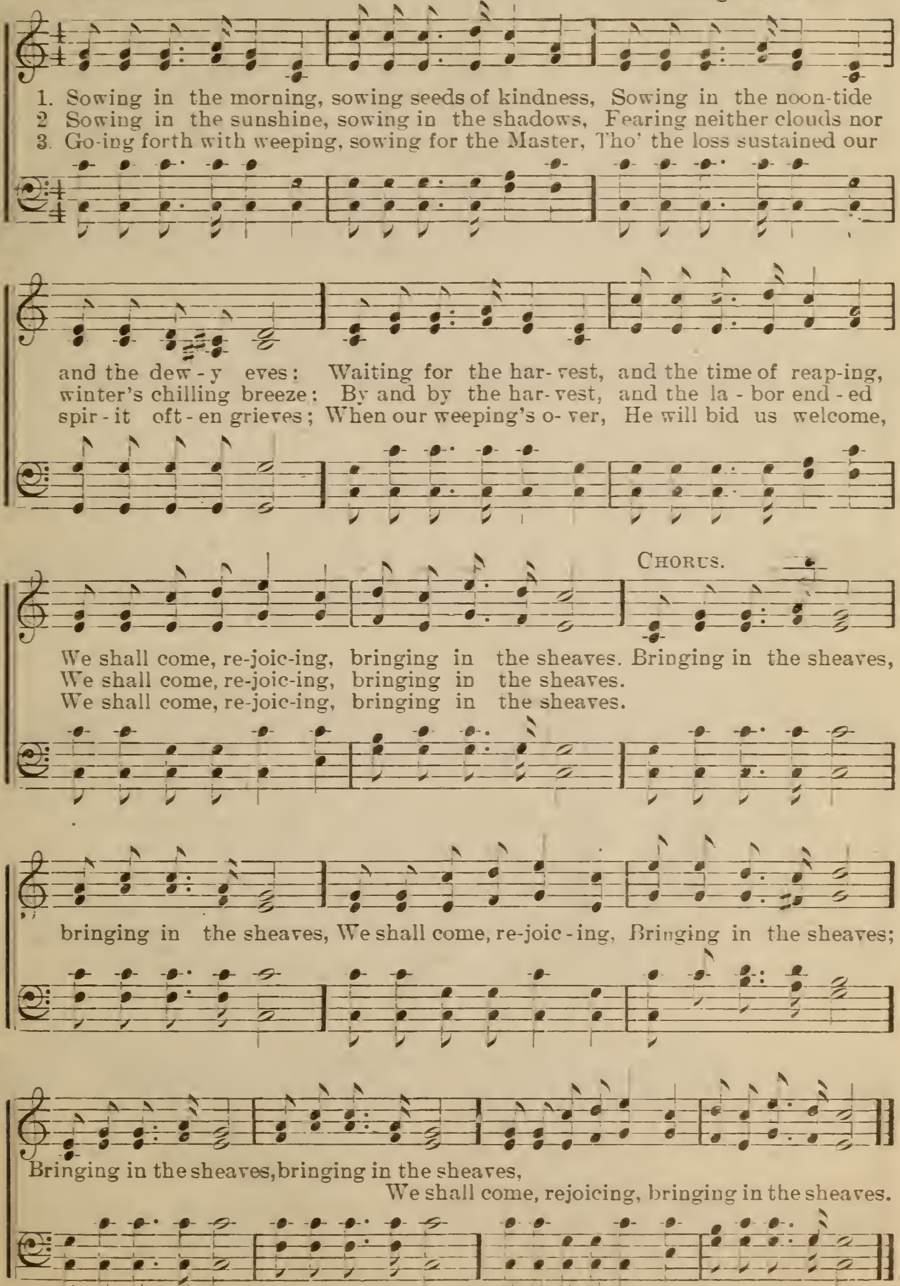
No. 283 Bringing In the Sheaves

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.


1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our
and the dew - y eves: Waiting for the har- vest, and the time of reap-ing,
winter's chilling breeze: By and by the har- vest, and the la - bor end - ed
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o- ver, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
Bringing in the sheaves,
bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves;
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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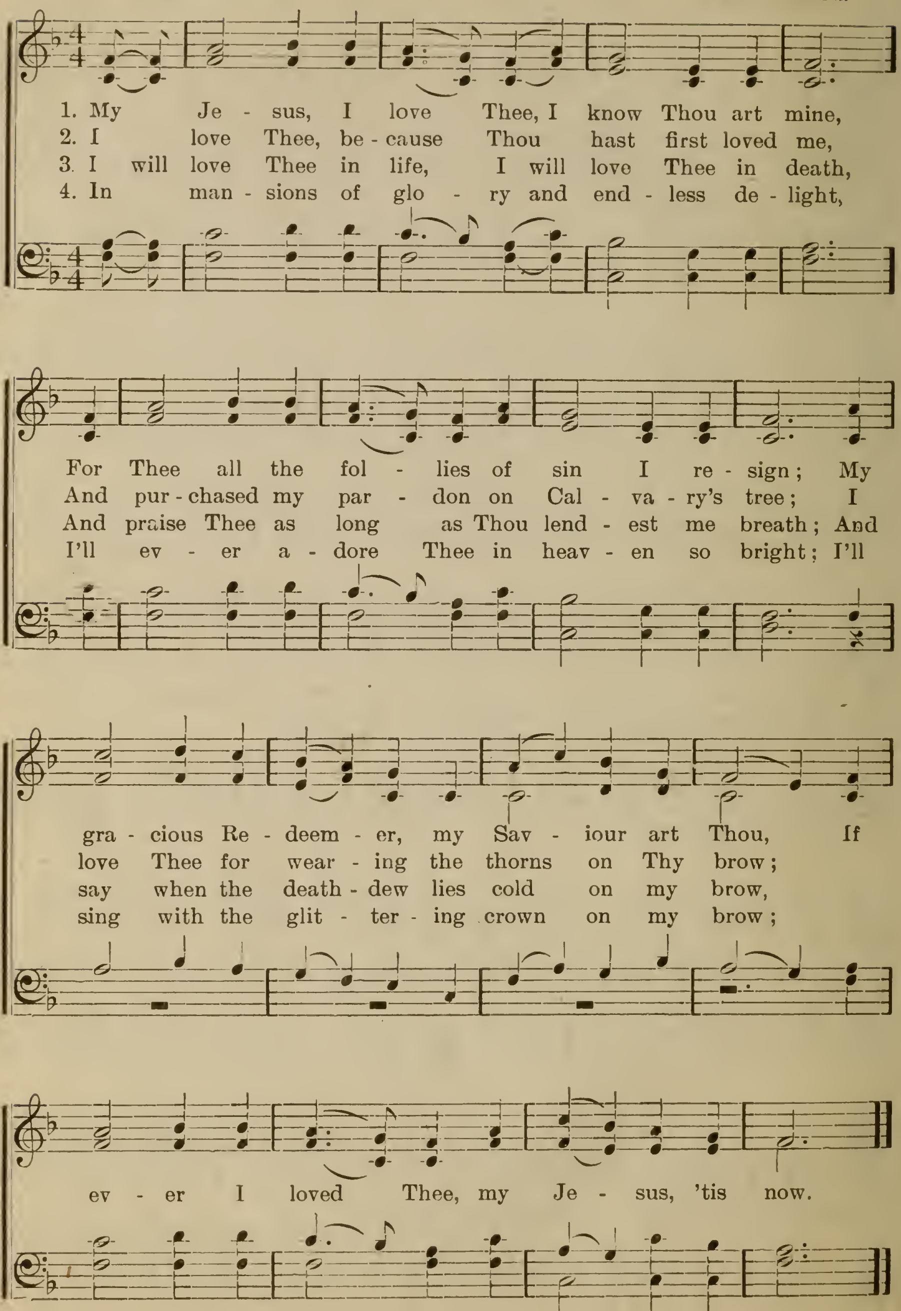
No. 284 My Jesus, I Love Thee

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first loved me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath; And
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll
gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou, If
love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow;
ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

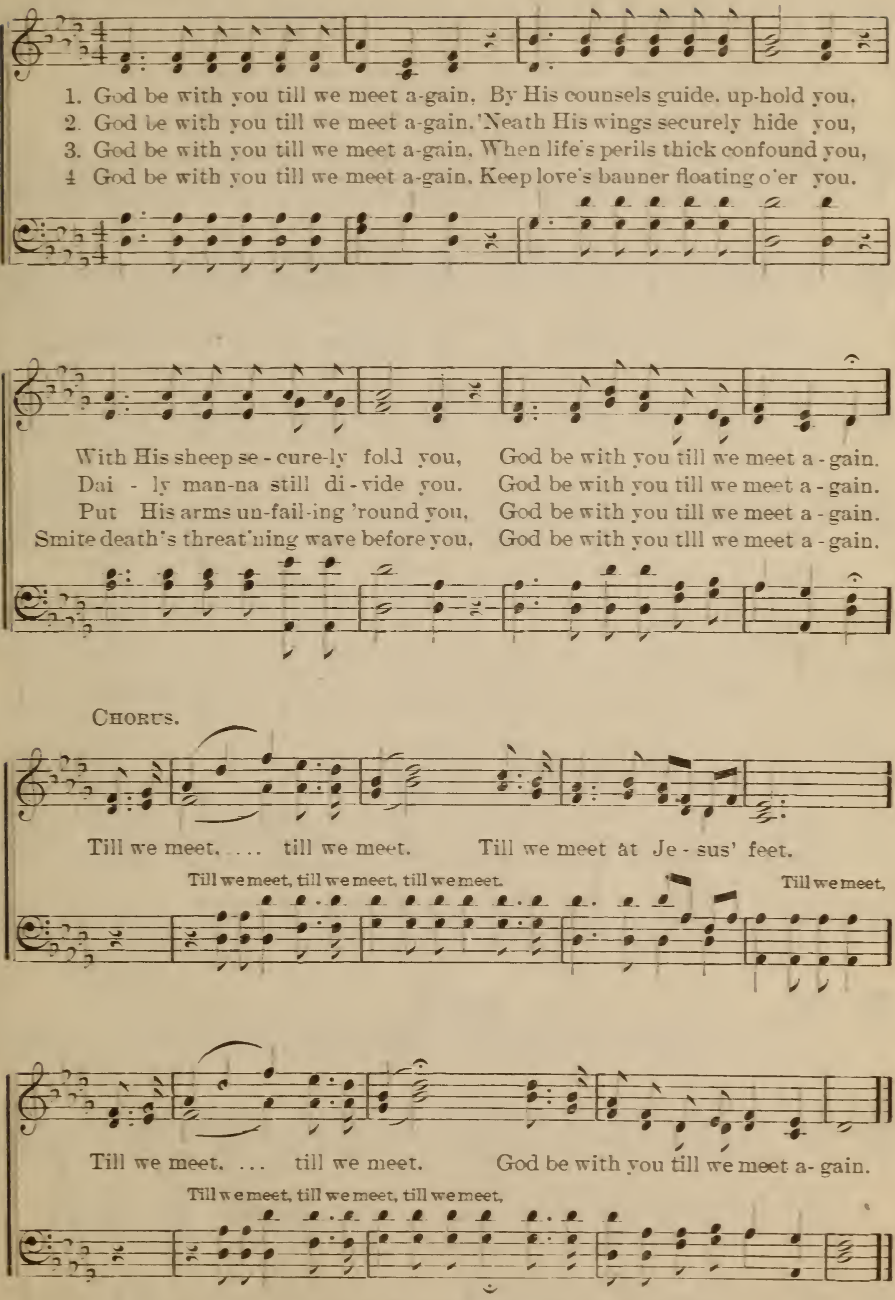
By Permission.

No. 285

God Be with You

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4 God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you tlll we meet a-gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet. . . . till we meet. Till we meet at Je-sus' feet.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet.
Till we meet,
Till we meet. . . . till we meet. God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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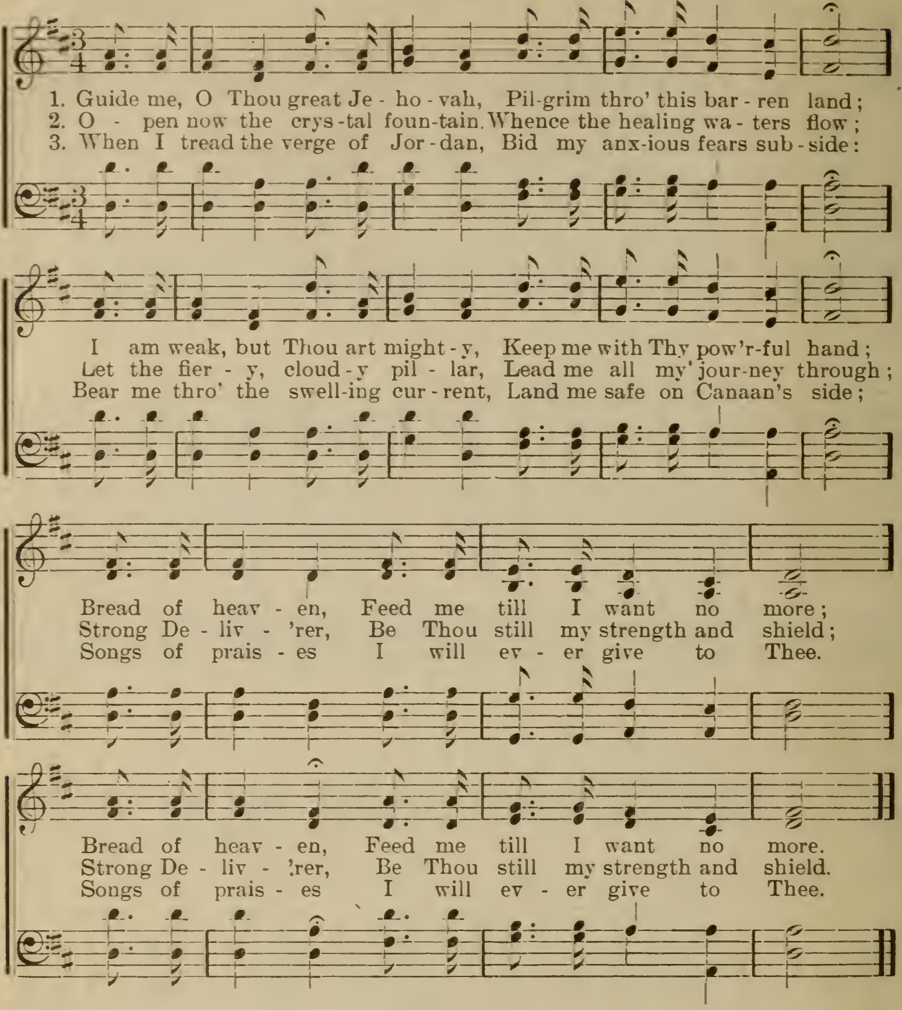
No. 286 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams. First Tune. Thomas Hastings.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub - side:

I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour-ney through;
Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield;
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

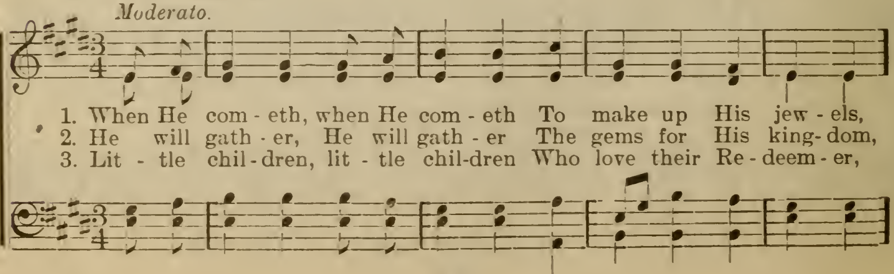
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 287 Jewels

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3: 17.

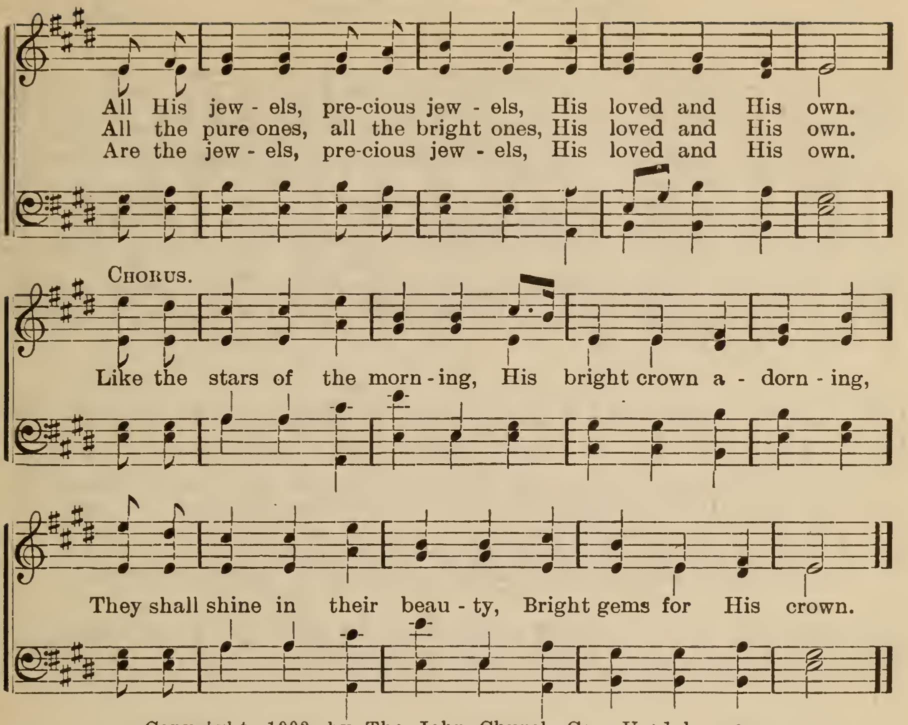
Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.



1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom,
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren Who love their Re - deem - er,

Jewels—Concluded


All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
Chorus.
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

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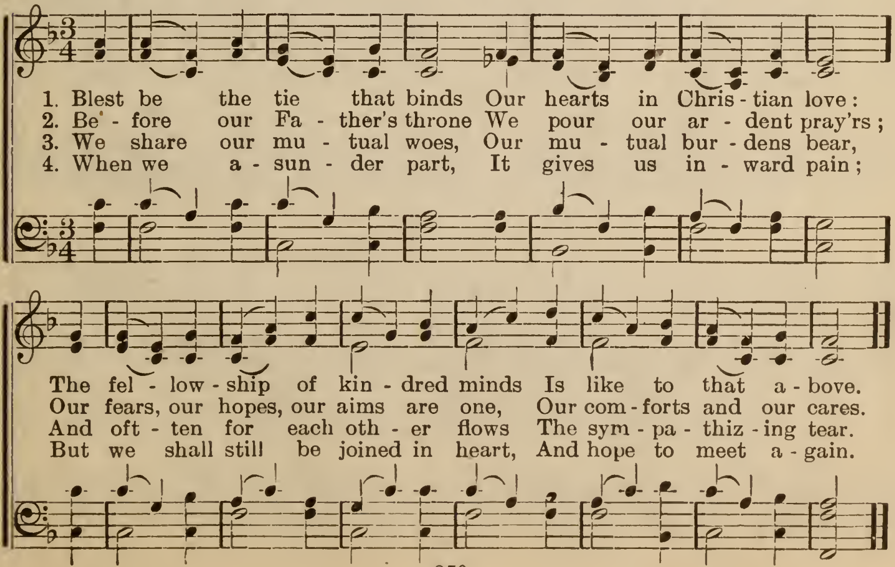
No. 288 Blest Be the Tie That Binds

John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

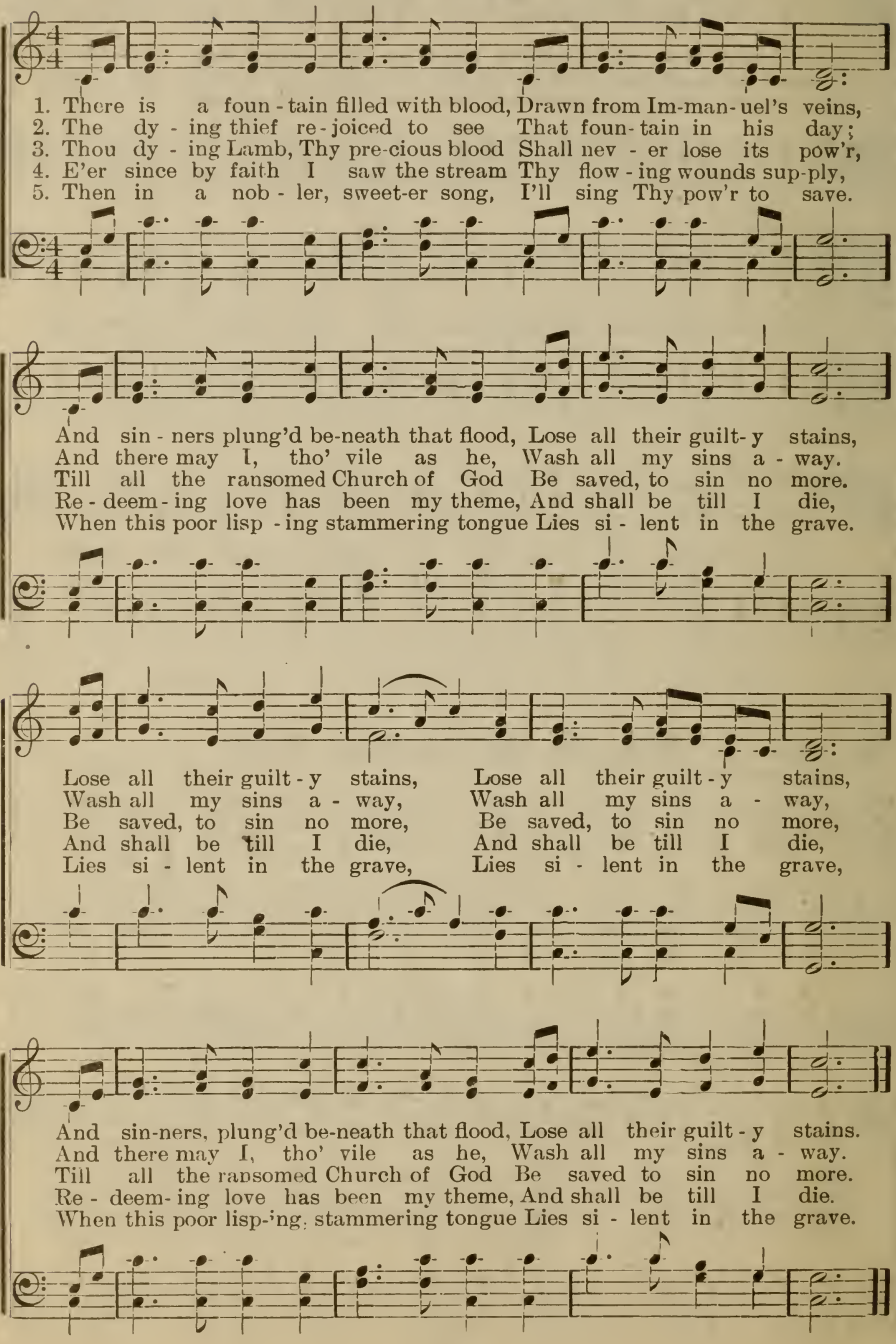
No. 289

There Is a Fountain

W. Cowper.

Lowell Mason.

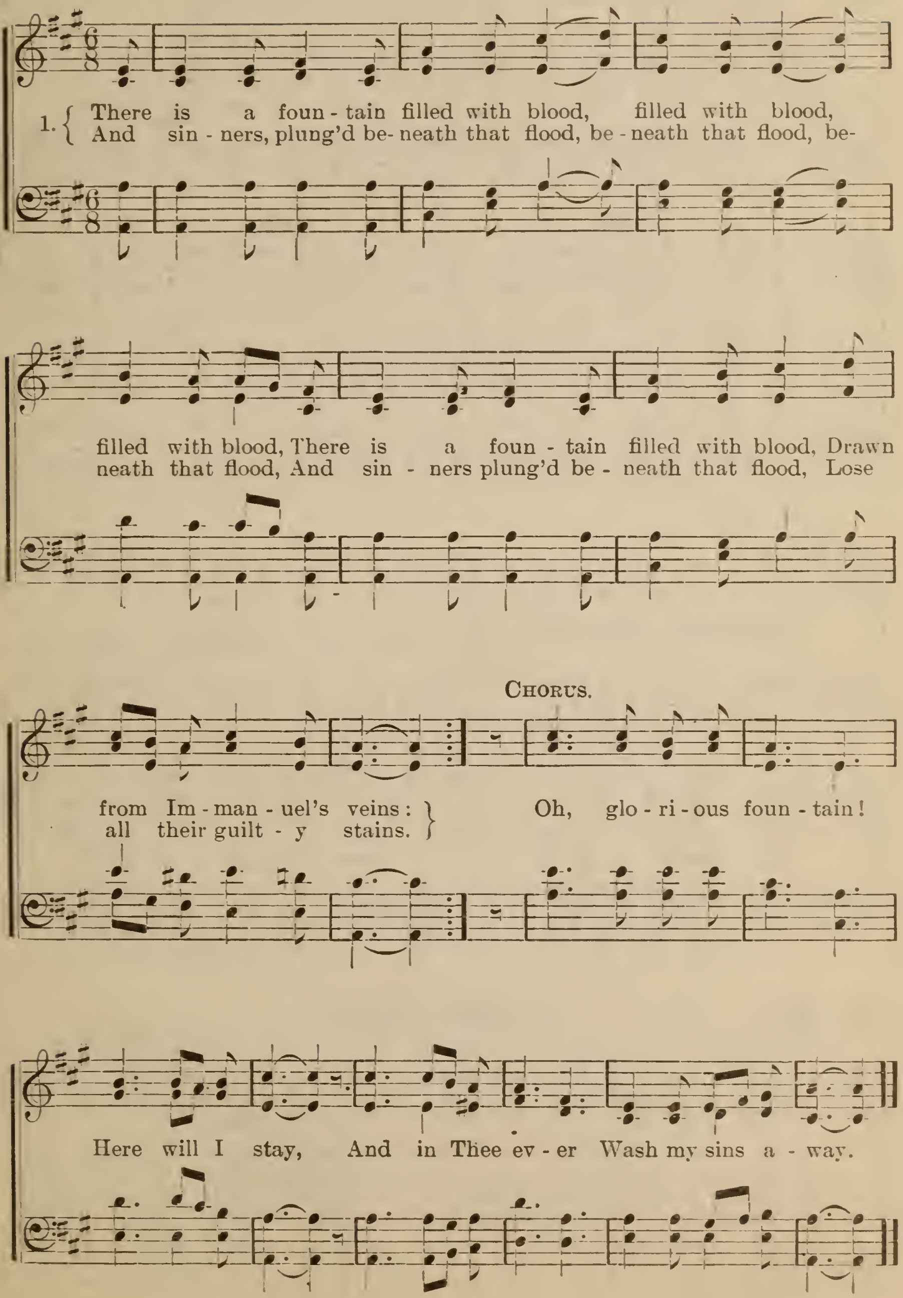
First Tune.


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a nob-ler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.
And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
When this poor lisp-ing stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way,
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more,
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave,
And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp-ing stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

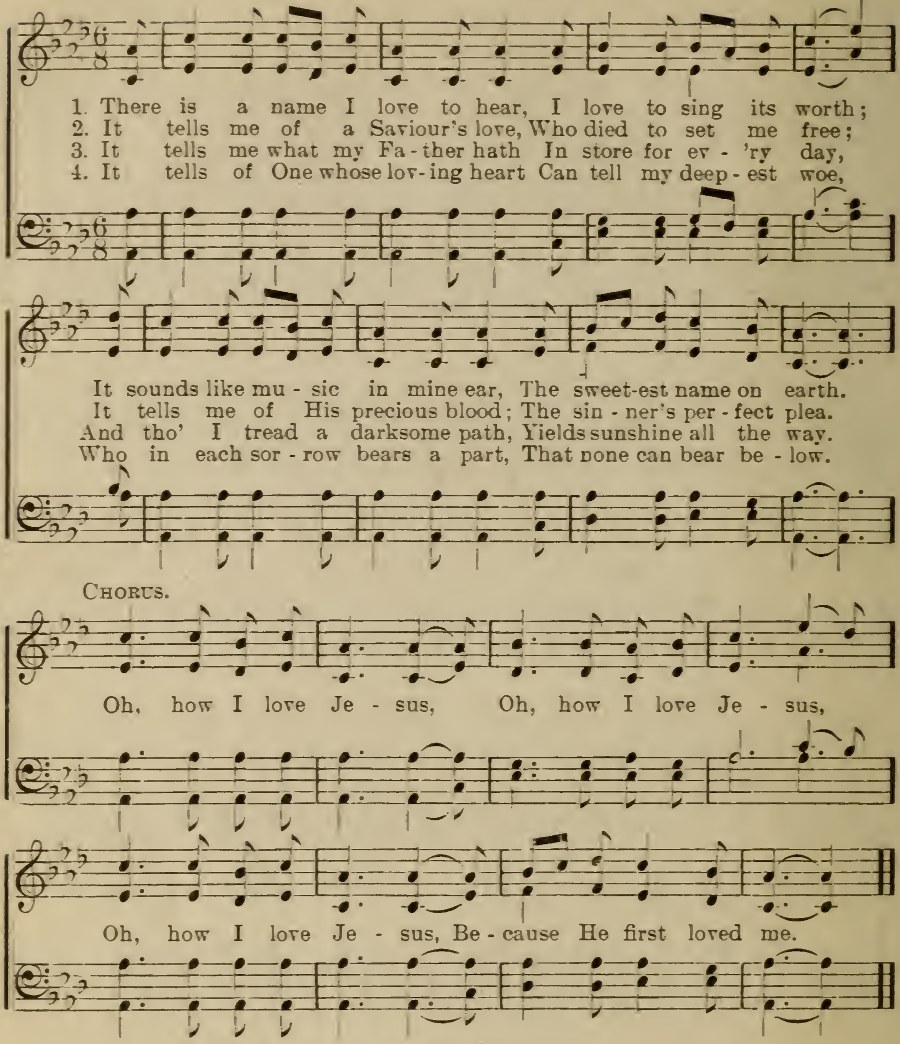
No. 290 There Is a Fountain

W. Cowper. T. C. O'Kane.

Second Tune.

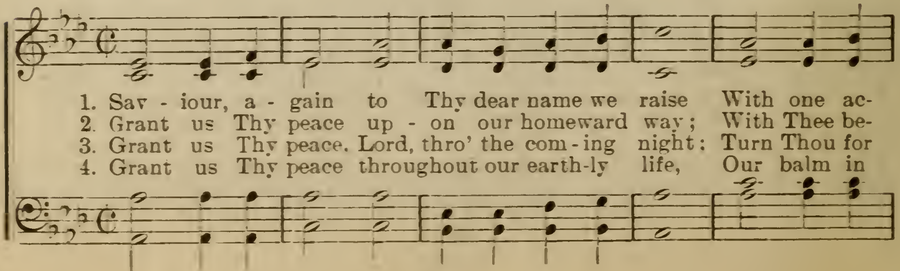

1. { There is a foun - tain filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sin - ners, plung'd be- neath that flood, be - neath that flood, be-
filled with blood, There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn
neath that flood, And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose
from Im - man - uel's veins: }
all their guilt - y stains. }
CHORUS.
Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain!
Here will I stay, And in Thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 291 Oh, How I Love Jesus

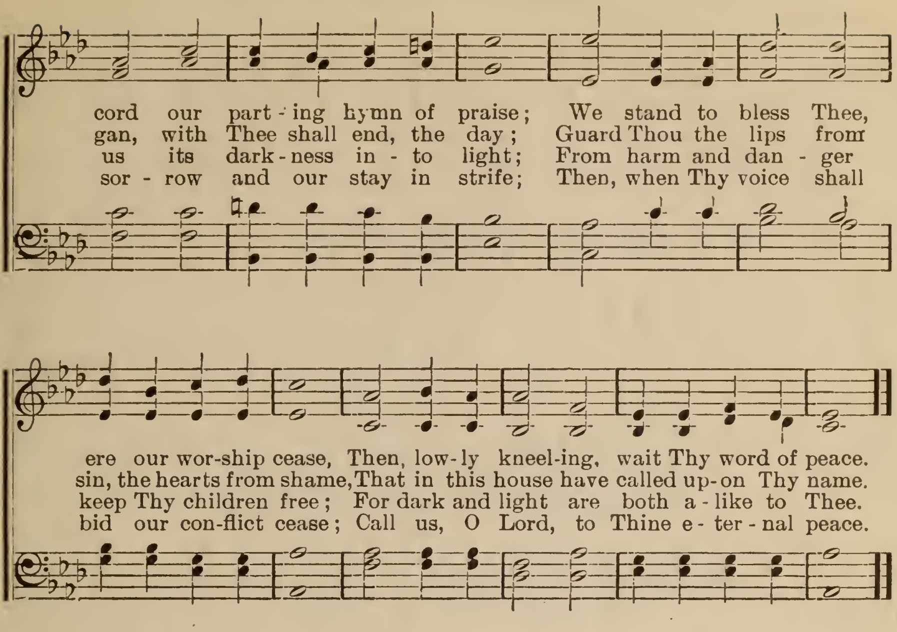

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day,
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can tell my deep-est woe,
It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood; The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And tho' I tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
CHORUS.
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus,
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me.

No. 292 Parting Hymn

J. Ellerton. E. J. Hopkins.


1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth-ly life, Our balm in

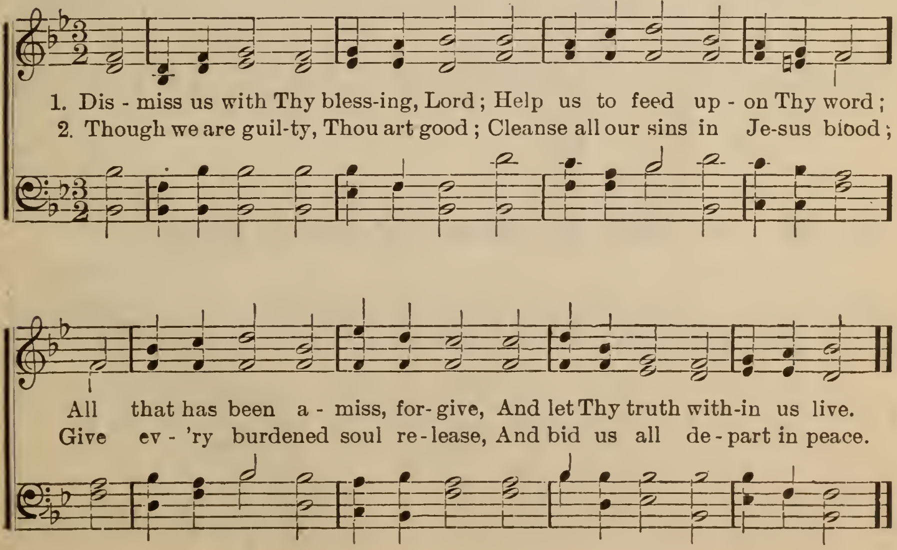
Parting Hymn—Concluded


cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee,
gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger
sor-row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall
ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
keep Thy children free; For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.
bid our con-flict cease; Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.

No. 293 Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing, Lord

Hebron.

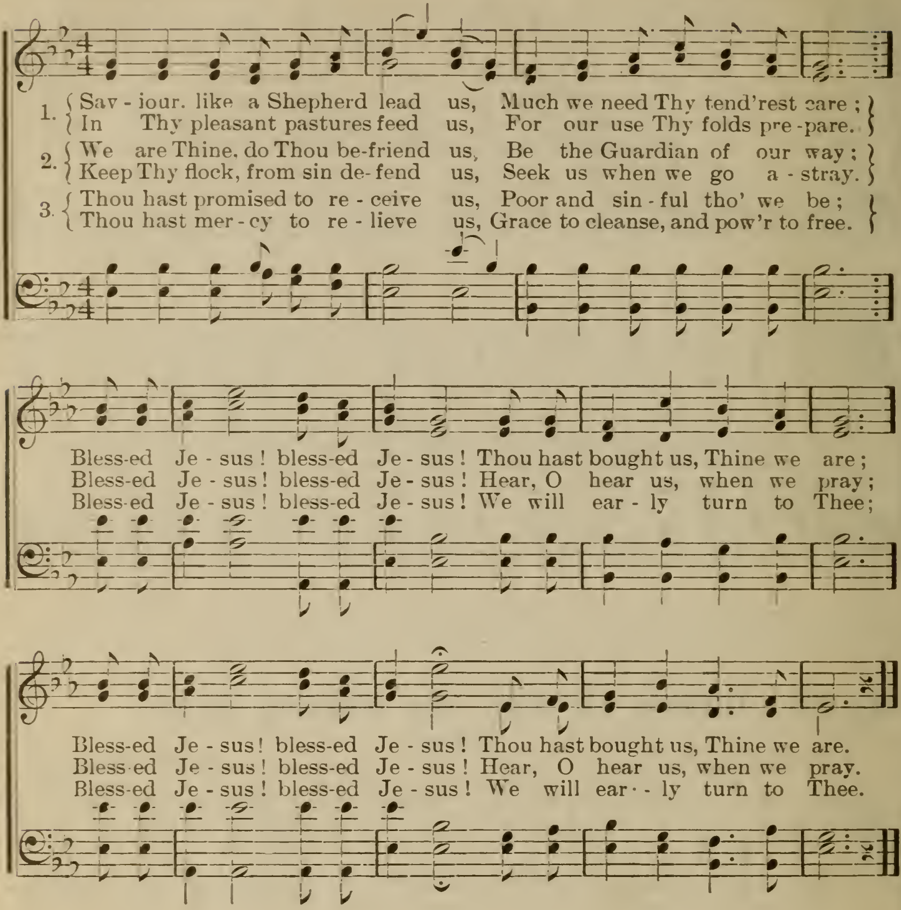
Jos. Hart. Lowell Mason.


1. Dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Lord; Help us to feed up-on Thy word;
2. Though we are guil-ty, Thou art good; Cleanse all our sins in Je-sus blood;
All that has been a-miss, for-give, And let Thy truth with-in us live.
Give ev-'ry burdened soul re-lease, And bid us all de-part in peace.

No. 294 Saviour, Like a Shepherd

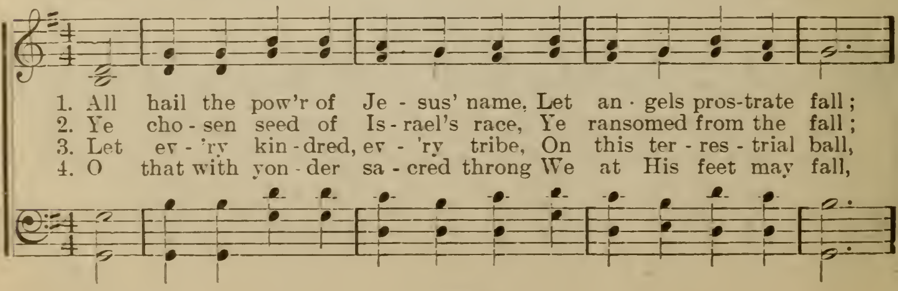
(Bradbury. 8, 7, 6L.)

Dorothy A. Thrupp. Wm. B. Bradbury.

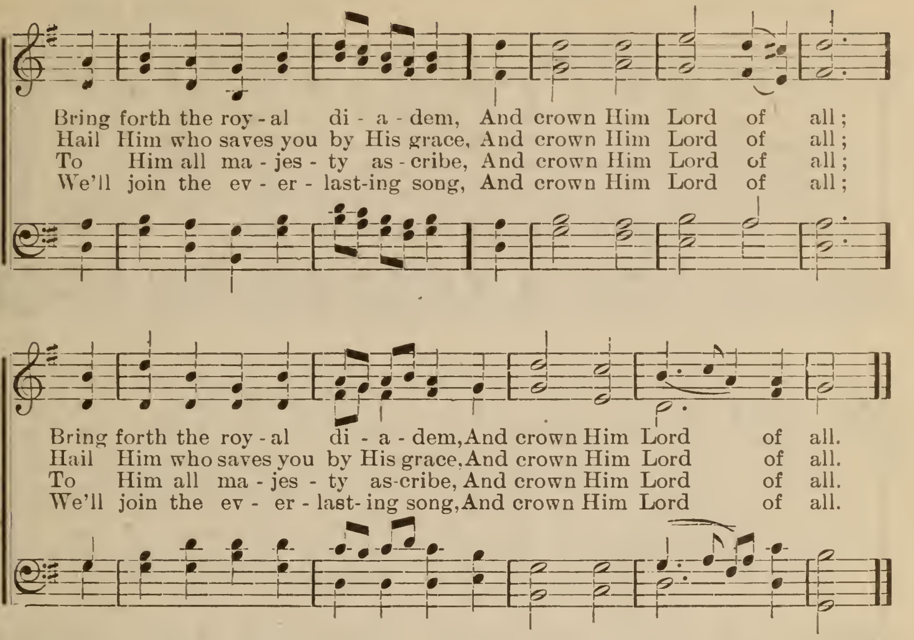

1. { Sav - iour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care ;
{ In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare.
2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way ;
{ Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
3. { Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be ;
{ Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
Bless-ed Je - sus ! bless-ed Je - sus ! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are ;
Bless-ed Je - sus ! bless-ed Je - sus ! Hear, O hear us, when we pray ;
Bless-ed Je - sus ! bless-ed Je - sus ! We will ear - ly turn to Thee ;
Bless-ed Je - sus ! bless-ed Je - sus ! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus ! bless-ed Je - sus ! Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus ! bless-ed Je - sus ! We will ear - - ly turn to Thee.

No. 295 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall ;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall ;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

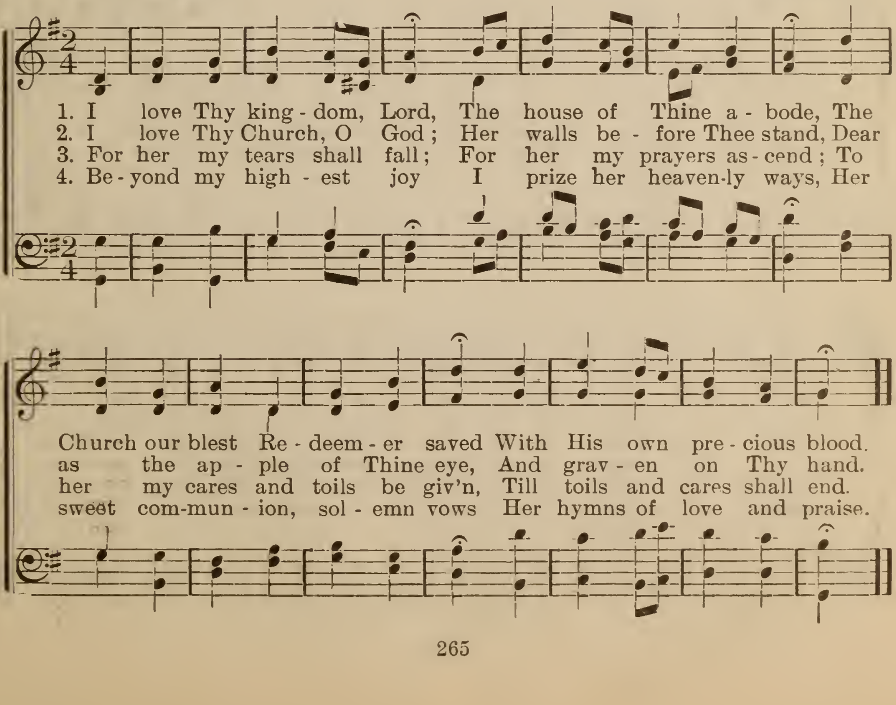
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name—Concluded


Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 296 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

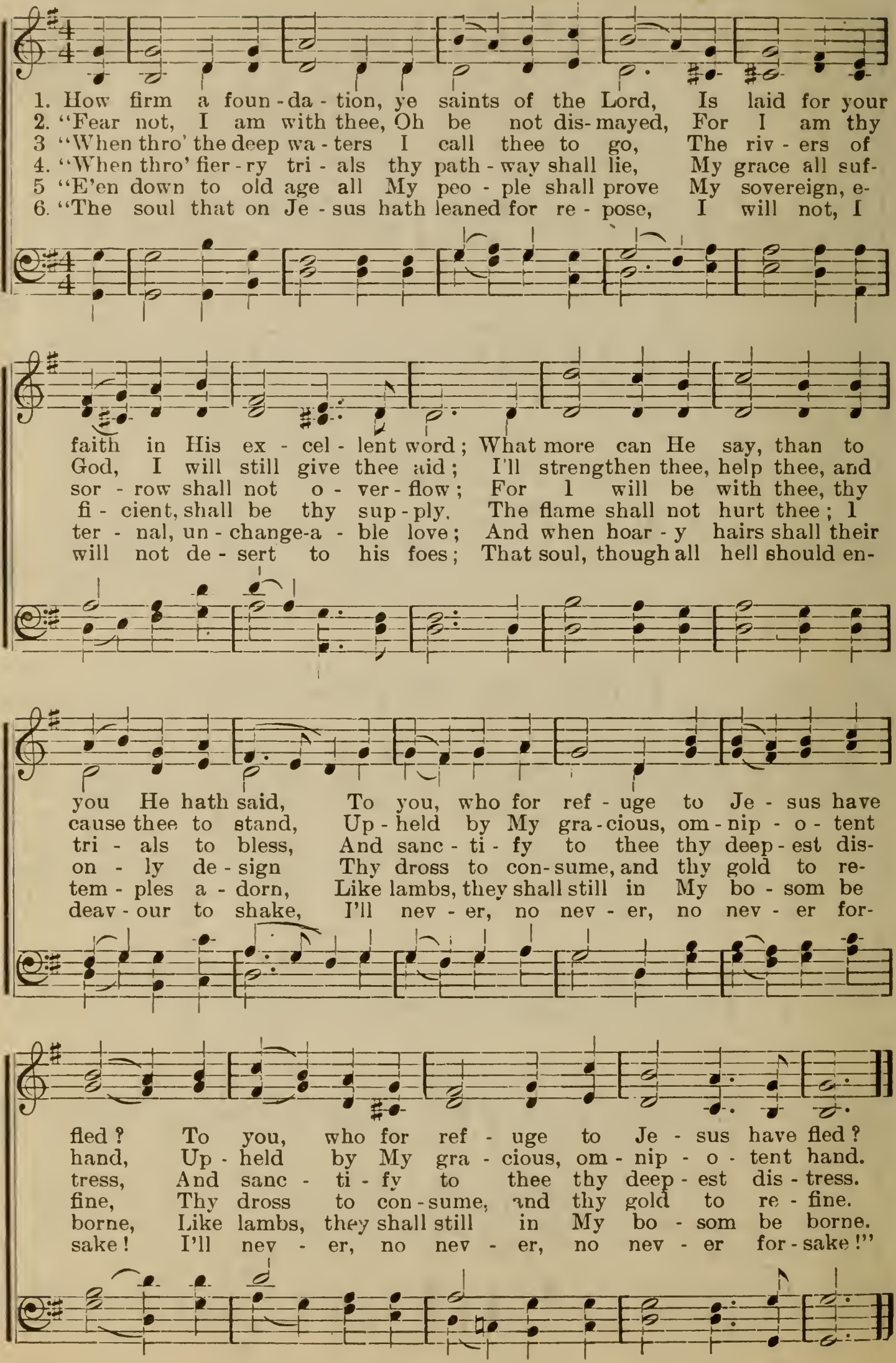
Timothy Dwight.

G. F. Handel.


1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The
2. I love Thy Church, O God; Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as-cend; To
4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heaven-ly ways, Her
Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows Her hymns of love and praise.

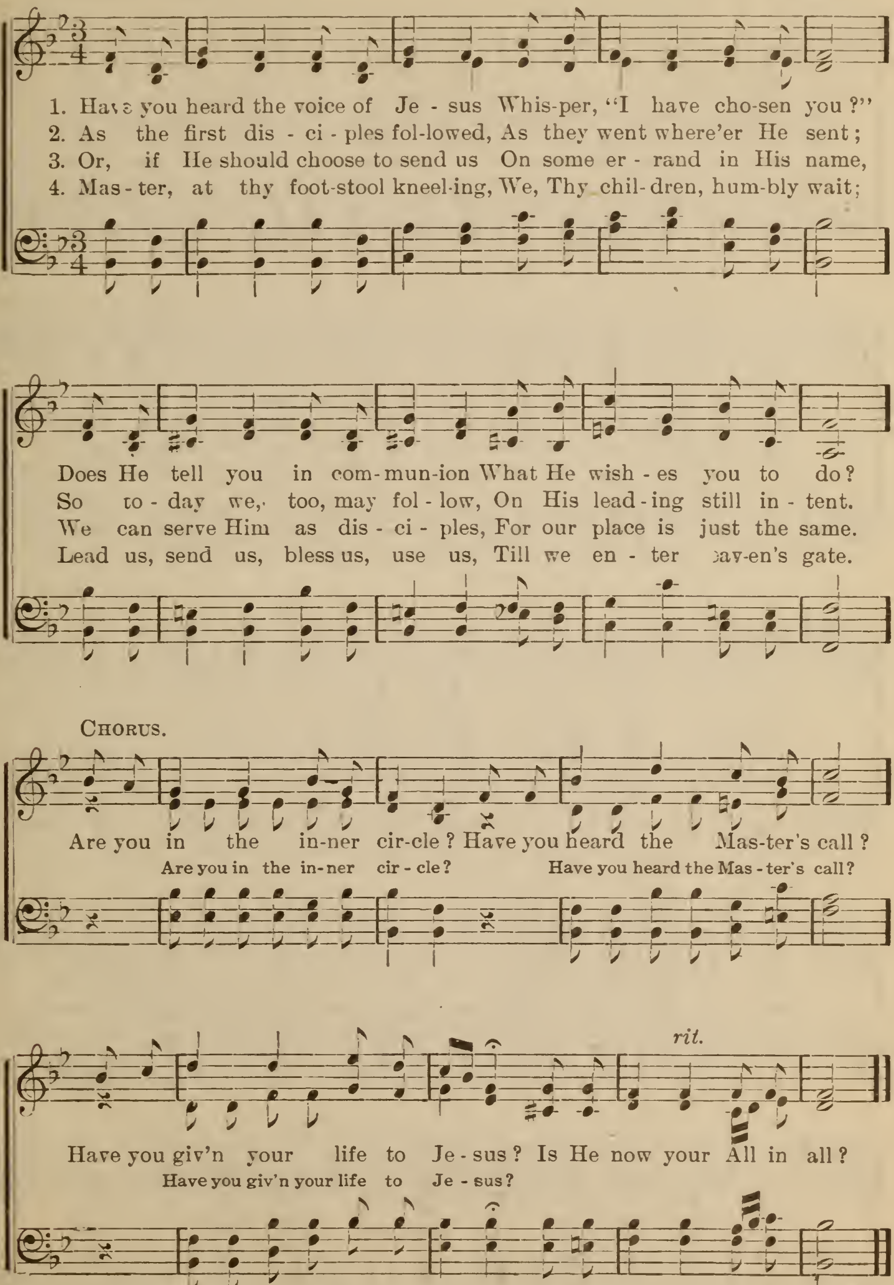
No. 297 The Firm Foundation

George Keith. Tune, "Portuguese Hymn."


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, Oh be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
3 "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "When thro' fier-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-
5 "E'en down to old age all My peo-ple shall prove My sovereign, e-
6. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply. The flame shall not hurt thee; I
ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-
you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-
tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs, they shall still in My bo-som be
deav-our to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-
fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
borne, Like lambs, they shall still in My bo-som be borne.
sake! I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

No. 298 The Inner Circle

Flora Kirkland. W. S. Weeden.


1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have cho-sen you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol-lowed, As they went where'er He sent;
3. Or, if He should choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at thy foot-stool kneel-ing, We, Thy chil-dren, hum-bly wait;
Does He tell you in com-mun-ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter Heav-en's gate.
Chorus.
Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Mas-ter's call?
Are you in the in-ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas - ter's call?
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your All in all?
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus?
rit.

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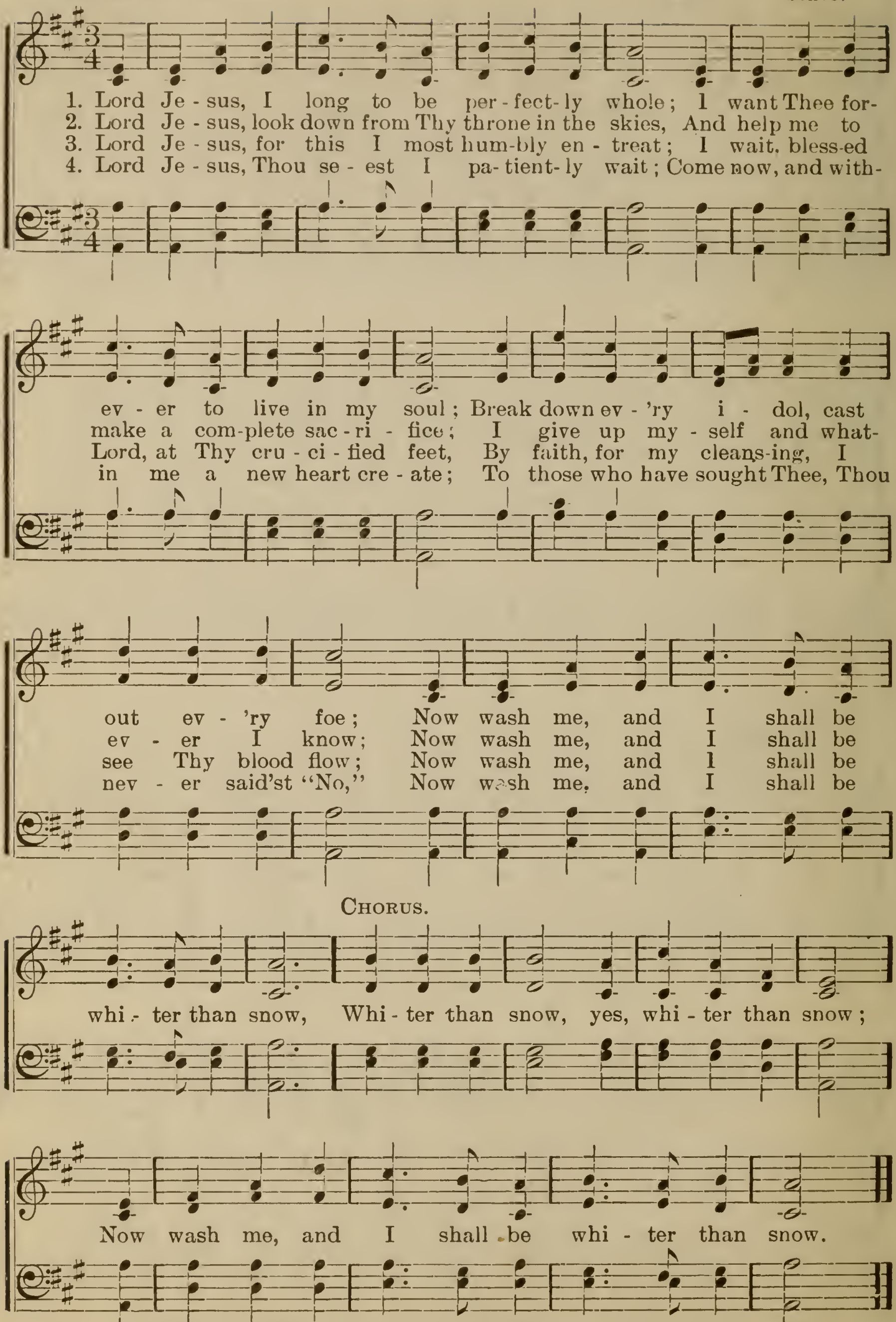
No. 299 Whiter Than Snow

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with-
ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what-
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans - ing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou
out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be
see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be
nev - er said'st "No," Now wash me, and I shall be
Chorus.
whi - ter than snow, Whi - ter than snow, yes, whi - ter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whi - ter than snow.

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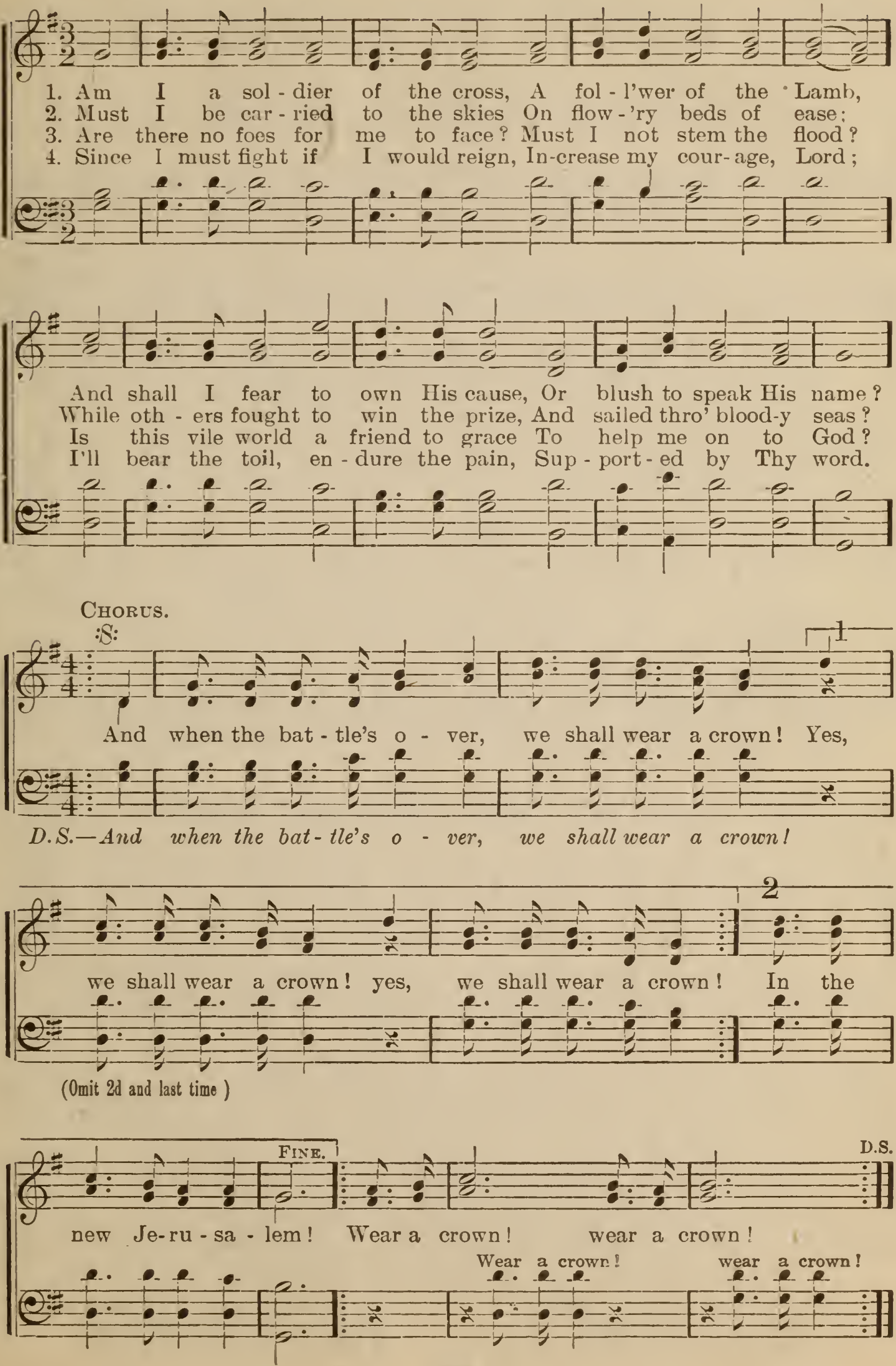
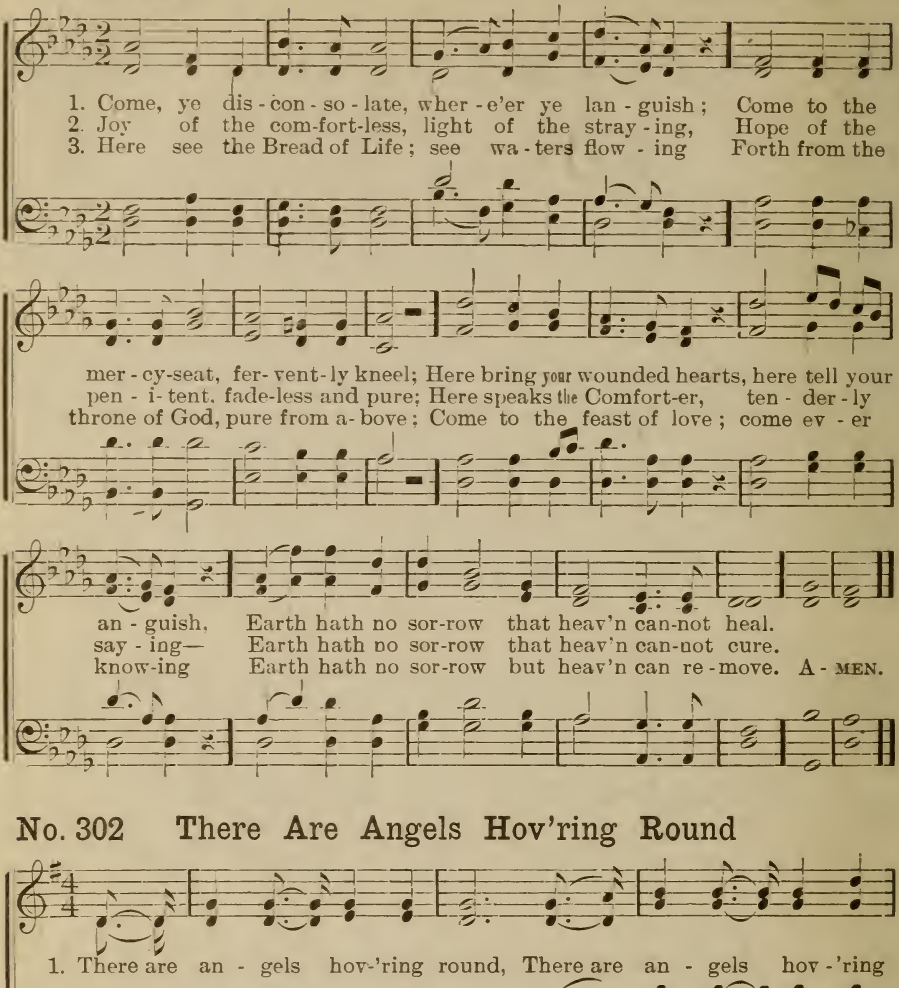
No. 300 Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. Thos. A. Arne.

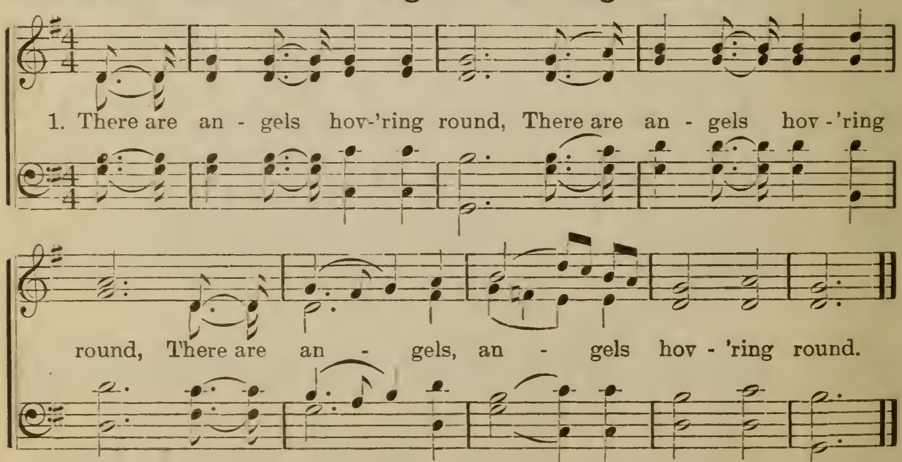

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour- age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
Chorus.
And when the bat - tle's o - ver, we shall wear a crown! Yes,
D.S.—And when the bat - tle's o - ver, we shall wear a crown!
we shall wear a crown! yes, we shall wear a crown! In the
(Omit 2d and last time)
new Je-ru - sa - lem! Wear a crown! wear a crown!
Wear a crown! wear a crown!
Fine.
D.S.
1
2

No. 301 Come, Ye Disconsolate

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the
mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Comfort-er, ten-der-ly
throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come ev-er
an-guish, Earth hath no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
say-ing— Earth hath no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
know-ing Earth hath no sor-row but heav'n can re-move. A-MEN.

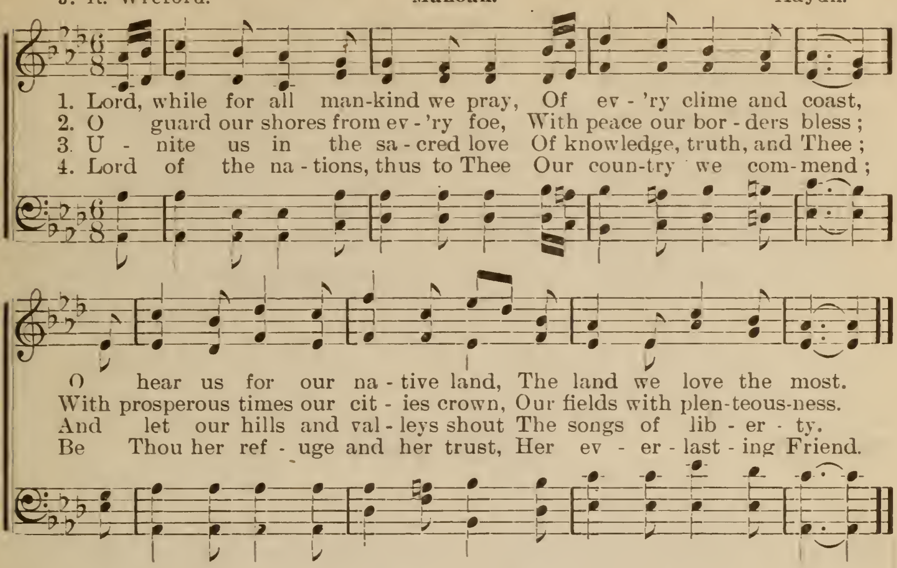
No. 302 There Are Angels Hov'ring Round


1. There are an-gels hov-'ring round, There are an-gels hov-'ring
round, There are an-gels, an-gels hov-'ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

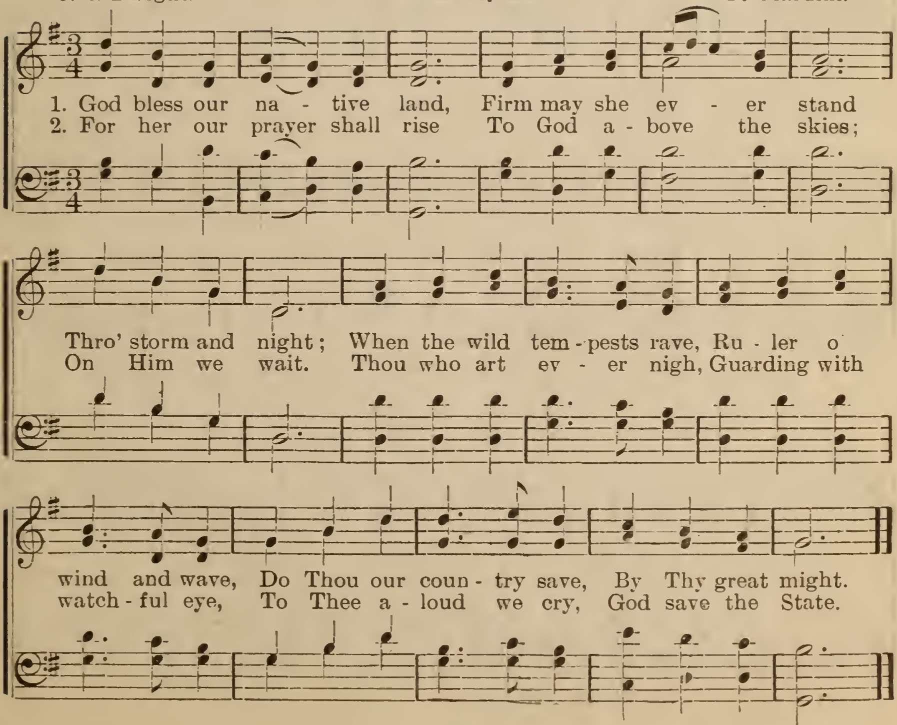
No. 303 Lord, While for All Mankind We Pray

J. R. Wreford. **Manoah.** Haydn.


1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,
2. O guard our shores from ev - 'ry foe, With peace our bor - ders bless;
3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
4. Lord of the na - tions, thus to Thee Our coun-try we com-mend;
O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most.
With prosperous times our cit - ies crown, Our fields with plen-teous-ness.
And let our hills and val - leys shout The songs of lib - er - ty.
Be Thou her ref - uge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

No. 304 God Bless Our Native Land

J. S. Dwight. **Italian Hymn.** F. Giardini.


1. God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies;
Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Ru - ler o
On Him we wait. Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with
wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save, By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

No. 305

Britain and America

Tune, America.

1 Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

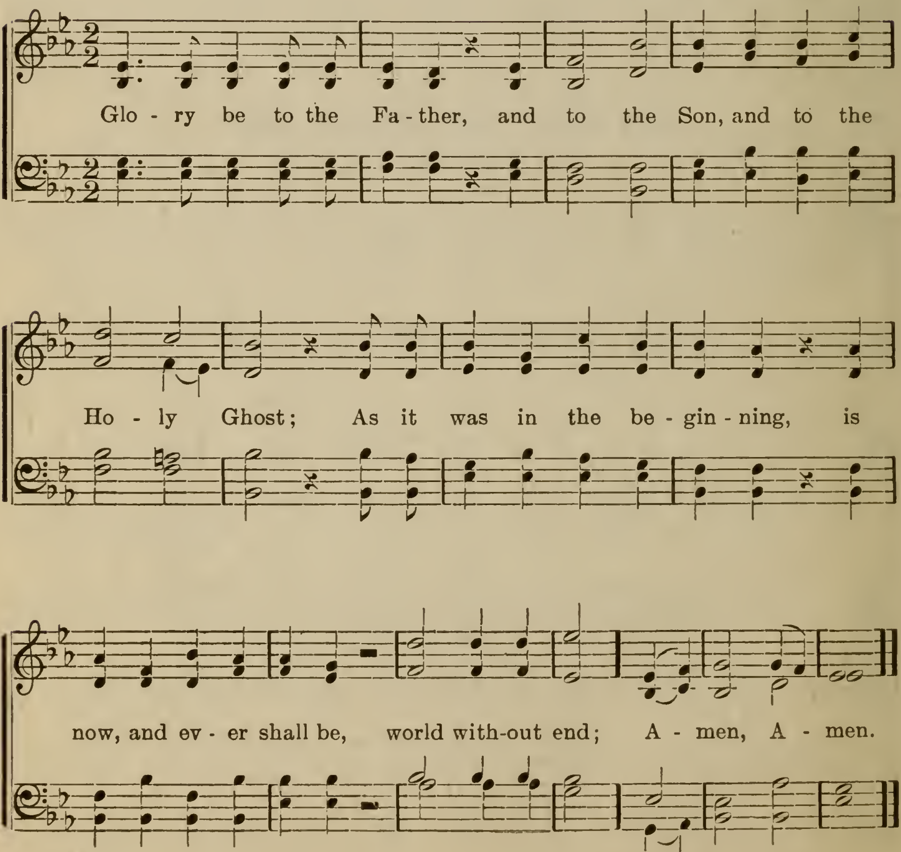
2 Now may the God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
Both East and West.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.

George Huntington.

No. 306

Gloria Patri

Henry W. Greatorex.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end; A - men, A - men.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary: suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried: the third day He rose from the dead: He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost: the holy general Church: the communion of saints: the forgiveness of sins: the resurrection of the body: and the life everlasting. Amen.

FIRST SELECTION.

Exodus 20: 3-17.

The Ten Commandments.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

SECOND SELECTION.

Psalm 95.

Worshipful Praise.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

THIRD SELECTION.

PSALM 138.

Goodness of God.

I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thv holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the way of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth, for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

FOURTH SELECTION.

ISAIAH 53.

Christ's Atonement.

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

FIFTH SELECTION.

Psalm 19.

Knowing and Doing.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be made innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

SIXTH SELECTION.

Psalm 1.

The Two Ways.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

SEVENTH SELECTION.

Romans 12: 9-31.

Love to the Brethren.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

EIGHTH SELECTION.

Psalm 72: 1-19.

Christ's Future Reign.

Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

NINTH SELECTION.

Psalm 98.

A Call to Worship.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

TENTH SELECTION.

1 JOHN 5: 1-5; 9-15.

Assurance.

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.

By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

* * * * * * * * * *

If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son.

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.

And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.

He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.

And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us:

And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.

ELEVENTH SELECTION.

1 COR. 13: 1-13.

Love the Chief Christian Grace.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

TWELFTH SELECTION.

PSALM 67.

Praise and Trust.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

THIRTEENTH SELECTION.

ROM. 10: 8-17.

The Gospel for All and Unto All.

The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

FOURTEENTH SELECTION.

ISAIAH 55.

A Gracious Admonition.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

FIFTEENTH SELECTION.

MATT. 6: 19-34.

Trust for Daily Needs.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye shall be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought of your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

SIXTEENTH SELECTION.

PSALM 37: 1-9.

Trust in Face of Trial.

Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

TOPICAL INDEX

I. MISSIONS—Nos. 1-18.

No.
All the World for the King ... 6
Assembled at Thy Great Command. 14
Answer to the Call ... 16
Bond-Servants of Christ Jesus ... 13
Christ for the World ... 17
Far and Near the Fields Are ... 18
From All that Dwell Below ... 7
Good News Comes Over the Seas ... 8
Jesus Shall Reign ... 12
Missionary Chant ... 3
O Zion, Haste ... 1
O Lord, Be Thou with Those Who Sail ... 11
Send the Light ... 4
Send Me! Send Me! ... 15
The Whole Wide World ... 2
There Is a Dark, Dark Land ... 10
The Morning Light is Breaking ... 9
The Message ... 5

II. THE CHRIST—Nos. 19-75.

(1) Advent.

Herald Angels ... 21
Joy to the World ... 19
O Little Town of Bethlehem ... 20
O Come, All Ye Faithful ... 66
While Shepherds Watched ... 23
Who is He in Yonder Stall? ... 54
Silent Night! Holy Night! ... 22

(2) Sacrificial Sufferings and Death.

Alone ... 29
'Tis Midnight ... 25
The Crown of Thorns ... 28
The Place Called Calvary ... 30
The Cross of Christ ... 26
The Heart that was Broken ... 27

(3) Resurrection.

Christ Arose ... 32
He is Risen ... 31
He Lives ... 34
He is Risen ... 37
Jesus is Victor ... 35
Rise, Glorious Conqueror ... 33
The Strife is O'er ... 36

(4) Second Coming.

Christ Returneth ... 72
How Bright the Blessed Hope ... 74
Jesus Comes ... 71
Joyful News ... 73
Lo! He Comes ... 75

(5) Kingship.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name. ... 62, 63
King of Kings and Lord of Lords.. 61
We'll Crown Him King ... 60

(6) Fellowship.

No.
Behold I Stand at the Door ... 57
Does Jesus Care? ... 45
Face to Face ... 52
He Will Not Let Me Fall ... 39
He is Mine ... 44
Hide Me, O My Saviour ... 69
I Belong to the King ... 48
I Walk with the King ... 51
In the Garden ... 40
It's Just Like His Great Love ... 49
Jesus is a Friend of Mine ... 38
Jesus is All the World to Me ... 41
Jesus Thinks of Me ... 43
Jesus is All Things to Me ... 46
Lead Me, Saviour ... 46
O How I Love Jesus ... 42
Sweeter than All ... 47
The Name of Jesus ... 65
When Morning Gilds the Sky ... 64
Where Cross the Crowded Ways ... 50

III. CLEANSING STREAM—Nos. 76-82.

Blessed be the Fountain ... 81
Glory to His Name ... 82
I Believe Jesus Saves ... 80
The Cleansing Wave ... 76
The Wonderful Blood ... 78
There is Power in the Blood ... 79
Under the Blood ... 77

IV. EUCHARIST—Nos. 83, 84.

Break Thou the Bread of Life ... 83
Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.. 84

V. GRACE—Nos. 85-87.

Sufficient Grace ... 85
Oh, It is Wonderful ... 86
Wonderful Grace ... 87

VI. JOY—Nos. 88-96.

A Sinner Saved by Grace ... 94
Blessed Assurance ... 93
Dwelling in Beulah Land ... 88
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.. 91
Peace, Wonderful Peace ... 96
Redeemed ... 95
Saved, Saved! ... 89
Sunshine in the Soul ... 90
Saved to the Uttermost ... 92

VII. CHRISTIAN WARFARE—Nos. 97-109.

Forward, March ... 105
Hear Your Country's Call ... 99
My Country, 'Tis of Thee ... 104
Mighty Army of the Lord ... 107
My Soul, Be on Thy Guard ... 108
Onward, Christian Soldiers ... 101
Rejoice, the Lord is King ... 106

TOPICAL INDEX CONTINUED

No.
Sound the Battle-cry 100
The Sword of the Lord and Gideon..102
The Fight is On 103
The Banner of the Cross 109
The Son of God Goes Forth to War. 97
We March to Victory 98

VIII. LORD'S DAY—Nos. 110-114.

Again the Lord of Light and Life..113
Safely through Another Week 111
Sweet Sabbath, Day of Peace 112
Sweet is the Work 114
O Day of Rest 110

IX. WORSHIP—Nos. 115-124.

A Hymn of Praise 115
Come, Thou Almighty King 118
Holy, Holy, Holy 122
Jesus Calls Us 120
Jesus is Near 124
Love Divine 123
Nearer, Still Nearer 119
Now the Day is Over 121
O Worship the King 116
When All Thy Mercies 117

X. HOLY SPIRIT—Nos. 125-131.

Breathe on Me 130
Come, Holy Spirit 129
Fulness of Blessing 126
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide 127
Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.....121
The Comforter has Come 125
Praise God 128

XI. PRAYER—Nos. 132-144.

A Prayer 144
At the Place of Prayer 133
A Charge to Keep I Have 137
Did You Think to Pray? 135
Help Me to be Holy 134
Hear and Answer Prayer 139
Hear Our Prayer 140
O God of Bethel 142
Sweet Hour of Prayer 136
The Hour of Prayer 141
The Lord's Prayer 143
What a Friend We have in Jesus..138

XII. CHURCH—Nos. 145, 146.

A Glorious Church 146
The Church's One Foundation 145

XIII. SERVICE—Nos. 147-159.

Art Thou Weary? 158
Awake! Awake! 149
Just to Make the World a Little
    Better 155
Make Me a Blessing 148
Only a Beam of Sunshine 153
Our Best for Jesus 147
Reapers are Needed 152

No.
Rock of Ages 156
Seeds of Promise 159
There's a Work for Jesus 157
Tell It Wherever You Go 151
Where Hast Thou Gleaned? 150
Where Jesus is There is No Night..154

XIV. BIBLE—Nos. 160-163.

O How Love I Thy Law............160
Precious Book 161
The Spirit Breathes Upon the Book.162
The Sacred Book 163

XV. CHILDREN—Nos. 164-172.

Around the Throne 171
God is in Heaven 169
I'll Do What I Can 166
Jesus Loves Even Me 165
Jesus Loves Me 168
I Think When I Read that Story....164
O What Can Little Hands Do?......170
The Lord's Prayer 172

XVI. GOD—Nos. 173-188.

(1) Praise and Adoration.

A Mighty Fortress 188
Before Jehovah's Awful Throne....176
Bright Hosts in Worlds Above 178
Day is Dying in the West 183
From All that Dwell Below 180
Glory and Honor 186
Holy, Holy is the Lord 173
Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah 175
Lord, Thy Glory Fills the Heaven..185
O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.....184
Round the Lord in Glory 187
Sing Ye Jehovah's Praises 181

(2) Providential Care.

God Will Take Care of You.........193
Lead Me Gently Home 182
My Father Watches Over Me 177
There is Never a Day 179

XVII. FAITH—Nos. 189-194.

Faith of Our Fathers 193
He Holdeth Me Safe 190
Like as a Father 192
Not One Forgotten 189
Secure in Christ 191
The Old Rugged Cross 194

XVIII. FUTURE—Nos. 195-205.

A Little While 199
Beautiful Robes 200
Face to Face 204
Home of the Soul 203
O Think of the Home 196
Sweet By and By 198
Shall We Gather at the River? 195
The Shining Shore 197

No.
There is a Habitation 201
When We All Get to Heaven 205
Wait and Murmur Not 202

XIX. HOLY DESIRE—Nos. 206-216.

A Clean Heart 207
Deeper Yet 212
Draw Me Nearer 209
Fill Me Now 215
Higher Ground 211
I Long to be Holy 210
Just as I Am 208
Lead, Kindly Light 214
Make My Heart Thine Own........213
Purer Yet and Purer 206
Sun of My Soul 216

XX. CONSECRATION—Nos. 217-226.

Consecration 217
Full Salvation 225
His Way with Thee 221
Have Thy Way, Lord 218
I'll Live for Him 226
More Love to Thee 220
O Love That Will Not Let Me Go...222
Saviour, Thy Dying Love 223
The Way He Leads is Best.........219
Take My Life and Let It Be 224

XXI. WARNING—Nos. 227-230.

Have You Forgotten God? 227
Sowing and Reaping 228
The Great Judgment Day 229
What Could Your Redeemer Do? ...230

XXII. INVITATION—Nos. 231-249.

Almost Persuaded 239
Ambassadors for the King 237
Come to the Saviour 231
Come to Jesus 246
Linger No Longer 249
Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart...235
Let Him In 242
Only Trust Him 236
Softly and Tenderly 232
Turn to the Lord 238
Today the Saviour Calls 240
There's a Great Day Coming 244
The Promise of Pardon 247
There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.248
Why Not Say Yes Tonight? 233
Why Not Now? 234
Whosoever Will 241
Why Do You Wait? 243
While Jesus Whispers 245

XXIII. PENITENTIAL—Nos. 250-263.

Coming Home 252
Father to Thee 253
Give Me a Heart Like Thine 261
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice 254

No.
I Heard the Voice of Jesus.........256
I Can, I Will, I Do Believe 259
I Do Believe 260
I am Coming to the Cross 262
The Way of the Cross 263

XXIV. FAMILIAR HYMNS AND CHORUSES—Nos. 264-306.

After the Darkest Hour 280
At the Cross 266
All Hail the Power of 295
Am I a Soldier 300

Britain and America..............305
Bringing In the Sheaves 283
Blest Be the Tie 288

Come Ye That Love the Lord 270
Come Ye Disconsolate 301

Dismiss Us 293

God Calling Yet 278
Great is the Love of Jesus 279
God Be With You Till 285
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah..286
God Bless Our Native Land 306
Gloria Patri.........................306

Hallelujah, 'Tis Done 272

I Gave My Life for Thee 269
Is My Name Written There? 271
I Love Jesus, He's My Saviour 275
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord 296
I Am Coming to the Cross 303

Jesus Paid It All 276
Jewels 287

Lord, While for All Mankind We Pray 305
Let the Lower Lights 268

My Jesus, I Love Thee 284

Nothing but the Blood 281

O, How I Love Jesus 291

Rescue the Perishing 282

Satisfied 273
Saviour, Again 292
Saviour, Like a Shepherd 294
Saviour, Pilot Me 304

Take the Name of Jesus 264
The Light of the World 267
The Old Time Religion 274

There is a Fountain..........289, 290
The Firm Foundation 297
The Inner Circle 298
There Are Angels Hovering 302

We Are On Our Journey 277
Whiter Than Snow 299
Wonderful Words of Life 265

ALPHABETICAL INDEX
OF TITLES

No.
A Clean Heart ... 207
A Charge to Keep ... 137
Again the Lord of Light ... 113
A Glorious Church ... 146
A Hymn of Praise ... 115
All the World for the King ... 6
Alone ... 29
All Hail the Power ... 62, 63, 295
A Little While ... 199
Almost Persuaded ... 239
A Mighty Fortress ... 188
Ambassadors for the King ... 237
Am I a Soldier? ... 300
Answer to the Call ... 16
A Prayer ... 144
Arise, My Soul ... 58
Around the Throne ... 171
Art Thou Weary? ... 158
Assembled at Thy Great Command. 14
A Sinner Saved by Grace ... 94
At the Place of Prayer ... 133
At the Cross ... 266
Awake! Awake! ... 149

Beautiful Robes ... 200
Before Jehovah's Throne ... 176
Behold I Stand at the Door ... 57
Blessed Assurance ... 93
Blessed Be the Fountain ... 81
Blest Be the Tie ... 288
Blow Ye the Trumpet ... 59
Bond-servants ... 13
Break Thou the Bread of Life ... 83
Breathe on Me, Breath of God ... 130
Bright Hosts in Worlds Above ... 178
Bringing in the Sheaves ... 283
Britain and America ... 305

Christ Arose ... 32
Christ for the World ... 17
Christ Returneth ... 72
Come, Holy Spirit ... 129
Come, Thou Almighty King ... 118
Come to Jesus, Little One ... 24
Come to the Saviour ... 231
Come to Jesus ... 246
Come Ye that Love the Lord ... 270
Come Ye Disconsolate ... 301
Coming Home ... 252
Consecration ... 217

Day is Dying in the West ... 183
Deeper Yet ... 212
Did You Think to Pray? ... 135
Dismiss Us ... 293
Does Jesus Care? ... 45
Draw Me Nearer ... 209
Dwelling in Beulah Land ... 88

Face to Face ... 52, 204
Faith of Our Fathers ... 193
Far and Near the Fields ... 18
Father, to Thee ... 253
Forward, March ... 105
From All That Dwell ... 180
Full Salvation ... 225

Give Me a Heart Like Thine ... 261
God Be With You ... 285
God Bless Our Native Land ... 304
God Calling Yet ... 278
God is in Heaven ... 169
God Will Take Care of You ... 174
Good News Comes O'er the Sea ... 8
Glory and Honor ... 186
Glory to His Name ... 82
Gloria Patri ... 306
Guide Me—Jehovah ... 286

No.
Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah ... 175
Hallelujah, 'Tis Done ... 272
Have Thy Way, Lord ... 218
Have You Forgotten God? ... 227
He Holdeth Me Safe ... 190
He is Risen ... 31, 37
He is Mine ... 44
Hear and Answer Prayer ... 139
Hear Our Prayer ... 140
Hear Your Country's Call ... 99
He Lives ... 34
Help Me to be Holy ... 134
He Rescued Me ... 55
Herald Angels Sing ... 21
He Will Not Let Me Fall ... 39
Hide Me, O My Saviour ... 69
Higher Ground ... 211
His Way With Thee ... 221
Holy Ghost With Love Divine ... 131
Holy, Holy, Holy ... 122
Holy, Holy is the Lord ... 173
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide ... 127
How Bright the Blessed Hope ... 74

I am Coming to the Cross ... 262
I Believe Jesus Saves ... 80
I Belong to the King ... 48
I Can, I Will, I Do Believe ... 259
I Do Believe ... 260
I Gave My Life for Thee ... 269
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice ... 254
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say ... 256
I Long to be Holy ... 210
I Love Jesus, He's My Saviour ... 275
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord ... 296
I Think When I Read That Sweet. . 164
I Walk with the King ... 51
I'll Do What I Can ... 166
I'll Live for Him ... 226
In the Garden ... 40
Is My Name Written There? ... 271
It's Just Like His Great Love ... 49

Jesus Calls Us O'er ... 120
Jesus Comes ... 71
Jesus is All the World ... 41
Jesus is a Friend of Mine ... 38
Jesus is Near ... 124
Jesus is Victor ... 35
Jesus Loves Even Me ... 165
Jesus Loves Me ... 168
Jesus, Lover of My Soul ... 67, 68
Jesus My Saviour is All ... 46
Jesus Shall Reign ... 12
Jesus Paid It All ... 276
Jesus Thinks of Me ... 43
Jesus, Thou Joy of ... 84
Jewels ... 287
Joyful News ... 73
Joy to the World ... 19
Just as I Am ... 208
Just to Make—World Better ... 155

King of Kings, Lord of Lords ... 61

Lead, Kindly Light ... 214
Lead Me, Saviour ... 56
Lead Me Gently Home ... 182
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms. . 91
Let Him In ... 242
Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart... 235
Let the Lower Lights be Burning. . 268
Like as a Father ... 192
Linger no Longer ... 249
Lo, He Comes ... 75
Lord, Thy Glory Fills ... 185
Lord, I'm Coming Home ... 250

No.
Lord, While for All Mankind We Pray 303
Love Divine, All Love Excelling 123

Make My Heart Thine Own 213
Make Me a Blessing 148
Master, the Tempest is Raging 70
Missionary Hymn 7
Missionary Chant 3
Mighty Army of the Young 107
My Country, 'Tis of Thee 104
My Father Watches Over Me 177
My Jesus, I Love Thee 284
My Soul, Be On Thy Guard 108
More Love to Thee, O Christ 220

Nailed to the Cross 53
Nearer, Still Nearer 119
Nothing but the Blood 281
Not One is Forgotten 189
Now the Day is Over 121

O Come, All Ye Faithful 66
O Day of Rest 110
O God of Bethel 142
Oh, How I Love Jesus 291
O How I Love Him 42
O How Love I Thy Law 160
O It is Wonderful 87
O Little Town of Bethlehem 20
O Lord be Thou with Those Who Sail 11
O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah 184
Only a Beam of Sunshine 153
Onward, Christian Soldiers 101
Only Trust Him 236
O Think of the Home Over There 196
Our Best for Jesus 147
O What Can Little Hands Do? 170
O Worship the King 116
O Zion, Haste 1

Pass Me Not 257
Peace, Wonderful Peace 96
Praise God (Doxology) 128
Precious Book 161
Purer Yet and Purer 206

Reapers are Needed 152
Redeemed 95
Rejoice, the Lord is King 106
Rescue the Perishing 282
Rise, Glorious Conqueror 33
Rock of Ages 156
Round the Lord in Glory Seated 187

Safely Through Another Week 111
Satisfied 273
Saved! Saved! 89
Saved to the Uttermost 92
Saviour, Again 292
Saviour, Like a Shepherd 294
Secure in Christ 191
Seeds of Promise 159
Send Me, Send Me 15
Send the Light 4
Shall We Gather at the River? 195
Show Pity, Lord 258
Silent Night! Holy Night! 22
Sing Ye Jehovah's Praises 181
Softly and Tenderly 232
Sound the Battle Cry 100
Sowing and Reaping 228
Sufficient Grace 85
Sunshine in the Soul 90
Sweet By and By 198

No.
Sweet Hour of Prayer 136
Sweet is the Work 114
Sweet Sabbath, Day of Peace 112
Sweeter Than All 47

Take Me as I Am 251
Take the Name of Jesus 264
Tell It Wherever You Go 151
The Banner of the Cross 109
The Church's One Foundation 145
The Cleansing Wave 76
The Comforter has Come 125
The Cross of Christ 26
The Crown of Thorns 28
The Fight is On 103
The Firm Foundation 297
The Fulness of Blessing 126
The Great Judgment Morning 229
The Heart That was Broken 27
The Great Physician 255
The Hour of Prayer 141
The Inner Circle 298
The Light of the World 267
The Lord's Prayer 172, 143
The Message 5
The Morning Light is Breaking 9
The Name of Jesus 65
The Old Rugged Cross 194
The Old Time Religion 274
The Place Called Calvary 30
The Sacred Book 163
The Shining Shore 197
The Son of God Goes Forth 97
The Spirit Breathes Upon the Word 162
The Strife is O'er 36
The Sword of the Lord and Gideon 102
The Way of the Cross 263
The Way He Leads is Best 219
The Whole Wide World 2
The Wonderful Blood 78
'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow 25
'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer 132
There are Angels Hov'ring Round 302
There's a Dark, Dark World 10
There's a Work for Jesus 157
There's a Habitation 201
There's a Great Day Coming 244
There's a Wideness in Mercy 248
There is a Fountain 289, 290
There is Never a Day so Dreary 179
There is Power in the Blood 79
Turn to the Lord 238

Wait and Murmur Not 202
We'll Crown Him King 60
We March, We March 98
We're On Our Journey Home 277
What a Friend We Have 138
What Could Your Redeemer Do? 230
When All Thy Mercies 117
When Morning Gilds the Skies 64
When We All Get to Heaven 205
Where Cross the Crowded Ways 50
Where Hast Thou Gleaned? 150
Where Jesus is—No Night 154
While Shepherds Watched 23
While Jesus Whispers 245
Whiter Than Snow 299
Who is He in Yonder Stall? 54
Who Taught You? 167
Whosoever Will 241
Wonderful Grace 86
Wonderful Words of Life 265
Why Do You Wait? 243
Why Not Now? 234
Why Not Say Yes Tonight? 233

ALPHABETICAL INDEX
FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

No.
A charge to keep I have 137
A Friend I have called Jesus 49
After the darkest hour 280
Again the Lord of light and life 113
Alas and did my Saviour bleed 266
A little while to tarry here 199
Almost persuaded 239
All hail the power of Jesus' 62, 63, 295
All my life long I had panted 273
All the world for the King 6
Am I a soldier of the Cross 300
A mighty fortress is our God 188
Arise, my soul, arise 58
Art thou weary, art thou languid 158
Around the throne of God 171
Assembled at Thy great command 14
At the place of prayer I sought 133
Awake, awake! the Master 149

Bear the message onward 5
Before Jehovah's awful throne 176
Behold I stand at the door 57
Be not dismayed, whate'er betide 174
Blessed be the fountain of blood 81
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine 93
Blest be the tie that binds 288
Blow ye the trumpet, blow 59
Break Thou the Bread of Life 83
Breathe on me, breath of God 130
Bright hosts in worlds above 178
Brightly beams our Father's mercy 268

Can it be that Jesus bought me 87
Christ for the world we sing 17
Christ will me His aid afford 47
Come every soul by sin oppressed 236
Come Holy Spirit heavenly Dove 129
Come needy sinners 249
Come to Jesus, little one 24
Come to the Saviour 231
Come to Jesus 246
Come Thou Almighty King 118
Come ye disconsolate 301
Come ye that love the Lord 270
Come ye sinners, poor and needy 238

Day is dying in the west 183
Despised and rejected 28
Dismiss us with Thy blessing 293
Does Jesus care when my heart 45
Down at the cross 82
Do you hear them coming, brother 146

Ever of Him I am singing 86
Ere you left your room 135

Face to face with Christ 52
Faith of our fathers living still 193
Far away the noise of strife 88
Far and near the fields are teeming 18
Father, I stretch my hands to Thee 260
Forever here my rest shall be 225
Forward marching wave your 105
From all that dwell below 7, 180

Gideon with three hundred soldiers 102
Give me a heart like Thine 261
Glory and honor to God 186
Glory be to the Father 306
God be with you till we meet 285
God bless our native land 304
God calling yet, shall I not hear 278
God is in heaven 169
Good news comes o'er the sea 8
Great is the love that bro't me 279
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah 286

No.
Hail Him the King of glory 61
Hallelujah, praise Jehovah 175
Hark! the herald angels sing 21
Have you heard the joyful news 73
Have you heard the voice of Jesus 298
Hear your country's call 99
Hear us, heavenly Father 140
He holdeth me safe in His arms 190
He is risen, glorious message 31, 37
Help me to be holy 134
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me 69
How bright that blessed hope 74
How firm a foundation, ye saints 297
How precious is the Book 161
Holy Ghost with light divine 131
Holy, holy, holy 122
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord 173
Holy Spirit, dwell with me 126
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide 127
Holy Spirit, while we bend 144
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit 215

I am coming to Jesus for rest 80
I am coming to the cross 262
I am so glad that our Father 165
I am Thine O Lord 209
I am praying, blessed Saviour 139
I belong to the King 48
I can hear my Saviour calling 16, 263
I come to the garden alone 40
I do not ask to choose my path 148
I dreamed that the great judgment 229
If Christ the Redeemer 151
If the Lord should call for you 15
If you are tired of the load 235
I gave my life for thee 269
I have found a precious Friend 42
I heard the voice of Jesus say 256
I hear the Saviour say 276
I hear Thy welcome voice 254
I know not why God's wondrous 191
I know that my Redeemer lives 34
I love the sacred Book 163
I love Thy kingdom, Lord 296
I long to be holy 210
I'll do what I can for Jesus 166
I'm kneeling at the mercy seat 259
I'm pressing on the upward way 211
In the blood from the cross 212
In the cross of Christ I glory 26
In the glare of earthly pleasure 227
In the stead of the Lord 237
In sorrow I wandered 51
I stood in amaze and wonder 78
I think when I read that sweet 164
It may be at morn when the day 72
It was alone, the Saviour prayed 29
I trust in God where'er I may be 177
I've found a Friend who is All to me 89
I've wandered far away from God 250
I was a sinner, but now I'm free 55
I will sing you a song 203

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult 120
Jesus, I my cross have taken 275
Jesus is all the world to me 41
Jesus is near, so near 124
Jesus loves me, this I know 168
Jesus Lover of my soul 67
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry 251
Jesus my Saviour is all things 46
Jesus, see me at thy feet 218
Jesus shall reign were'er the sun 12
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts 84
Joy to the world, the Lord is come 19
Just as I am without one plea 208
Just to make the world 155

No.
Lead kindly light 214
Lead me gently home 182
Let us do our best for Jesus 147
Like as a father, this is our song 192
Listen, little brooklet 167
Lo, He comes with clouds 75
Lord, I care not for riches 271
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly 299
Lord, keep my soul from day to day 77
Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven 185
Lord, while for all mankind 303
Love divine, all love excelling 123
Low in the grave He lay 32

Master, tne tempest is raging 70
Mighty army of the young 107
More love to Thee, O Christ 220
My country 'tis of thee 104
My body, soul and spirit 217
My days are gliding swiftly by 197
My faith, temptation shall not 39
My God, is any hour so sweet 141
My Jesus, I love Thee 284
My life, my love I give to Thee 226
My soul, be on thy guard 108

Nearer, still nearer 119
Now is life, death shall be no more 35
Now the day is over 121

O come, all ye faithful 66
O day of rest and gladness 110
O God of Bethel, by whose hand 142
O how love I Thy holy law 160
Oh, glad whosoever 95
Oh, now I see the crimson wave 76
Oh, think of the home over there 196
Oh, spread the tidings round 125
Oh, little town of Bethlehem 29
O Lord be Thou with those who sail 11
O Love that will not let me go 222
O my soul, bless thou Jehovah 184
O scatter seeds of loving deeds 159
On the hill far away 194
Only a beam of sunshine 153
One thing I of the Lord desire 207
O Thou bleeding Lamb of God 30
Onward Christian soldiers 101
Our Father which art 143, 172
Out in the desert, Lord, I have 252
Out of the darkening sin 253
O what can little hands do 170
O worship the King 116
O why not say Yes to the Saviour 233
O Zion haste 1

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour 257
Peace, peace, Jesus whispers low 96
Praise God from whom all blessings 123
Praise Him, praise Him 69
Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord 115
Purer yet and purer 206

Rescue the perishing 282
Rejoice, the Lord is King 106
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise 33
Rock of Ages cleft for me 156
Round the Lord in glory seated 187

Safely through another week 111
Saved to the uttermost 92
Saviour, again to Thy dear name 292
Saviour, lead me lest I stray 56
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us 294
Saviour, Thy dying love 223
Servants of the Christ 13
Shall we gather at the river 195
Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive 258
Silent night, holy night 22
Sing ye Jehovah's praises 181
Sing the wondrous love of Jesus 205

No.
Sing them over again to me 265
Sin's gloomy night was o'er 154
Softly and tenderly Jesus 232
Sound the battle cry 100
Sow flowers and flowers 228
Sowing in the morning 283
Standing in the market places 152
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear 216
Sweet hour of prayer 136
Sweet is the work my God 114
Sweet Sabbath day of peace 112

Take my life and let it be 224
Take my heart, O Father 213
Take the name of Jesus with you 264
The cross is heavy 85
The church's one foundation 145
The fight is on, the trumpet sound 103
The great Physician now is near 255
The home where changes 202
The morning light is breaking 9
The name of Jesus 65
The path lies hid behind the vail 219
The Son of God goes forth to war 97
The Spirit breathes upon the Word 162
The strife is o'er, the battle done 36
The whole wide world for Jesus 2
The whole world was lost 267
There are angels hov'ring round 302
There came from the skies 27
There is a dark, dark land 10
There is a fountain filled 289, 290
There is a Shepherd who cares 44
There is a name I love to hear 291
There's sunshine in my soul today 90
There's a call comes ringing 4
There's a habitation 201
There's a great day coming 244
There's a land that is fairer 198
There's a work for Jesus 157
There's a word of tender beauty 189
There's a royal banner given 109
There's a wideness in God's mercy 248
There is never a day so dreary 179
There was one who was willing 53
This I know, when storms 43
'Tis the blessed hour of prayer 132
'Tis the promise of God 272
'Tis the old time religion 274
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow 25
Today the Saviour calls 240
Two Empires by the sea 305

Watch ye saints with eyelids 71
We all like sheep have gone astray 247
We are on our journey home 277
Weak and unworthy though I be 94
Weary gleaner, whence comest 150
We march, we march to victory 98
We shall walk with Him in white 200
What a fellowship 91
What a friend we have in Jesus 138
What can wash away my sin 281
What could your Redemer do 230
What if my Lord should call for me 204
When all Thy mercies, O my God 117
When He cometh, when He cometh 287
When morning gilds the skies 64
Where cross the crowded ways 50
While Jesus whispers to you 245
While shepherds watched 23
While we pray and while we plead 234
Who is He in yonder stall 54
Who is this that's waiting 242
Whosoever heareth, shout 241
Would you be free 79
Would'st thou live for Jesus 221
Why do you wait 243
Why should I charge my soul 38

Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim 3